TRANSLATIONS

FROM

AUTHORS IN DIFFERENT LANGUAGES.

BY

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INDEX TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

Sonnets

CHARACTERS

OF

LATIN POETS:

WITH

TRANSLATIONS OF PASSAGES

SELECTED FROM EACH.

CHARACTER.

VIRGIL.

In Virgil's verſe the brighteſt beauties ſhine,
And temper'd judgment guides the whole deſign;
Diſcretion rules the pulſes of the heart,
And Nature moves the graceful Child of Art;
Secure from want, he ſtill avoids exceſs,
Nor ſtrikes us more leaſt he ſhould pleaſe us leſs:

Through Albion's vales, where golden harveſts gleam,
The Thames thus rolls his beneficial ſtream:
Now on his banks the flocks ſecurely ſtray,
Nor dread the rage of his incroaching ſway;
In peaceful ſtate he now Auguſta laves,
Whoſe ſacred domes and ſpires adorn his waves;
While the calm mirror, with appointed tide,
Reflects unbroken their majeſtic pride.

CHA-

CHARACTER.

STATIUS.

In Statius, thought with boundleſs vigour glows,
Whene'er his theme diſplays immeaſur'd woes;
Or whether, rous'd by menacing alarms,
His ſhrill-ton'd trumpet wakes the din of arms,
Ungovern'd rage his lab'ring breaſt inſpires,
And his Muſe burns with all Bellona's fires:

Thus where the mighty lakes contract their ſhores,
An hoſt of waters the St. Lawrence pours;
Down the abyſs of Niagara's ſteep
In lucid arch the tyrant torrents ſweep;
With rapid ruin urge their boiſtrous courſe,
And diſtant whirlpools feel their eddying force;
No more our ears the tumult can endure,
And clouds of foam the mid-day ſun obſcure.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS.

VIRGIL.

BOOK VI.

SEARCH not, my ſon, the ſorrows of thy race,
Their mighty ſorrows; him to earth the Fates
Shall but preſent in tranſitory glance,
Not grant his longer reſidence: too great
Had ſeem'd, ye gods! the progeny of Rome,
Had he been theirs unqueſtion'd: from the field
Of Mars, what groans of heroes will reſound
Rome's walls aſcending! what ſepulchral rites
Shalt thou behold, O Tiber! as thy ſtreams

O natoe, ingentem luctum ne quære tuorum:
Oſtendent terris hunc tantum fata, nec ultra
Eſſe ſinent. nimium vobis Romana propago
Viſa potens, ſuperi, propria hæc ſi dona fuiſſent,
Quantos ille virûm magnam Mavortis ad urbem
Campus aget gemitus! vel quæ, Tiberine, videbis
Funera, cum tumulum præterlabêre recentem!

Glide

Glide by his recent tomb! From Ilium's ſtock
To ſuch fair hope no branch ſhall ever raiſe
The Latian fathers, nor of ſuch a youth
The land of Romulus again ſhall boaſt.
Alas! what duteous love, what honor! ſtrict
As faith of antient ages! with an arm
In war invincible! With raſh attempt
The foe in arms had fac'd him, when on foot
He led th' embattled ſquadrons, or with ſpur
The flanks he goaded of his foaming ſteed.
Ah much to be lamented youth! if thou—
If thou canſt burſt through Fate's rude barriers—
Thou
Shalt be Marcellus.—With unſparing hand

Nec puer Iliaca quiſquam de gente Latinos
In tantum ſpe tollet avos: nec Romula quondam
Ullo ſe tantum tellus jactabit alumno.
Heu pietas, heu priſca fides, invictaque bello
Dextera! non illi ſe quiſquam impune tuliſſet
Obvius armato, ſeu cum pedes iret in hoſtem,
Seu ſpumantis equi foderet calcaribus armos.
Heu, miſerande puer! ſi qua fata aſpera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris. manibus date lilia plenis;

Here

Here ſhow'r your lilies: I myſelf will ſtrow
The blooming flow'rs, and with this fruitleſs gift
Thus venerate at leaſt my kindred ſhade,

STATIUS.

BOOK III.

THIS way direct thy ſight: amid the depth
Of yon blue vault, innumerable ſwans
Their files have ſtation'd; whether from the North,
And Thracian Strymon, by rude Boreas driv'n,
Or from the banks o' th' placid Nile they come,

Purpureos ſpargam flores, animamque nepotis
His ſaltem adcumulem donis, & fungar inani
Munere.

Huc adverte animum. clara regione profundi
Ætheris, innumeri ſtatuerunt agmina cygni.
Sive hos Strymonia Boreas ejecit ab Arcto,
Seu fœcunda refert placidi clementia Nili.

Their

Their courſe is clos'd: deem thou that ſymbol
Thebes;
For ſilent here and motionleſs they reſt,
As if ſecure from danger: but, behold,
Through the vaſt void a mightier troop advance;
Sev'n eagles, thunder-bearers of high Jove,
I ſee in threats exulting: theſe, conceive
To be th' Inachian chiefs. With fierce aſſault
The ſnow-white phalanx they invade, and ope
Their beaks, to riot on new feaſts of blood,
E'er yet their talons graſp their ſhrinking prey.
See'ſt thou the ſanguine drops, the feath'ry
ſhow'r,
Float o'er the ſkies?—But lo, what ſudden wrath

Fixerunt cursus, hac rere in imagine Thebas.
Nam ſeſe immoti gyro, atque in pace ſilentes,
Ceu muris, valloque tenent. ſed fortior ecce
Adventat per inane cohors. ſeptem ordine fulvo
Armigeras ſummi Jovis exultante caterva
Intuor. Inachii ſint hi tibi (concipe) reges.
Invaſere globum nivei gregis. uncaque pandunt
Cædibus ora novis, & ſtrictis unguibus inſtant.
Cernis inexperto rorantes ſanguine ventos,
Et plumis ſtillare diem? quam ſæva repente

Of

Of unpropitious Jove the conqu'ring hoſt
To various death decrees! One ſoars aloft,
And feels within his breaſt the lightning's flame,
Yet hardly bows his ſpirit to the ſtroke:
Another, daring the preſumptuous flight
Of elder birds, ye feeble wings! you fail'd,
And laid him low on earth: this falls, and draws
His rival with him, in one fate involv'd:
This flies, and flying leaves his soæial train:
This ſhall the floods abſorb: and frantic this
Shall dying feed upon his living foe.
Why, O Melampus! from thy downcaſt eye
In ſecret ſtarts that tear?—not unobſerv'd
Is he who falls.——He ſaid, and both retir'd.

Victores agitat lëto Jovis ira ſiniſtri?
Hic excelſa petens ſubita face Solis inarſit,
Summiſitque animos. illum veſtigia adortum
Majorum volucrum teneræ deponitis alæ.
Hic hoſti implicitus pariter ruit, hunc fuga retro
Volvit agens ſociæ linquentem fata catervæ.
Hic nimbo glomeratus obit. hic præpete viva
Paſcitur immoriens. ſpargit cava nubila ſanguis.
Quid furtim lachrymas? illum venerande Melampis
Qui cadit, agnoſco——

STATIUS.

STATIUS.

BOOK X.

No longer muſt I ſing in wonted ſtrain;
Augmented boldneſs from th' Aonian groves
Now muſt I draw: Ye Muſes all, to mine
Unite your darings!—Whether from th' abyſs
Of Erebus this rage was ſent, and arm'd
To brave the pow'r of Jove, the Stygian fiends
Purſu'd, where Capaneus his banners wav'd;
Or whether valour 'twas beyond controul,
Glory precipitate, or ſucceeding woe,
Which takes its riſe from joy, when wrath in-

curr'd

Non mihi jam ſolito vatum de more canendum:
Major ab Aonis ſumenda audacia lucis,
Mecum omnes audete deæ. ſive ille profunda
Miſſus nocte furor, Capaneaque ſigna ſecutæ
Arma Jovem contra Stygiæ rapuere ſorores,
Seu virtus egreſſa modum. ſeu gloria præceps,
Seu magnæ data fama neci, ſeu læta malorum

A flatt'ring aſpect bears from gods to men,
Earth and its objects now the hero ſpurns;
Glutted with carnage, ev'ry weapon ſpent,
His own, and thoſe of his attendant friends,
With wearied arm, he turns his eyes to heav'n,
Then meaſures with indignant look the walls
Of tow'r-incircled Thebes; with countleſs rows
Two unbranch'd pines connected he ſuſtains,
To force his paſſage into air; a torch
In many a flame divided, from afar
Tremendous he uprears, whoſe dazzling gleam
Glows on his armour: "Againſt Thebes," he cries,
"Be this my guide! With this, my ſpirit burns

Principia, & blandæ ſuperum mortalibus iræ.
Jam fordent terrena viro, tædetque profundæ
Cædis, & exhauſtis olim, Grajumque, ſuiſque
Miſſilibus, laſſa reſpexit in æthera dextra.
Ardua mox torvo metitur culmina viſu,
Innumeroſque gradus, gemina latus arbore cluſus
Aërium ſibi portat iter. longeque timendus
Multifidam quercum flagranti lumine vibrat.
Arma rubent una, clypeoque incenditur ignis.
Hac ait in Thebas, hac me jubet ardua virtus

"To

" To mount where flipp'ry with Menæceus' blood
" The tow'r yet reeks; now will I try the ſtrength
" Of godlike aid, and prove Apollo's truth."
He ſaid, and mounting with alternate ſtep,
Triumphant ſcales the captive walls. Of old
Thus Heav'n beheld the Titans in mid air
Aſcending, when rebellious Earth aſpir'd
To caſt a downward look upon the gods;
When yet the maſs of Pelion had not gain'd
Its purpos'd height, and Oſſa ſcarce had touch'd
The trembling footſtool of the thund'ring Jove.

Ire, Menœceo qua lubrica ſanguine turris.
Experiar, quid ſacra juvent, an falſus Apollo.
Dixit, & alterno captiva in mœnia greſſu
Surgit ovans. quales mediis in nubibus æther
Vidit Aloidas, cum creſceret impia tellus
Deſpectura deos, nec adhuc immane veniret
Pelion, & trepidum jam tangeret Oſſa Tonantem.

STATIUS.

BOOK XI.

——— THUS ſhe intreats,
And falls upon the ground: with threats ſevere
The father draws her from her knees, and ſpurns
The thought of pardon. Thus beneath the cave,
High arch'd, the lion, at whoſe youthful rage
The woods and mountains trembled, now dis-
arm'd
By lengthen'd years, in torpid ſloth reclines:
But ſtill majeſtic, in his aged form
Inſpires a terror, which forbids approach;
And, if he hears the ſound of lowing herds,

——— ſic orat, humique
Volvitur. abducit genitor, ſævumque minatur
Indignans veniam. qualis leo rupe ſub alta
Quem viridem quondam ſilvæ monteſque tremebant:
Jam piger, & longo jacet exarmatus ab ævo,
Magna tamen facies, & non adeunda ſenectus:
Et ſi demiſſas veniat mugitus ad aures,

Starts

Starts up, ſtill mindful of himſelf, and groans
O'er his loſt ſtrength, indignant that the race
Of younger lions o'er the fields ſhould reign.

STATIUS.

SYLVÆ, LIB. V.

WHAT crime have I committed, wretched youth!
What error? to deſerve that I alone,
O Sleep! thou gentleſt pow'r! ſhould want thy gifts?
Birds, beaſts, of milder or more ſavage kind,
In ſilence reſt; the rocks in ſlumbers feign'd,

Erigitur, meminitque ſui, vireſque ſolutas
Ingemit, & campis alios regnare leones.

AD SOMNUM.

CRIMINE quo merui juvenis, placidiſſime divûm,
Quove errore miſer, donis ut ſolus egerem
Somne tuis? tacet omne pecus, volucreſque, feræque,

As

As wearied, nodding from their ſummits, bend;
Streams ceaſe their rougher ſounds; their roar
The billows huſh, amid the briny main,
And waves repoſing on the ſhore recline.
Sev'n times has Cynthia in her varied form
Seen theſe pale cheeks unchang'd; as oft the ſtar
Of morn, and cold Aurora, my complaints
Has paſt, or ſcatter'd from her dewy car.

How ſhall my ſtrength ſuffice me?—Had I eyes
Num'rous as Argus, which alternate ope'd
Their lids, and clos'd, and never wholly ſlept,
Vain were to me his thouſand.—Now alas!

Et ſimulant feſſos curvata cacumina ſomnos.
Nec trucibus fluviis idem ſonus, occinit horror
Æquoris, & terris maria acclinata quieſcunt.
Septima jam rediens Phœbe mihi reſpicit ægras
Stare genas, totidem Oetææ, Paphiæque reviſunt
Lampades, & toties noſtros Titonia queſtus
Præterit, & gelido ſpargit miſerata flagello.
Unde ego ſufficiam? non ſi mihi lumina mille,
Quæ ſacer alterna tantum ſtatione tenebat
Argus, & haud unquam vigilabat corpore toto.

Some

Some youth, who in his arms enfolds his love,
Thro' the long night repels thee; thence O come:
Nor do I aſk thee on my eyes to ſpread
Thy wings entire—that boon the happy crave;
Touch thou me only with thy rod's extreme,
And paſs with lighteſt ſtep ſuſpended——

At nunc, heus, aliquis longa ſub nocte, puellæ
Brachia nexa tenens, ultro te Somne repellit.
Inde veni, nec te totas infundere pennas
Luminibus compello meis; (hoc turba precatur
Lætior) extremo me tange cacumine virgæ:
Sufficit, aut leviter ſuſpenſo poplite tranſi.

CHARACTER.

OVID.

In Ovid, Wit expands her brilliant ſail,
Caught by the favor of each wanton gale;
Though deeply fraught with Learning's various ſtores,
The gather'd wealth with laviſh hand he pours;
And while his lays the ſplendid grief impart,
They ſtrike the ear, but ſink not to the heart;

Thus in the regions of the fartheſt North,
Where the Sun brings no ripen'd harveſt forth,
Through the chill air inceſſant meteors fly,
And ſigns of wonder ſtreak the lucid ſky;
In wild confuſion flit th' inconſtant rays,
Nor e'er in Nature's aid collect their blaze;
From cryſtal rocks no genial moiſture flows,
And Winter's pow'r no diminution knows.

CHARACTER.

LUCAN.

In Lucan, thought with dignity prevails,
While Virtue weighs the world in equal ſcales;
To Truth ſevere he makes his firm appeal,
And admiration ſprings from what we feel;
No vain delight his ſolid lines inſpire,
But as we gaze we glow with patriot fire:

Thus flames the ſun aſcending thro' the ſky,
While low-bred vapours from his preſence fly;
Trees, plants, and flow'rs imbibe his vital ray;
Earth, air, and ſea, rejoice beneath his ſway;
And while he pierces to the central mine,
Where gold and di'monds yet imperfect ſhine,
Splendor and uſe in blended ſtreams abound,
And ev'ry beauty is with bleſſing crown'd.

TRANSLATIONS.

OVID.

METAM. BOOK X.

PYGMALION ſaw theſe crimes, and ſaw diſgrace
Still overwhelm the guilty female race;
With horror hence he from their union fled,
And choſe the ſlumbers of a lonely bed:
Meantime an image he of iv'ry made,
Where happieſt art ſuch beauty had diſplay'd,
As would in vain in real life be ſought;
Then himſelf doats on what his hands had wrought:

Quas quia Pygmalion ævum per crimina agentes
Viderat: offenſus vitiis, quæ plurima menti
Fœmineæ natura dedit, ſine conjuge cœlebs
Vivebat, thalamique diu conſorte carebat.
Interea niveum mira feliciter arte
Sculpſit ebur, formamque dedit, qua fœmina naſci
Nulla poteſt, operiſque ſui concepit amorem.

A vir-

A virgin's grace it more than ſeem'd to wear,
For life might well be thought t'inhabit there,
And, but for ſhame, a wiſh to move reveal'd,
So much was art by higheſt art conceal'd.
Pygmalion now the poliſh'd form admires,
Whoſe beauty feign'd a real flame inſpires;
Oft to his work his hands ſpontaneous move,
Whether 'twas iv'ry ſtill, or life to prove;
And ſtill he doubts, unwilling to confeſs,
That lifeleſs iv'ry ſhould ſuch life poſſeſs:
Now gives a kiſs, now thinks the kiſs repaid,
Talks to the ſtatue, claſps the ſenſeleſs maid,
Thinks that his fingers on her beauties preſs,
And fears to harm them by his fond exceſs;

Virginis eſt veræ facies, quam vivere credas,
Et, ſi non obſtet reverentia, velle moveri;
Ars adeo latet arte ſua, miratur, & haurit
Pectore Pygmalion ſimulati corporis ignes.
Sæpe manus operi tentantes admovet, an ſit
Corpus, an illud ebur: nec adhuc ebur eſſe fatetur
Oſcula dat, reddique putat, loquiturque, tenetque,
Et credit tactis digitos inſidere membris,
Et metuit preſſos veniat ne livor in artus,

Courts

Courts her with preſents ſuch as maidens love,
Fruits, flow'rs, and birds from ev'ry mead and grove;
Then round her ſhoulders a rich robe he throws,
While on her neck and arms, in glitt'ring rows,
Each gem he places; all become the maid,
Yet ſhe moſt fair appears when leaſt array'd;
Calls her, when plac'd upon the couch, his bride,
And as the limbs from off the pillow glide,
With care replaces the inſenſate load,
As if it felt the fondneſs he beſtow'd.
To Venus ſacred now returns the day,
When youths and maids their am'rous homage pay;

Et modo blanditias adhibet, modo grata puellis
Munera fert illi conchas, teretesque lapillos,
Et parvas volucres, & flores mille colorum,
Liliaque pictasque pilas, & ab arbore lapsas
Heliadum lacrymas: ornat quoque vestibus artus,
Dat digitis gemmas, dat longa monilia collo;
Aure leves baccæ, redimicula pectore pendent,
Cuncta decent, nec nuda minus formosa videtur.
Collocat hanc stratis concha Sidonide tinctis,
Appellatque tori sociam: acclinataque colla

With

With flow'rs adorn'd each snowy victim dies,
And fragrant flames from ev'ry altar rise;
On these Pygmalion too his off'ring lays,
And thus with fearful suit to Venus prays:
"Ye gods! whose pow'r, if so your wills decree,
"Through heav'n extends; pervades through land and sea,
"To these fond arms oh let her be convey'd;"
He sigh'd, yet dar'd not say, his iv'ry maid:
"But one like her!"—The goddess heard his pray'r,
And saw the wish he trembled to declare:
Soon to his view the friendly signs appear'd,
And thrice the flame its curling volume rear'd;

Mollibus in plumis, tanquam sensura, reponit.
Festa dies Veneris tota celeberrima Cypro
Venerat: & blandis indutæ cornibus aurum
Conciderant ictæ nivea cervice, juvencæ,
Thuraque fumabant, cum munere functus ad aras
Constitit, & timidé, Si dii dare cuncta potestis,
Sit conjux opto, non ausus eburnea virgo
Dicere Pygmalion, similis mea, dixit, eburnæ.
Sensit, ut ipsa suis aderat Venus aurea festis,
Vota quid illa velint: &, amici numinis omen,

Now

Now home return'd, he ſeeks his fancied bliſs,
And bending o'er her, prints an ardent kiſs;
When ſee, ſhe glows! With lips again applied,
Again with roving palm her breaſt he tried,
The ſoft'ning iv'ry, iv'ry now no more,
Yields to the trial, as his hands explore
The panting maſs; thus ductile wax receives,
Warm'd by the ſun, each form the workman gives:
Amaz'd he feels a yet uncertain joy,
Fearing leaſt truth his error ſhould deſtroy;
Once more her charms with eager haſte he tries,
And found beyond a doubt her boſom riſe;

Flamma ter accenſa eſt, apicemque per aëra duxit.
Ut rediit, ſimulacra ſuæ petit ille puellæ,
Incumbenſque toro dedit oſcula, viſa tepere eſt.
Admovet os iterum, manibus quoque pectora tentat:
Tentatum molleſcit ebur, poſitoque rigore
Subſedit digitis, ceditque, Ut Hymettia ſole
Cera remolleſcit, tractataque pollice multas
Vertitur in facies, ipſoque fit utilis uſu.
Dum ſtupet, & dubié gaudet, fallique veretur,
Rurſus amans, rurſuſque manu ſua vota retractat:

'Twas

'Twas life, no ſtatue, the new-kindled heat
In ev'ry pulſe beneath his preſſure beat;
To Venus now his ampleſt thanks repaid,
Pygmalion claſp'd once more his breathing maid,
Preſt on her melting lips a lengthen'd kiſs,
And while the maid firſt felt the thrilling bliſs,
Bluſhing, to heav'n ſhe rais'd her timid ſight,
And ſaw at once her lover and the light.

Corpus erat, ſaliunt tentatæ pollice venæ.
Tum vero Paphius pleniſſima concipit heros
Verba, quibus Veneri grates agit, oraque tandem
Ore ſuo non falſa premit: dataque oſcula virgo
Senſit, & erubuit, timidumque ad lumina lumen
Attollens, pariter cum cœlo vidit amantem.

LUCAN.

LUCAN.

BOOK I.

THOU, leaſt new triumphs ſhould thy paſt obſcure,
Great Pompey! fear'ſt; and wreaths from pirates won
To Gallia's laurels yield: thee, lengthen'd toils
Exalt, whoſe fortune ſpurns a ſecond place;
And while a Cæſar brooks no higher rank,
Endures no equal: which the juſter arms
Aſſum'd, muſt reſt unknown—in his defence
Each boaſts a mighty judge: War's partial pow'rs
Fought for the victors, but the vanquiſh'd cauſe

Tu nova ne veteres obſcurent acta triumphos,
Et victis cedat peiratica laurea Gallis,
Magne times: te jam ſeries, uſuſque laborum
Erigit, impatienſque loci Fortuna ſecundi:
Nec quemquam jam ferre poteſt, Cæſarve priorem,
Pompeiuſve parem. quis juſtius induit arma
Scire nefas: magno ſe judice quiſque tuetur:

Was

Was Cato's choice. Nor upon equal terms
Met the contending chieftains: one, in years,
Into old age declining, by long use
Of civil honours calm'd, the warlike chief
Had laid aside, and sought the arts of peace
In fame more gentle; courting by rich gifts
The multitude, whose wav'ring breath impell'd
His course; rejoic'd the plaudits to receive
Of his own theatre, nor strove new strength
To gain; but trusting to past Fortune's smile,
He stands the shadow of a mighty name:
Thus in some fertile soil, an oak sublime,
Which bears the antique spoils of vanquish'd hosts,

Victrix causa Deïs placuit, sed victa Catoni.
Nec coïere pares: alter vergentibus annis
In senium, longoque togæ tranquillior usu
Dedidicit jam pace Ducem, famæque petitor
Multa dare in vulgus, totus popularibus auris
Impelli, plausuque sui gaudere theatri:
Nec reparare novas vires, multumque priori
Credere Fortunæ; stat magni nominis umbra:
Qualis frugifero quercus sublimis in agro

 Trophies,

Trophies, to conqueſt ſacred, now no more
By firm entwiſted roots ſecure, depends
For ſtrength upon its weight, while thro' the air
Spreading its wither'd branches, it affords,
Not by its leaves, but by its trunk, a ſhade;
And though each threat'ning blaſt portends a fall,
Though proudly ſtand the younger trees, alone,
Receives each hallow'd homage:—but a name
In Cæſar rules not only, nor renown
Of paſt exploits; in him a ſpirit flames
Which knows no reſting place, no ſhame admits,
But not to conquer in the warlike field;
Fierce, unſubdued, where hope, where anger calls

Exuvias veteres populi, ſacrataque geſtans
Dona Ducum: nec jam validis radicibus hærens,
Pondere fixa ſuo eſt, nudoſque per aëra ramos
Effundens, trunco, non frondibus efficit umbram.
Sed quamuis primo nutet caſura ſub Euro,
Tot circùm ſilvæ firmo ſe robore tollant,
Sola tamen colitur. ſed non in Cæſare tantùm
Nomen erat, nec fama Ducis: ſed neſcia virtus
Stare loco, ſoluſque pudor non vincere bello:
Acer, & indomitus, quò ſpes, quóque ira vocaſſet,

His

His arm, he follows, nor the ruthless sword
Spares to unsheath; still faithful to success,
Ardent he presses on the fav'ring pow'rs,
Impelling what his purpose could oppose
Of sov'reign rule; exulting to pervade
Through havoc to his prey: The thunder's bolt
Thus driv'n by winds, through parting clouds, with sound
Terrific rushes, rives the vaulted sky,
And rends the face of day, while crouds aghast
With dazzled eyes, shrink from the shaft oblique;
Sparing no temples, though of Jove, it bursts
Through all resistance, with tempestuous fall,
And quick return, it rages; far and wide

Ferre manum, & numquam temerando parcere ferro:
Successus urgere suos: instare favori
Numinis, impellens quidquid sibi summa petenti
Obstaret, gaudensque viam fecisse ruina.
Qualiter expressum ventis per nubila fulmen
Aetheris impulsi sonitu, mundique fragore
Emicuit, rupitque diem, populosque paventeis
Terruit, obliqua præstringens lumina flamma,
In sua templa furit, nullaque exire vetante

Hurls

Hurls the vaſt ruins, and with force increas'd
Reſumes the ravage of its ſcatter'd fires.

LUCAN.

LIB. V.

TWICE and again, with hand, which ſhook the door,
Had Cæſar knock'd, when from his ruſhy couch
Amyclas riſing ſpake; "What ſhipwreck'd man
"Seeks here for refuge? Who, by fortune preſt,
"Can be ſo wretched as to need my help?"
He ſpake; and from the ſmould'ring heap, where fire

Materia, magnamque cadens, magnamque revertens
Dat ſtragem latè, ſparſoſque recolligit igneis.

Hæc Cæſar bis, terque manu quaſſantia tectum
Limina commovit. molli conſurgit Amyclas,
Quem dabat alga, toro. quiſnam mea naufragus, inquit,
Tecta petit? aut quem noſtræ Fortuna coëgit
Auxilium ſperare caſæ? ſic fatus, ab alto

Had

Had blaz'd, rekindled with his breath the flame;
Free from the fear of war, his low-built hut
He knew, to civil arms could yield no ſpoil.
O happy ſtate of poverty, ſecure
In lowly manſions—gifts of bounteous Heav'n
Not underſtood!—What temples, walls, could boaſt
Such ſtrength, as not to tremble, when aſſail'd
By Cæſar's arm?——

Aggere, jam tepidæ ſublato fune favillæ,
Scintillam tenuem commotos pavit in igneis,
Securus belli: prædam civilibus armis
Scit non eſſe caſas. ô vitæ tuta facultas
Pauperis, anguſtique Lares! ô munera nondum
Intellecta Deûm! quibus hoc contingere templis,
Aut potuit muris, nullo trepidare tumultu
Cæſarea pulſante manu?——

LUCAN.

LIB. VII.

THERE clad in vulgar arms, and to the foes
Unknown, what weapon, Brutus, didſt thou wield?
O thou! our empire's glory, thou the hope
Laſt to the Senate left; laſt of a name
For ages ſo renown'd! with raſh attempt
Ruſh not through hoſts contending, nor advance
Philippi's fatal onſet;—thou, whoſe doom
Thy own Theſſalian plains await: in vain
Here doſt thou ſtrike at Cæſar's head; not yet
Has he attain'd the citadel of right,
Nor paſt the ſummit, whence the pow'r of man
Declines, or yet from Fate hath he deſerv'd
A death ſo noble: ſtill then let him live,
Nor fall thy victim, Brutus, till he reigns.

Illic plebeia contectus caſſide vultus,
Ignotuſque hoſti, quod ferrum Brute tenebas?
O decus imperii, ſpes ô ſuprema Senatûs,
Extremum tanti generis per ſæcula nomen,
Ne rue per medios nimium temerarius hoſteis,

Nec

THE SAME IN RHIME.

THERE, from the foes in vulgar arms conceal'd,
What ſword unnotic'd, didſt thou, Brutus, wield?
O thou, in whom our empire's glories ſhine!
Freedom's laſt hope! laſt honour of thy line!
Urge not too bold, thro' hoſtile bands thy way,
Nor antedate Philippi's fatal day,
Thou, whom thine own Theſſalia ſhall betray:
Vain here thy toil to ſtrike at Cæſar's life;
Not yet the tyrant, 'mid ambition's ſtrife,
Hath reach'd the citadel of right, nor paſt
That bound, where human pow'r no more ſhall laſt;
Not yet by crimes hath he deſerv'd, tho' great,
A death ſo noble to receive from Fate:
Still let him live, till worthy to be ſlain
Victim of Brutus, he o'er Rome ſhall reign.

Nec tibi fataleis admoveris antè Philippos,
Theſſalia periture tua. nil proficis iſtic
Cæſaris intentus jugulo: nondum attigit arcem
Juris, & humanum culmen, quo cuncta premuntur
Egreſſus, meruit fatis tam nobile lethum:
Vivat, &, ut Bruti procumbat victima, regnet.

LUCAN.

LUCAN.

LIB. IX.

"FLIGHT is the crime of cowards:" thus he ſpake,
And ev'ry ſhip prepar'd to ſail, recall'd
Thus, when Hyblæan ſwarms have left their hives
Exhauſted, and unmindful of the combs,
No longer intertwine their wings, but each
Flies devious, ſelf-employ'd, and ſlothful ſhuns
The thymy bloſſom,—if the Phrygian braſs
Reſounds, aſtoniſh'd they reſign their flight,
Intent again purſue their flow'ry work,
And love of ſweets celeſtial: in his plains

Ignavum ſcelus eſt tantùm fuga. dixit, & omneis
Haud aliter medio revocavit ab æquore puppes,
Quàm ſimul effetas linquunt examina ceras,
Atque oblita favi non miſcent nexibus alas,
Sed ſibi quæque volat, nec jam deguſtat amarum
Deſidioſa thymum. Phrygii ſonus ut crepat æris:
Attonitæ poſuere fugam, ſtudiumque laboris

The

The ſhepherd feels a joy ſecure to find
The treaſure of his cottage unimpair'd:
Thus, by the voice of Cato, was impreſs'd
Submiſſion to a juſt command, on minds
By war untaught to bear the charms of peace,
Who now, well-pleas'd, their wonted toils re-
ſum'd.

LUCAN.

LIB. IX. AD FINEM.

"NATIONS have loſt their joy; our concord loſt
"The world laments, nor have the fav'ring gods
"Granted my wiſhes, that with conq'ring arms

Florigeri repetunt, & ſacri mellis amorem.
Gaudet in Hyblæo ſecurus gramine paſtor
Divitias ſeruaſſe caſæ. ſic voce Catonis
Inculcata viris juſti patientia Martis.
Jamque actu belli non doctas ferre quietem
Conſtituit menteis, ſeriemque agitare laborum.

Læta dies rapta eſt populis: concordia mundo
Noſtra perît: caruere Deis mea vota ſecundis.

" Depos'd, I might have clasp'd thee to my
breast,
" And sued for former loves; have sought from
thee
" Thy better life; nor wish'd a brighter close
" To all my toils; content with the reward
" To be thy equal deem'd: in lasting peace
" I, by my care, would have from thee obtain'd
" To grant forgiv'ness to a partial Heav'n
" That thou wast conquer'd;—thou, by thine,
hadst gain'd
" From Rome my pardon:"—thus he spake,
nor found
Companions in his grief, to his complaints
No credit giv'n by multitudes, who check

Ut te complexus positis felicibus armis
Affectus abs te veteres, vitamque rogarem,
Magne, tuam, dignaque satis mercede laborum
Contentus par esse tibi: tunc pace fideli
Fecissem, ut victus posses ignoscere Divis,
Fecisses ut Roma mihi. nec talia fatus,
Invênit fletus comitem, nec turba querenti

Their

Their groans, and with a cheerful aſpect veil
Their inmoſt thoughts; and dare—O bleſſed
boon
Of Liberty!—to gaze upon the crime
Of blood with joy, though Cæſar deign to weep

LUCAN.

LIB. IX.

He, lab'ring with the god, whom in his mind
He bore in ſilence, from his breaſt thus pour'd
Theſe accents, worthy of moſt holy ſhrines:
"What, Labienus, wouldſt thou with to ſeek?
"Whether in arms, with Freedom, I would fall

Credidit: abſcondunt gemitus, & pectora læta
Fronte tegunt, hilareſque nefas ſpectare cruentum,
O bona libertas, cùm Cæſar lugeat, audent.

Ille Deo plenus, tacita quem mente gerebat,
Effudit dignas adytis è pectore voces.
Quid quæri Labiene jubes? an liber in armis

"Rather

" Rather than ſee a Cæſar's reign? If life
" Be ought, or nothing, ſhort, or long poſſeſt?
" If force can harm the good; if Fortune loſe
" Her threat, when worth oppoſes? If to wiſh
" For what is worthy praiſe, ſuffice; if palms
" Can by ſucceſs enhance the virtuous deed?—
" This we all feel, nor deeper in the mind
" Can Ammon preſs the truth: on heav'n we all
" Depend, and though no temple ſpeak, we act
" But as the God inſpires: that ſacred pow'r
" No voice demands, and when we firſt were born
" He ſpake the whole permitted man to know;

Occubuiſſe velim potiùs, quàm regna videre?
An ſit vita nihil, ſed longa? an differat ætas?
An noceat vis ulla bono, Fortunaque perdat
Oppoſita virtute minas, laudandaque velle
Sit ſatis, & numquam ſucceſſu creſcat honeſtum?
Scimus, & hoc nobis non altiùs inferet Ammon.
Hæremus cuncti Superis, temploque tacente
Nil agimus niſi ſponte Dei: non Vocibus ullis
Numen eget: dixitque ſemel naſcentibus auctor
Quidquid ſcire licet: ſterileis nec legit arenas,

" Nor

"Nor chose these barren deserts to declare
"His will to few, or in the dust his truth
"Immers'd: Is earth, sea, air, and sky, alone
"His dwelling? He with Virtue dwells; why ask
"Of pow'rs superior, more? The God supreme
"Is all we see, where'er we move:—Let doubt
"Impel the searchers of events, and keep
"The votaries of chance suspended:—Me
"No oracles assure, but certain death
"Decides my choice: the coward and the brave
"Alike must fall; nor needs Jove more declare."

Thus Cato spake, and left the fane, its faith
Uninjur'd, and its Ammon unexplor'd.

Estque Dei sedes nisi terra, & Pontus, & aër,
Et cælum? est virtus: Superos quid quærimus ultra?
Jupiter est quodcumque vides, quocumque moveris.
Sortilegis egeant dubii, semperque futuris
Casibus ancipites: me non oracula certum,
Sed mors certa facit: pavido, fortique cadendum est.
Hoc satis est dixisse Jovem. sic ille profatur,
Servataque fide templi discedit ab aris,
Non exploratum populis Ammona relinquens.

LUCAN.

LUCAN.

LIB. IV.

LIFE at a diſtance, comrades, I have caſt,
And all my pow'rs exulting feel the goad
Of future death;—'tis rage;—'tis ecſtaſy!—
To thoſe alone whom near-approaching Death
Infolds within his graſp, (and what the gods
Conceal from wretches, doom'd to longer life,
That they may bear its pangs,) 'tis giv'n to prove
That he who dies is happy*.——Fame, that flies
O'er land and ſea, no ſhip with louder trump
Hath prais'd: yet daſtard nations will not learn

---

* Projeci vitam comites, totuſque futuræ
Mortis agor ſtimulis. furor eſt; agnoſcere ſolis
Permiſſum eſt, quos jam tangit vicinia fati,
Victuroſque Dei celant, ut vivere durent,
Felix eſſe mori.——

† —— nullam majore locuta eſt
Ore ratem totum diſcurrens fama per orbem.

By

By ſuch examples, with how ſlight an effort
One ſtroke may cloſe their ſervitude: but kings
Still for their arms are dreaded; Freedom ſtill
Is gall'd with chains, and knows not ſwords were giv'n
That none might be enſlav'd. O Death, that ne'er
Thou wouldſt withdraw the coward heart from life,
But valour only gave thee in reward †.

Non tamen ignavæ poſt hæc exempla virorum
Percipient gentes, quam ſit non ardua virtus
Servitium fugiſſe manu: ſed regna timentur
Ob ferrum, & ſævis libertas uritur armis,
Ignoratque datos, ne quiſquam ſerviat, enſeis.
Mors utinam pavidos vitæ ſubducere nolles,
Sed virtus te ſola daret.

CHARACTER.

CLAUDIAN.

In Claudian Pomp unfolds her lengthen'd ſtate
In gorgeous robes, but bending with the weight;
His fancy fertile, but his numbers flow
In ſtream unalter'd, uniformly flow;
To heights by merit ſcorn'd his praiſes ſoar,
While Rome's baſe ſons their baſer lord adore:

Thus, where the Ganges ſpreads his ſacred flood,
And Nature teems with each gigantic brood,
Her largeſt race, the elephant behold,
Array'd in panoply of gems and gold;
Onward he moves, earth groans beneath his feet,
While India's deſpots, from their ſolemn ſeat,
Look with diſdain on crowds by terror aw'd,
Who proſtrate hail their tyrant, as their God.

CHA-

CHARACTER.

SENECA.

TERRIFIC fiends on Seneca await,
Revenge, Luſt, Murther, Jealouſy, and Hate;
Here groans Deſpair, there burſting Frenzy yells,
And Rage its crimes in cruel triumph tells;
Such are the ſcenes his ſavage Muſe diſplays,
As paſſion prompts th' exaſperated phraſe:

At cloſe of evening thus the tyger howls,
As famiſh'd o'er Hyrcanian wilds he prowls;
If 'mid the gloom ſome trembling deer he ſpies,
Swift as a ſhaft he ſprings,—the victim dies;
Gorg'd, yet unſated with the mangled food,
He riots in the luxury of blood,
Impell'd by Fury's ſtill increaſing ſway,
Again he turns, again he tears the prey.

TRANSLATIONS.

CLAUDIAN.

FAIN would I gather each exploit; but deeds
Of glorious record in condenſing train
Preſs on, and ſtreams of ſtill increaſing praiſe
O'erwhelm my pow'rs. When now th' imperial Sire
Had cruſh'd the tyrant, and regain'd the ſkies,
Leaving the earth conſign'd to thy command,
The tott'ring fabric of the ſtate didſt thou
With equal neck ſuſtain: In antient days,
Thus, when Alcides bore th' incumbent world,
With firmer poiſe ſuſpended, the machine
With all its ſtars unalter'd kept its courſe,
Nor bow'd the hero, with enfeebled ſtep;
While Atlas wonder'd, for a time reliev'd,
To ſee the burthen which himſelf had borne.

Singula complecti cuperem: ſed denſior inſtat
Geſtorum ſeries, laudumque ſequentibus undis
Obruimur. Genitor cæſi poſt bella tyranni
Jam tibi commiſſis conſcenderat æthera terris.
Ancipites rerum ruituro culmine lapſus

Æquali

THE SAME IN RHIME.

FAIN would my Muſe each high exploit rehearſe,
But crouds of glorious deeds obſtruct my verſe;
Succeſſive tides of praiſe enlarge my theme,
And overwhelm me with their ſwelling ſtream.
When now th' imperial Sire had quell'd his foes,
And fought in brighter realms his bleſt repoſe,
To thee reſigning, and thy firm command,
The ſov'reign rule o'er ev'ry ſea and land,
Thy equal neck upheld the mighty weight,
And propp'd the ruins of the tott'ring ſtate:
Thus, when Alcides bore the ſtarry ſphere,
With juſter poiſe, through Heav'n's eternal year,
The vaſt machine its revolution clos'd,
Nor bow'd the hero with the toil impos'd;
And Atlas, while the tranſient reſt he gain'd,
With wonder ſaw the maſs himſelf ſuſtain'd.

Æquali cervice ſubis. ſic Hercule quondam
Suſtentante polum, melius librata pependit
Machina, nec dubiis titubavit ſignifer aſtris,
Perpetuaque ſenex ſubductus mole parumper
Obſtupuit proprii ſpectator ponderis Atlas.

CLAUDIAN.

CLAUDIAN.

DE NUPT. HON. ET MAR.

The goddeſs paus'd, and turning with ſurpriſe,
Firſt on the daughter, her admiring eyes,
Then view'd the mother, o'er whoſe blooming head
Advancing time each finiſh'd grace had ſhed;
The daughter like the Moon's yet naſcent rays,
The mother like her, in her fulleſt blaze:
With ſlender boughs, and yet unbinding roots,
Thus near its parent the young laurel ſhoots,
But bears the promiſe of her branching pride,
When flocks ſhall graze beneath her ſhady ſide:

Cunctatur ſtupefacta Venus, nunc ora puellæ,
Nunc flavam niveo miratur vertice matrem.
Hæc modo creſcenti, plenæ par altera Lunæ,
Aſſurgit ceu forte minor ſub matre virenti
Laurus, & ingentes ramos, olimque futuras
Promittit jam parva comas: vel flore ſub uno

Or

Or thus, where Pæſtan groves luxuriant blow,
On one united ſtem two roſes grow;
This richly rear'd by ſummer ſuns and ſhow'rs,
At large the fragrance of her beauty pours;
That ſhrinks within its bud, nor dares diſplay
Her tender foliage to Hyperion's ray.

SENECA.

MEDEA; PROLOGUE.

Ye gods of wedlock, and Lucina, thou
Protectreſs of the genial couch; with her,
By whoſe inſtruction Tiphys in his bark
Firſt brav'd the ſea; and thou, whoſe ſtern command

Ceu geminæ Pæſtana roſæ per jugera regnant:
Hæc largo matura die, ſaturataque vernis
Roribus indulget ſpatio: latet altera nodo,
Nec teneris audet foliis admittere ſoles.

Dii conjugales; tuque genialis tori
Lucina cuſtos; quæque domitorem freti

Controuls

Controuls the rage of Ocean; Titan, thou
Whose radiant car illumes the subject earth;
And thou, thrice potent Hecaté, who lend'st
Thy conscious gleams to each unhallow'd rite!
Ye gods, whom Jason witness'd and betray'd;
Or those, whom more it suits Medea's wrongs
T' invoke, old Chaos, and eternal Night;
Ye pow'rs infernal, enemies to Heav'n,
Ye shades accurs'd! and thou, the gloomy lord
Of Erebus, with her, thy consort, stol'n
With firmer faith by thee; on each I call,
But with no friendly voice:—Attend, attend,
Y' avenging ministers of guilt! unfold

Tiphyn novam frænare docuisti ratem;
Et tu profundi sæve dominator maris;
Clarumque Titan dividens orbi diem;
Tacitisque præbens conscium sacris jubar,
Hecate triformis; quosque juravit mihi
Deos Jason; quosque Medeæ magis
Fas est precari; noctis æternæ chaos
Adversa superis regna, manesque impios,
Dominumque regni tristis, & dominam fide
Meliore raptam, voce non fausta precor:
Adeste, adeste sceleris ultrices deæ,

The

The ſerpents tangled in your gory locks;
Whirl round your torches; hither haſte, array'd
In all your horrors, ſuch as erſt you wore
When ſtation'd at my nuptial bed!—firſt ſtrike
This new-made bride with death; the ſecond blow
Fall on the father, and his royal race:—
But, O for ſome more piercing curſe, to blaſt
The faithleſs bridegroom! May he live, and roam
Through unknown wilds, in poverty, deſpair,
Exile, and hate; uncertain where to find
A roof for ſhelter, till at laſt he wiſh
Ev'n me again his partner; let him ſeek
For life's ſupport at foreign doors, a gueſt

Crinem ſalutis ſquallidæ ſepentibus;
Atram cruentis manibus amplexæ facem,
Adeſte: thalamis horridæ quondam meis
Quales ſtetiſtis: conjugi letum novæ,
Letumque ſocero & regiæ ſtirpi date.
Mihi pejus aliquid, quod precer ſponſo malum;
Vivat; per urbes erret ignotas, egens,
Exul, pavens, inviſus, incerti laris:
Me conjugem optet; limen alienum expetat,

Now

Now known and ſpurn'd; and, to complete my curſe,
Let him have children like himſelf, and like
Their mother:—Ha! revenge then ſtill is mine;
I am a MOTHER:—hence, ye vain complaints!
Shall I not ruſh upon my foes, not quench
Theſe bridal torches, and the light of day?
Does Phœbus, author of my race, behold
My wrongs, and, on his car unmov'd, purſue
His wonted progreſs through unclouded ſkies,
Nor backward drive his courſers to the Eaſt?
O bear me through the void, ye friendly ſteeds!
Give me the reins, bright fire! and from thy wheels

Jam notus hoſpes; quoque non aliud queam
Pejus precari, liberos ſimiles patri,
Simileſque matri;—parta, jam parta ultio eſt.
Peperi. querelas verbaque incaſſum fero.
Non ibo in hoſtes? manibus excutiam faces,
Cœloque lucem. ſpectat hoc noſtri ſator
Sol generis? & ſpectatur, & curru inſidens
Per ſolita puri ſpatio decurrit poli?
Non redit in ortus, & remetitur diem?

Let

Let me hurl bick'ring flames: let Corinth blaze,
Nor longer part her two contending ſhores:—
This ſtill remains; myſelf the nuptial torch
Will bear, and, all due rites abſolv'd, will ſlay
My victims, on the altars I have rear'd:—
Tear thee, Medea! through thy inmoſt heart,
A way to work their chaſtiſement.—My ſoul!
If yet within thee there remain a ſpark
Of ancient fire, diſpel all female fears,
And be as cruel as the ruthleſs rocks
Of Caucaſus; whate'er the Pontic floods,
Or banks of Phaſis once beheld, again

Da, da per auras curribus patriis vehi.
Committe habenas, genitor, & flagrantibus
Ignifera loris tribue moderari juga.
Gemino Corinthus littori opponens moras,
Cremata flammis maria committat duo.
Hoc reſtat unum: pronubam thalamo feram
Ut ipſa pinum; poſtque ſacrificas preces
Cædam dicatis victimas altaribus.
Per viſcera ipſa quære ſupplicio viam,
Si vivis, anime: ſi quid antiqui tibi
Remanet vigoris, pelle femineos metus,
Et inhoſpitalem Caucaſum mente indue.

Shall th' Isthmus see; deeds savage, deeds unknown,
Deeds terrible alike to Earth, to Heav'n,
My mind revolves; wounds, carnage, death that roams
O'er ev'ry limb;—these are too light of note,
These are my virgin acts:—let grief arise
In sterner state, and crimes of deeper stain
Accompany an injur'd mother's wrongs:—
Arm thyself, Fury! for destruction draw
Thy keenest blade; and let a tale of horror
Proclaim alike my marriage and divorce.
But—how, Medea! dost thou quit thy husband?

Quodcunque vidit Phasis aut Pontus nefas,
Videbit Isthmos. effera, ignota, horrida,
Tremenda cœlo pariter ac terris mala,
Mens intus agitat; vulnera, & cædem, & vagum
Funus per artus. levia memoravi,
Hæc virgo feci. gravior exsurgat dolor;
Majora jam me scelera post partus decent.
Accingere ira, teque in exitium para.
Furore toto: paria narrentur tua
Repudia thalamis. quo virum linquis modo?

E'en as thou follow'dſt him:—no more delays;—
Ties form'd by blood, by blood ſhall be diſſolv'd.

Hoc quo ſecuta es. rumpe jam ſegnes moras:
Quæ ſcelere pacta eſt, ſcelere rumpetur fides.

CHA-

CHARACTER.

LUCRETIUS.

LUCRETIUS, led from Wiſdom wide aſtray,
By the falſe fire of Error's meteor ray,
Yet with ſuch ſtrength, to Truth's miſguided ſhade
Has ev'ry ſplendor of rich thought convey'd,
Such more than colour in his diction ſhown,
That Art appears with pow'rs beyond her own:

Thus while the painter, with outline conceal'd,
Has to the ſight the truth almoſt reveal'd,
With ſhaded tints, has cloth'd the canvas plain,
The touch eluding with a phantom vain;
The ſculptor ſcorning the deceitful hues,
Where light and ſhade the ſenſe beguil'd abuſe,
Dares in his maſs the brittle web to break,
Gives the laſt ſtroke, and bids the marble ſpeak.

CHA-

CHARACTER.

ANTI-LUCRETIUS.

In Melchior ſcience and the Muſe combine,
Nor to Lucretius yields his rival line;
Themes moſt obſcure admit his lucid lay,
And Art's minuteſt forms his lyre obey;
Nature to him her ſecret ſtore unfolds,
And Nature's Lord well-pleas'd the work beholds;

Thus ſmiles the ſapphire with a blue ſerene,
A bluſh more deep is in the ruby ſeen,
The di'mond ſtill a brighter beam diſplays,
The ſight confounding with its varied rays;
But in the ſacred plate on Aaron's breaſt,
While judgment utter'd the divine beheſt,
Light and perfection by the gems were known,
Where Thummim ſpake and holieſt Urim ſhone.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS.

LUCRETIUS.

BOOK I.

BENIGNANT Venus! of the Æneid race
Divine progenitrix! delight of men
And pow'rs ſuperior! who beneath the ſigns
Rolling their courſe celeſtial, over ſeas
Where navies ride, o'er genial earth, which bears
Her varied fruitage, takeſt thy abode
In frequent influence; from thee their birth
Since animals of ev'ry kind derive,
And new-born ope their eye-lids to the dawn,

Æneadum genitrix, hominum divûmque voluptas,
Alma Venus, cœli ſubter labentia ſigna
Quæ mare navigerum, quæ terras frugiferenteis
Concelebras: per te quoniam genus omne animantum
Concipitur, viſitque exortum lumina ſolis:
Te dea, te fugiunt venti, te nubila cœli:
Adventuque tuo, tibi ſuaveis Dædala tellus

At

At thy approach the variegated earth
Sends up her flow'rs odorous, ocean ſmooths
In ſmiles its billows, and the ſky appears
In light diffuſive, ſheds its glitt'ring beams:
For ſoon as Spring diſcloſes lucid day,
And Zephyrs, looſen'd from their bonds, in gales
Prolific blow, the many-colour'd tribes
Of birds aërial, ſubject to thy flames,
Thy potent preſence feel; the wilder herds
Bound o'er the paſtures joyful, and oppoſe
Their glowing breaſt to brave the rapid tide:
Thus by thy charms, thy ever winning wiles,
Each animated race thy call obey
With willing ardour; wherefoe'er thou lead'ſt

Submittit flores: tibi rident æquora ponti,
Pacatumque nitet diffuſo lumine cœlum.
Nam ſimul ac ſpecies patefacta eſt verna diei,
Et reſerata viget genitabilis aura Favoni:
Aëriæ primùm volucres te diva, tuumque
Significant initum, perculſæ corda tua vi.
Inde feræ pecudes perſultant pabula lætæ,
Et rapidos tranant amneis: ita capta lepôre
Illecebriſque; tuis omnis natura animantum

Their

Their inſtinct, over foaming ſeas, through woods
On ſteepy mountains waving, limpid ſtreams,
And leafy dwellings of the feather'd tribes,
With flow'ry meads, in all inſpiring bland
Thy genial warmth to propagate their kind:—
Since thus o'er Nature's univerſal realm
Alone thou ruleſt, nor without thy will
Ought riſes to ſalute the morn, no joy
Nor joy-diffuſive Love exerts his ſway,
Thee to my Muſe aſſociate I invoke,
While I purſue in tuneful verſe, the theme
Of boundleſs Nature, to the noble race
Of Memmius, patron of my ſong, whom thou

—Te ſequitur cupidè, quò quamque inducere pergis.
Denique per maria, ac monteis, fluvioſque rapaceis
Frondiferaſque domos avium, campoſque virenteis,
Omnibus incutiens blandum per pectora amorem,
Efficis, ut cupidè generatim ſecla propagent.
Quæ quoniam rerum naturam ſola gubernas,
Nec ſine te quicquam dias in luminis oras
Exoritur, neque fit lætum, neque amabile quicquam:
Te ſociam ſtudeo ſcribendis verſibus eſſe,
Quos ego de rerum natura pangere conor
Memmiadæ noſtro, quem tu dea tempore in omni

O god-

O goddeſs, ever haſt decreed, to deck
With ev'ry ſcience, and each lib'ral art;
Thee, therefore, I implore to grant that grace
To theſe my dictates; and meanwhile, effect,
That War's fell deeds o'er ſea and earth may ceaſe,
And calm repoſe her ſlumbers may enjoy;
For thou alone, by tranquil Peace, canſt give
Thy aid to mortals, ſince the warlike ſtrife
Thy Mars armipotent conducts, and he
Oft on thy fragrant boſom leans, ſubdu'd
By Love's unerring ſhaft, and thus, with eye
Upturn'd, reclining on thy poliſh'd cheek,
In languor doats—and feeds his ardent looks,
Love's conqueſt rich inhaling, while ſupine

Omnibus ornatum voluiſti excellere rebus.
Quò magis æternum da dictis Diva lepôrem.
Effice, ut interea fera munera militiaï
Per maria, ac terras omneis ſopita quieſcant.
Nam tu ſola potes tranquilla pace juvare
Mortaleis: quoniam belli fera munera Mavors
Armipotens regit: in gremium qui ſæpe tuum ſe
Rejicit, æterno devictus vulnere amoris:
Atque ita ſuſpiciens tereti ceruice repoſta

With panting breath, o'er ev'ry charm he roves:
Him, goddeſs, thou within thy downy arms
Infold embracing, from thy liquid lips
Pour the ſoft accent in perſuaſive tone,
And ſue that Peace victorious may return
To Rome, and to his offspring;—for in days
Of tumult to our country, we, the bards,
Silent, unable to purſue our themes,
Dare not intrude upon the warlike ſtock
Of Memmius, nor can that exalted race
Deſert the ſafety of the public weal.—

Paſcit amore avidos inhians in te dea viſus:
Eque tuo pendet reſupini ſpiritus ore.
Hunc tu Diva tuo recubantem corpore ſancto
Circunfuſa ſuper, ſuaveis ex ore loquelas
Funde, petens placidam Romanis inclyta pacem.
Nam neque nos agere hoc patriaï tempore iniquo
Poſſumús æquo animo: nec Memmi clara propago
Talibus in rebus communí deeſſe ſaluti.

ANTI-LUCRETIUS.

BOOK III.

HAPPY the man who, ſtudious to purſue
Truth to its inmoſt cauſe, ſoars far above
Each outward ſenſe; conducted by no guide
But what proceeds from Reaſon's friendly ray,
And his own native ſtrength; who tries the paths
By mortal feet untrodden; to each ſource
Of Nature pierces; and without diſmay
Dares to explore her moſt recondite haunts;

Him, not th' uncertain ſmile of kings, nor gale
Of Fortune, nor vain Pleaſure's empty wiſh,

Felix qui veras avidus cognoſcere cauſas,
Senſus aſſurgit ſupra, nullumque ſecutus
Ductorem, præter lumen Rationis amicum
Vimque animi, reliquis mortalibus invia tentat
Ipſe loca, explorat rerum caput, atque per omnes
Naturæ latebras ire imperterritus audet.
Illum non anceps Regum favor, aut levis aura
Fortunæ, miſeriſque bonis contenta Voluptas

With

With wretched good contented, can perſuade
To quit Truth's ſacred love; to him it boots
But little, to behold at eaſe the ſtreams
Gliding in languid ſloth, or on the graſs
Reclin'd, or ſtretch'd beneath the quiv'ring ſhade
Of branching trees, to gaze upon the ſands
O'er which in glitt'ring gleam the waters flow;
Or cull the flow'rs which on the banks ariſe,
And drink the moiſture of the foſt'ring dew:
He rather ſeeks the fount, and with delight
Inveſtigates the rich mæand'ring veins.

Why then do we, though by the bars inclos'd
Of bodies, gaze on matter's outward form,

Dimoveant, Veri ſanctum ut deponat amorem.
Scilicet haud ſatis eſt rivos ſpectare fluentes,
Aut herbâ in molli patulæque ſub arboris umbrâ
Proſtratum, nitido radiantes rore lapillos
Mirari, ac tremulo labentes murmure lymphas,
Et flores quos nutrit aquarum lacteus humor,
Ac bibulo ſemper viridantem ceſpite ripam:
Fontem ipſum indagare juvat, penituſque latentes
Rimari venas laticumque exordia prima.

Howe'er

Howe'er adorn'd, admiring? and diſport
On the vain ſurface of created things?
Why not, with nobler ſearch, the deep receſs
Of Nature's holy temple pierce, and ſue
To gain admiſſion to her inmoſt ſhrine?
Where, on the ſource and origin of things,
With what true joy we may direct our eyes,
And fix in firmeſt energy the mind.

Here haunts the Sage, and leaves to vulgar cares
The trifling, tranſient toys;—hence to the praiſe
Deſerv'd, no bard can elevate his ſong,
Of great Pythagoras, and Plato, ſouls

Quorſum igitur nos corporibus circumundique ſepti,
Materiæ decus ac formam externumque nitorem
Miramur tantùm, ſummoque in cortice rerum
Ludimus? Internam cur non penetramus in ædem
Naturæ, atque adytis immitti poſcimus ipſis?
Quàm pulchrum eſt in principiis, in origine rerum
Defixiſſe oculos & nobile mentis acumen!
Pervolat huc Sapiens; nugæ ſunt cætera Vulgi.
Hinc nullus digno Vates extollere verſu

Illuſ-

Illuſtrious, who with ardour ſought to know,
Firſt their own ſtate, and then to One ſupreme,
Author of all creation and themſelves,
In contemplation moſt ſublime to riſe.

Theſe nor the manners, nor the fond delights
Of their own ſoil, or their paternal roof,
Could turn from tracing with laborious feet
The banks of Egypt's ſtream, and Syrian ſhores,
Where higheſt Wiſdom firſt her ſculptur'd gates
Diſclos'd: amid theſe emblematic fanes,
Here they conſulted thoſe, whom lengthen'd years
Had train'd to richeſt knowledge, and ſurvey'd

Pythagoræ magni poterit, magnique Platoniis
Illuſtres animas: ingens quibus inſtitit ardor,
Se primum, auctoremque ſuî & primordia cuncta
Quærere contemplando. Hos non tenuere paterni
Deliciæ moreſque ſoli, quin protinus omnem
Ægyptum & Syrii luſtrarent littora ponti;
Incoluit primùm quas alma Scientia ſedes;
Atque viros ibi conſulerent ſapientipotentes
Longævoſque, & doctrinæ monumenta vetuſtæ:

The

The myſtic monuments of eldeſt Time:
Thence to return, not fraught with tinctur'd veſts,
With gold, or gems, t' enrich their native land;
But with the precious words of wiſdom, far
Above all treaſures, and with lights of truth.

With this intent, my Memmius! ſweet the taſk,
To gaze with thee on Nature, ſweet to pierce
Her cloſe receſſes, to ſupport the torch
Before thee, and confirm thy feeble ſteps:
Nor be thou wearied in the labour; long,
I own, and rough the tracks, o'er mountains, where

Civibus ut tandem non vellera murice tincta,
Non aurum aut gemmas, aſt aurea dicta ferentes,
Ditarent patriam nova per commercia Veri.

Hoc animo, Quinti, Naturam inviſere tecum
Dulce mihi: dulce eſt altos intrare receſſus,
Et præferre facem, & greſſus firmare labantes,
Ne te, quæſo, viæ capiant mala tædia longæ.
Sunt rigidi, fateor, trito ſine tramite montes,
Sunt duræ cautes, ac ſpinis horrida paſſim

No

No feet have trodden; rugged rocks, and ſhrubs
Horrid with thorn, and interwoven ſtems,
Croſs thy advancing, and intrenchments deep
Traverſe the marſhy ſoil; yet boldly thou
Proceed with mind unfalt'ring, while I ſtrive
To ſmooth the path, and cheer thy wearied feet
With no unpleaſing ſong: thus, in the woods
And 'mid embow'ring ſhades, the tuneful bird
Warbles her native deſcant, while his mate
Broods o'er th' unfeather'd offſpring, with a care
Maternal; he now perches on the branch,
Now flutt'ring o'er the ſpray, with rapid wing
He darts; and day and night, with watchful
guard

Virgulta, et foſſæ juga per ſalebroſa profundæ:
Macte animo tamen interea dum alludere conor,
Defeſſamque tibi rerum aſperitate moleſtâ,
Non injucundo ſolari carmine mentem.
Haud ſecus in ſylvis, ac frondes inter opacas
Ingenitum carmen modulatur muſicus ales,
Dum fovet implumes fœtus placidiſſima conjux:
Nam ramo nunc ille ſedens, nunc præpete pennâ
Huc illuc circumvolitans, noctesque dieſque

Protects

Protects the neſtlings; then the grove reſounds
With the ſoft trillings of his ruffled throat;—
She all the while, within her neſt conceal'd,
Imbibes the liquid notes, forgets her toil,
Nor feels the laſſitude of conſtant care.

ANTI-LUCRETIUS.

BOOK VII.

SINCE matter then is ſtill in ev'ry part
Matter extended and endu'd with form,
Why ſhould we not diſtinguiſh, though abſtruſe
And hidden in the living tribes, each part
Leſs than the other, with creative ſkill

Invigilat cuſtos; liquidâ tum voce canorus
Perſonat omne nemus: molli hæc abſcondita nido
Suaves aure bibit numeros, oblita laboris;
Et vix aſſiduæ ſentit faſtidia curæ.

Ergò Materiæ cùm ſit pars quælibet ipſa
Materies, extenſa loco, atque inſtructa figurâ,
Quid vetat abſtruſas inter prorſuſque latentes

By proper organs work'd? thence to diſcloſe
Their origin, and each in each contain'd
In order infinite:—Thus we behold,
When Spring, with genial days, returns to deck
The garden's pride, the bud emerging quit
Its verdant bark; ſee, yet it ſcarce preſumes
To burſt the tender film, and to commit
Its bluſhing honours 'mid the glitt'ring leaves;
Cull it; a flow'r imperfect, but which ſhows
The future promiſe, while the ſoft'ring ſun
Is wanting ſtill:—again, with cautious hand,
Pluck the ſoft bloſſom, and with piercing eye,
Explore the texture of its inmoſt frame;

Viventûm in gremio partes, dignoſcere quaſdam,
Non modò dividuas, iterumque iterumque minores,
Verùm etiam organico ritu doctâque creantis
Arte laboratas, quæ ſint primordia rerum,
Atque alias aliis immerſas? Sicut in horto
Cernimus, illuxere dies cùm veris amœni,
Surgere florentem viridi de cortice gemmam.
Aſpicis ut teneram vix audet findere pellem
Primùm inter nitidas affulgens purpura frondes?
Carpe manu, flos eſt nondum, ſed molle futuri
Principium floris; ſoles alimentaque deſunt:

There

There ſhalt thou find unnumber'd folds of leaves
In naſcent ſtate, and all th' expanſive bloom,
Which zephyrs would have waken'd, had it gain'd
In time the juſt perfection of the roſe.

Carpe manu, internoſque oculo ſcrutare receſſus;
Invenies foliorum intexta volumina centum,
Et quotquot Zephyris erat expanſura coronas,
Si creviſſe roſæ juſtum licuiſſet in ævum.

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

FRENCH VERSE.

In nova fert *animus* mutatas dicere *formas* corpora.

Vid. Harris, Philologic Arrangements, p. 100.

FROM

L'ART D'AIMER DE BERNARD,

EN SIX PIEDS.

Bourbon advanc'd with formidable hoſt
To quell the tyrants in their haughty boaſt;
His thund'ring engines now their lightning pour
On hoſtile Paris, and each tott'ring tow'r;
Rage and deſtruction round the league were ſpread,
Which, Hydra-like, now droop'd in ev'ry head;
On Rome's vain efforts Heav'n indignant frown'd,
And Henry's brow with conq'ring wreaths were
crown'd.

Bourbon armoit ſon bras du foudre redoutable
Qui portoit des Ligueurs la perte inévitable;
Ses bombes, ſes carreaux fondant de toutes parts
Du rébelle Paris renverſoient les remparts;
La Ligue, hidre aux abois, dans ſes Tours embraſées
Soulevoit vainement ſes têtes écraſées,
Le Ciel confondoit Rome, & couronnoit Henri.

On

On Iton's flow'ry banks, whoſe waters lave
The plains were Ivri's golden harveſts wave,
A caſtle ſtands, where art its ſkill had ſhown,
But could from ſimple nature ſcarce be known;
Of this aſylum nought diſturbs the peace,
The roar of ſtorms, the din of battles ceaſe;
Silence here reigns, and, 'mid the calm repoſe,
The wanton Zephyr o'er the flow'ret blows;
The ſhepherds here on pipes melodious play,
And warbling birds accompany the lay;
The limpid ſtreams their gurgling murmurs join,
And ſeem, the banks forſaking, to repine;

Sur les bords de l'Iton, auprès des champs d'Ivri,
Eſt un Château tranquille & dont l'architecture
Sous un art déguiſé n'offre que la Nature;
De cet aſile heureux rien ne trouble la paix,
Des fougueux aquilons n'y ſouflérent jamais;
Dans le ſein du repos le ſilence y préſide,
Folâtrant ſur les fleurs le zéphire y réſide;
Aux flutes des Bergers, à leurs tendres chanſons,
Les oiſeaux de leur voix accordent les doux ſons,
Les ruiſſeaux dans ces prés roulant une onde claire,
Les quittent à regret & ſemblent s'y complaire;

One

One happy mortal, loving and belov'd,
Here paſt his days, from Henry's camp remov'd;
Bellegarde his name, her's was d'Eſtrée; the ſtrife
Of Rome and France reach'd not their happy life;
In ſhady foreſts they exchang'd their ſighs,
And ſilence to their joys new charms ſupplies;
By all forgotten, they the world forget,
And if the rays of Phœbus riſe, or ſet,
For them he quits the Eaſt, or ſeeks the Weſt,
When thus Bellegarde his lovely fair addreſt:

"In theſe retreats, d'Eſtrée, theſe ſhades unknown,
"Let us not ſeek for pleaſures near a throne,

C'eſt-là qu'une Mortelle à ſon Amant chéri
Prodiguoit ſes faveurs loin du camp de Henri;
D'Eſtrée & Bellegarde arrêtés dans leurs chaînes
De Rome & de Bourbon fouloient aux pieds les haînes.
A l'ombre des forêts ils ſoupiroient leurs feux,
Le ſilence augmentoit leurs plaiſirs amoureux,
Ils vivoient oubliés de la Nature entiere,
Le Soleil, chaque jour, rapportant la lumiere
Leur ſembloit pour eux ſeuls éclairer l'univers.

"N'altérons point la paix de ces profonds déſerts,
"Vivons, chere D'Eſtrée, inconnus ſur la terre

 "There

" There Bourbon's friendſhip, or the chance of arms,
" Might in our boſoms waken new alarms,
" Her glitt'ring banners Glory might diſplay,
" And I too dearly for my laurels pay;
" Thy beauties which my doating eyes adore,
" Whoſe worth by modeſty ſtill ſhines the more,
" With eaſe might triumph o'er the hearts of kings,—
" But ah, the fleeting joy which glory brings;
" The crown, the ſceptre, laid beneath thy feet,
" The court, whoſe light eclips'd thy charms would meet,

" L'amitié de Bourbon, les hazards de la Guerre
" Auroient pû décorer ma jeune vanité
" D'un laurier trop frivole & trop cher acheté;
" Ta grace, ton éclat, tes charmes que j'adore,
" Et que ta modeſtie orne & releve encore,
" Triompheroient bientôt du plus puiſſant des Rois;
" Mais le bruit paſſager de quelques vains exploits,
" Le Sceptre, la Couronne à tes pieds abbaiſſée,
" La pompe de la Cour par tes yeux éclipſée,

" The

"The pomp of grandeur with its empty name,
"Say, are they worth our praiſe, or worth our blame?
"Theſe groves, theſe plains, give all our hearts deſire,
"And roving Zephyrs fan our faithful fire;
"The birds, in pairs, our beſt adviſers prove,
"They without danger, free from falſehood, love;
"Theſe flocks their mutual ardour ſtill maintain,
"No rigour know they from a ſtern diſdain;
"No cold refuſal to their love is made,
"Felt in this moment, in the next repaid;

"Le néant des grandeurs, valent-ils nos plaiſirs?
"Tous nous rit dans ces lieux, tout parle à nos deſirs,
"Dans ces champs, dans ces bois, tout brûle, tout ſoupire,
"L'oiſeau toujours fidele aux ardeurs qu'il inſpire,
"Ne fait naître des feux que pour les partager,
"Ils ſe cherchent ſans feinte, ils s'aiment ſans danger,
"De ces tendres moutons les flammes mutuelles
"Ne les expoſent point à des rigueurs cruelles,
"Les dédains, les refus ne ſont point faits pour eux,
"Ils ſont toujours aimés dès qu'ils ſont amoureux.

"The

" The branching trees their tender arms entwine,
" To guide the rovings of the gadding vine;
" All living tribes, of water or of air,
" The flame of Love's reviving torch declare:
" Here free from anguish, from remorse remov'd,
" In oaths repeated, let our hearts be prov'd;
" And could'st thou know the transports we possess,
" Bourbon! be jealous—own thy grandeur less!"

Thus from his lips Bellegarde enamour'd shows
What grateful ardour in his bosom glows;

" Aux têtes des ormeaux, aux bras des jeunes chênes,
" Cette vigne s'unit par mille étroites chaînes;
" Dans la plaine de l'air, & dans le fond des eaux,
" A tout Etre l'Amour fait sentir ses flambeaux....
" Coulons nos jours heureux sans remords & sans trouble,
" Jurons-nous un feu pur que chaque instant redouble
" Et qu'aspirant lui-même à des plaisirs si doux,
" Bourbon, s'il les savoit, puisse en être jaloux...

Bellegarde en ces mots faisoit parler sa flame,
Ses levres exprimoient les transports de son ame;

D'Estrée,

D'Eſtrée, attentive to ſo bright a flame,
In ſecret felt one equal, one the ſame,
Within her boſom riſe by quick degrees;
Now they their cyphers carve upon the trees,
And more than cyphers thus their tribute pay:
"Increaſe, ye elms! and on your bark diſplay
"Our love increas'd, and as your branches grow,
"A like expanſion may our wiſhes know."
Thus in their bliſs alternate they rejoice,
And Echo join'd with their's her ſofter voice:
When firſt the mountain's top confeſt the dawn,
They ſought the fountain, or the flow'ry lawn,

Sa Maîtreſſe, attentive à tous ſes mouvemens,
Eprouvoit en ſecret les mêmes ſentimens.
A leurs vœux mutuels tout ſe rendoit ſenſible;
Quelquefois ils gravoient, ſur l'écorce flexible,
Dans un chifre amoureux leurs noms entrelaſſés:
Croiſſez, s'écrioient-ils, jeunes ormeaux, croiſſez!
Puiſſent croître avec vous les feux qui nous conſument!
Puiſſent toujours briller les yeux qui les allument!
Leurs tranſports, leurs plaiſirs qu'ils chantoient tour à tour,
Ils les faiſoient redire aux échos d'alentour.
Quand l'Aube alloit blanchir les ſommets & les plaines,
Tous deux venoient s'aſſeoir près des claires fontaines;

Whence

Whence the fond lover ev'ry bloſſom choſe,
The lily, ſnow-drop, pink, and vermeil roſe;
Theſe in a wreath he form'd with am'rous ſkill,
While they, ſo preſt, a ſweeter ſcent diſtil,
Then round her temples found a dearer place,
And gave the ringlets of her hair new grace;
Its faithful mirror the clear ſtream diſplay'd,
And ſhe, with ſmiles of praiſe, his ſkill repaid;
Then favors ſuch as fondeſt love imparts,
Their lips uniting, cloſer join'd their hearts;
The Earth in haſte her verdant carpet ſpreads,
And more than dreams kept hov'ring o'er their heads:

Un tapis renaiſſant leur préſentoit des fleurs;
Là, cet Amant chéri faiſoit choix des couleurs,
Relevoit leur éclat, varioit les nuances,
Les roſes ſous ſes doigts épanchoient leurs eſſences;
D'une tête ſi belle arrangeant les cheveux,
Ils les ſemoit de fleurs & les treſſoit en nœuds;
Fidelle en ſes avis, l'onde étoit conſultée,
L'addreſſe de l'Amant étoit toujours vantée;
Soudain mille baiſers, mille tendres faveurs,
Uniſſoient, confondoient leurs levres & leurs cœurs;
La terre ouvrant ſon ſein s'empreſſoit de produire
Des roſes, des œillets qui ſembloient leur ſourire;

Thus

Thus all concurr'd to work their fond content,
But who can fate foretell, or who prevent?
Compell'd to quit d'Eſtrée in all her charms,
At Bourbon's call, to join his conq'ring arms;
Bellegarde obeys, but to the king reveal'd
That love, which prudence better had conceal'd:

"Vain are your feaſts," he ſaid, "your bought delights,
"Which fill the circle of your days and nights;
"In theſe, great prince, I no delight can prove —
"The court may know to glitter, not to love:

Tout enfin concouroit à leurs plaiſirs divers:
Mais qui peut du deſtin preſſentir les revers!
Forcé de s'éloigner de l'objet qui l'enchante
Et mandé par Bourbon, trop plein de ſon Amante,
Bellegarde ne put lui taire ſon bonheur,
L'indiſcret à ſon Roi courut ouvrir ſon cœur.

"Vos fêtes, lui dit-il, ſi vives, ſi pompeuſes,
"N'amenent en ces lieux que des Beautés trompeuſes,
"Tant de faſte & d'éclat ne ſauroit me charmer,
"La Cour veut éblouir, on n'y ſait point aimer;

"To

"To court unknown, I know one charming fair,
"Whom Heav'n has form'd with moſt peculiar care,
"Whoſe look, whoſe voice, where all the graces meet,
"Would to your beauties work a ſure defeat;
"Yes, to d'Eſtrée their art muſt yield its pride,
"While love and nature at Ivri reſide."

Rais'd by this picture, Bourbon feels the fire,
But knows that kingly pow'r cannot inſpire
That love to tenderneſs which yields alone,
And coy, rejects the ſplendor of a throne;

"Il eſt une Mortelle à la Cour inconnue
"Que de tous ſes tréſors le Ciel a prévenue,
"Dont les yeux, dont la voix, dont les traits enchantés,
"Sont faits pour effacer vos plus rares Beautés;
"Oui, d'Eſtrée a moins d'art & l'emporte ſur elles,
"Ivri renferme ſeul des graces naturelles.

Frappé de ce portrait, Bourbon voulut la voir;
Il ſavoit que des Rois l'invincible pouvoir
Ne peut rien ſur le cœur ni ſur le choix des Belles,
Que plus d'un Conquérant a trouvé des rebelles;

Jealous

Jealous to prove ſincere the flame he feels,
The camp he quits, while night his ſtep conceals,
Leaves all the grandeur of his ſtate behind,
In Ivri's plain love's truer joys to find.

The dawn now glimmer'd in the redd'ning ſkies,
When the retreat appear'd to Bourbon's eyes;
With ſhrubs cloſe-twiſted was the entrance barr'd,
But to d'Eſtrée produc'd a feeble guard;
Long time the king thro' winding mazes ſtray'd,
As chance directed, when amid the ſhade

Jaloux de ne devoir ſon bonheur qu'à l'Amour,
Dans l'ombre de la nuit il échappe à ſa Cour,
Quitte de ſa grandeur les marques ſouveraines
Et d'Ivri, ſans eſcorte, il traverſe les plaines.

L'aurore répandoit ſa timide clarté
Lorſque Bourbon arrive au ſéjour ſouhaité
Qui cache à l'univers les charmes de d'Eſtrée!
Mille boſquets fleuris en défendent l'entrée;
Le Roi dans leurs détours avoit erré long-tems;

Melodious accents broke upon his ear,
While Silence liſten'd, pleas'd the ſounds to hear;
The woes of abſence were the fair-one's theme,
But when the monarch ſaw her beauty's gleam,
None could, he thought, but ſhe, ſuch beams
diſplay—
Nor did he err, the beauty was d'Eſtrée;
Her graceful port, her dignity of mein,
Where charms atteinper'd by reſtraint were ſeen,
Announc'd her manners, and her worth expreſt,
Whom, moving towards her, thus the king ad-
dreſt:
" A lover, anxious in his abſence, ſends
" To her, whom beſt he loves, his beſt of friends;

Il marchoit au hazard, quand de tendres accens
Frapperent ſon oreille au milieu du ſilence;
Une Belle chantoit les tourmens de l'abſence:
Bourbon croit voir d'Eſtrée, & ſes naïfs appas
Lui firent ſouçonner qu'il ne ſe trompoit pas;
Ses graces, ſon maintien, ſa noble retenue,
Annonçoient de ſes mœurs la candeur ingénue,
Il l'aborde & lui dit, " Un Amant inquiet
" Adreſſe ici mes pas vers un aimable objet;

" Nor

" Nor long I fought—thy beauties, thine alone,
" Could in his bosom fix a worthy throne;
" Thou art d'Estrée—no error here has place;
" Or if I err, thine is her equal grace:
" Bellegarde in camp remains, so wills the king,
" And for his absence this excuse I bring;
" His love I need not, or his truth impart;
" Thy form, thy worth, must answer for his heart."

D'Estrée heard what he spoke,—the speaker view'd,—
Her hour was come;—love, not to be subdu'd,

" Je l'ai d'abord cherché, mais vos graces, vos charmes,
" Me disent que c'est vous qui causez ses allarmes,
" Vous seule êtes d'Estrée, on ne s'y méprend pas,
" Si vous ne l'êtes point, vous avez ses appas,
" Henri de votre Amant exige la présence;
" Je viens auprès de vous excuser son absence;
" Je ne vous dirai point l'excès de son ardeur,
" Vos vertus, vos attraits répondent de son cœur....

D'Estrée à ce discours ne fut point insensible,
Son heure étoit venue, un penchant invincible

To

To this new lover gave her nascent smile:
Attack'd on all sides, won by every wile
Of wit display'd, of flattery conceal'd,
Against whose darts what female breast is steel'd?
All these in Henry's words and gesture shone,
Nor by d'Estrée's was studied coldness known—
Disguise, delay, denial, scorn unjust,
Where yielding fondness puts a feeble trust;
Nature for tenderness had form'd her breast,
And d'Estrée felt what nature first impress:
Bourbon the moment saw and seiz'd with joy;
No ties of friendship could his hopes destroy;

Doit la fixer au char de ce nouvel Amant;
Tout l'attaque; l'esprit, l'adresse, l'enjoûment
Relevoient de Henri les vertus éclattantes,
Et d'Estrée ignoroit ces froideurs offensantes,
Ces longs déguisemens, ces injustes refus
Qui dans un cœur plâtré tiennent lieu de vertus;
Son ame qu'ont pêtrie les mains de la Nature,
Conservoit jusqu'alors sa premiere culture;
Bourbon en profita; bientôt il sût bannir
De Bellegarde absent le foible souvenir,

Th' ex-

Th' expiring embers of her former vows
Soon he dispers'd, more vivid flames to rouse;
Bellegarde was banish'd, nor did Bourbon owe
Her heart to what the monarch could bestow.

With efforts vain the banish'd lover strove
To claim his rights, and to regain her love;
He came indeed her falsehood to upbraid,
Their pleasures past, his constancy betray'd:
"False one," he cry'd, "where are the times now flown,
"When love was seated on no royal throne,

A son amour constant il la rendit sensible,
Et ne dût point son cœur à l'appas invincible
De dominer un maitre & captiver son Roi.

Bellegarde essaya de rappeller sa foi,
Il vint lui reprocher ses trahisons cruelles,
Lui peindre leurs plaisirs, leurs flammes mutuelles.

" Perfide, lui dit-il, qu'est devenu ce tems
" Où nos cœurs amoureux l'un de l'autre contens

" When

" When in thefe woods with filence at our fide,
" We fcorn'd the wealth of courts, the pomp of pride;
" Fond love then cherifh'd our united flame,
" Our faith unbroken, and our wifh the fame;
" And muft I think thofe moments are no more;
" That dear remembrance now has loft its pow'r?
" That d'Eftrée's heart could e'er ungrateful prove?"

Vain all attempts were to recall her love;
Bourbon was mafter of her alter'd heart,
Bellegarde compell'd defpairing to depart;

" Dédaignoient de la Cour le fafte & l'opulence?
" A l'ombre de ces bois dans les bras du filence,
" Le tendre Amour filoit nos jours & nos plaifirs,
" Au bonheur de nous voir nous bornions nos defirs,
" Ces momens font paffés... Ah! l'aurois-je pû croire
" Que vous dûffiez un jour en perdre la mémoire?...
" Que l'ingrate d'Eftrée oubliât mon amour?....

Vains efforts! fa douleur n'obtint pas le retour
D'un cœur déja rempli dont Bourbon étoit maître:
Défefpéré, confus & n'ofant plus paroître

To

To lonely ſpots which knew his happier ſtate
In grief retir'd to curſe his adverſe fate;
In dreary deſerts ſhunn'd all human race,
And told to rocks the tale of his diſgrace.

Dans les funeſtes lieux témoins de ſes malheurs,
Maudiſſant ſon deſtin, ſuivi de ſes douleurs,
Dans des déſerts affreux il déroba ſes traces,
Aux arbres, aux rochers raconta ſes diſgraces.

FROM

FROM

L'ART D'AIMER DE BERNARD,

EN SIX PIEDS.

TIME now the reign diſclos'd of nobleſt fame,
When the firſt Francis in the ſhades of Shame
Her dark abode forc'd Ignorance to take,
And gave the dawn of arts o'er France to break;
Diſtinguiſh'd merits with juſt honours crown'd,
Fix'd in his court their place unrivall'd found;
Mars and Minerva there united ſhone,
To wave their banners, and ſupport his throne:

Le tems ouvroit ce regne à jamais annobli,
Où François diſſipant les ombres de l'oubli,
Fit luire ſur les Arts l'aurore fortunée
Qui promettoit Louïs à la France étonnée;
Des graces, des plaiſirs, du mérite éclattant,
La Cour de ce Héros fut l'aſile conſtant;
Minerve & le Dieu Mars, ſoutenant ſa couronne,
Couverts de ſes lauriers s'aſſeyoient ſur ſon trône...

Yet

Yet he of love felt all the pleaſing darts,
When by addreſs, and their attractive arts,
Two diff'rent beauties each employ'd their ſkill
To mould the monarch to their ſep'rate will.

Etampe, the younger, adds to naſcent charms
That languid look which proudeſt ſtrength diſ-
arms,
But with a ſtubborn and intriguing mind,
A jealous ſpirit weakly proud combin'd;
Poitiers with riper beauty met his eyes;
And diff'rent charms produc'd the ſame ſurprize:

L'Amour lui fit ſentir l'atteinte de ſes traits;
Par un génie adroit, par leurs brillans attraits
Deux Belles à lui plaire employant leur étude,
De ſon cœur tour à tour fixoient l'incertitude.

Etampe, la plus jeune, à des charmes naiſſans,
A la tendre douceur de ſes yeux languiſſans,
Joignoit un eſprit vif, intriguant, indocile,
Une ame vaine, altiere, à s'allarmer facile:
Diane offroit aux yeux d'auſſi puiſſans appas;
Etampe eût peu d'attraits que Diane n'eût pas;

The ſmiles of nature, and the wiles of art,
In each poſſeſt an undecided part;
Poitiers at length the glorious palm obtain'd,
And pow'r undoubted o'er her rival gain'd;
She on her brow was able to conceal
The wrongs and inſults ſhe was doom'd to feel;
With calmneſs undiſturb'd had learn'd to bear
That proud Etampe ſhould rival claims declare;
Her anxious fears within herſelf reſtrain'd,
Shunn'd ſtern reproach, and uſeleſs pray'r diſdain'd:

Les ris, les agremens, les graces naturelles,
Indécis, ſuſpendus, ſe partageoient pour elles;
Leurs charmes différens frappoient les yeux ſurpris;
Diane cependant ſût emporter le prix,
Et ſût dans leur crédit mettre un long intervale;
Elle reçut du ciel par-deſſus ſa rivale
L'heureux art de cacher ſous un paiſible front
Les tranſports inquiets que fait naître un affront;
Elle pouvoit ſouffrir avec indifférence
Qu' Etampe ſous ſes yeux briguât la préférence,
Ses mouvemens jaloux n'ont jamais éclaté,
La plainte ou le reproche eût bleſſé ſa fierté;

Victory

Victory flutters on suspended wings,
And flatt'ring hopes by turns deceitful brings,
At last Etampe appear'd to fix her chain,
And fearless o'er the vanquish'd Francis reign;
But soon Poitiers, well skill'd her pow'rs to use,
Regain'd the fondness which she seem'd to lose;
Whatever nature simple could inspire,
Or art invent, to fan love's languid fire,
Looks, language, langours, tender doubts, and dress,
Whose modest claim the loosest minds confess,
All was on either side by each prepar'd,
And fickle love a changing empire shar'd:

Entre les deux partis la victoire flottante
Vint les flatter long-tems, & trompant leur attente
Etampe dans ses fers enchaînoit son Amant,
Et sembloit à l'abri d'un fatal changement;
Mais Diane bientôt, par sa fertile adresse,
D'un cœur près d'échapper rappelloit la tendresse:
Tout ce que la Nature inspira pour charmer,
Et tout ce qu' inventa l'art de se faire aimer,
Coup d'œil, tendre langage, aimable modestie,
Soupçons, dépits, langueur & parure assortie,
Tout fut de part & d'autre en secret ménagé,
Et le volage Amant demeuroit partagé.

When

When thus Etampe: "To conquer or to yield,
"Now is the time, in this contested field;
"Poitiers shall learn to boast her sway no more,
"Bow to my triumph, and her fall deplore;
"Too long forbearance has weak silence tried—
"Now I attack his heart with conscious pride;
"The king to-morrow shall be her's or mine,
"Whose heart I fix for ever or resign:"

She spake, then hiding what her rage inspires,
To some sequester'd spot Etampe retires:
Night, thou fond witness and retreat of love,
Whose hours too rapid for such transports move,

"C'en est trop, dit Etampe, il faut ceder ou vaincre,
"Il faut de sa défaite une fois la convaincre,
"Diane doit apprendre à se voir effacer,
"Sur ses propres débris il faut la terrasser,
"J'ai gardé trop long-tems un indigne silence;
"Demain j'attaque un cœur qui trop long-tems balance,
"Demain, ou j'abandonne ou je fixe le Roi,
"L'Amant va prononcer entre Diane & moi....

Elle dit, & cachant le dépit qui l'inspire,
Dans un réduit secret Etampe se retire.
Nuit, témoin des plaisirs, asile des Amans,
Nuit, quelquefois trop courte à leurs contentemens,

How

How ſlow to her impatience was thy courſe!
In ſighs and tears from Sorrow's ſtreaming ſource
She ſpeaks to Silence, tells her former woes,
While Sleep denies the balm of his repoſe;
Thinks ſhe beholds the happy fair belov'd;
Thinks it is day, though day be far remov'd.

Aurora now her purple beam diſplays,
Earth, ſeas, and air, enlivens with her rays,
Prepares the paſſage for th' approaching Sun,
Whoſe conq'ring darts her timid roſes ſhun;
Each darken'd object its bright hue reſumes,
And flow'rs ſend forth their exquiſite perfumes;

Que vous parûtes longue à ſon impatience!
Elle gémit, ſe plaint & parlant au ſilence,
Fait le triſte récit de ſes tourmens paſſés,
Le ſommeil ſe refuſe à ſes vœux empreſſés,
Elle croit voir Diane & l'Amant qui l'adore,
Elle croit voir le jour, le jour eſt loin encore.

L'Aurore alloit enfin éclairer l'Univers,
Et ſon char effleurant la ſurface des mers
De l'Aſtre qui le ſuit préparoit la carriere;
Les timides lueurs cédoient à la lumiere,
Les objets obſcurcis reprenoient leurs couleurs,
Les parfums exhalés du calice des fleurs,

On

On Zephyr's wing the birds renew their flight,
And chant their carols with increas'd delight:
Etampe awakes from ſlumbers faint, where grief
And promis'd vengeance found a ſhort relief;
Deſerts her couch, and to her mirror flies,
Whoſe flatt'ring poliſh added charms ſupplies.

On Egypt's myſtic banks of old ador'd,
A Genius dwelt, in ev'ry age implor'd;
Proteus his name; from beaſt to bird he turns,
Now flows a river, now a flame he burns;
With us more potent, ſought by night and day,
With us, o'er beauty holds a ſov'reign ſway;

Sur l'aîle des Zéphirs s'élevoient en nuages;
Les oiſeaux amoureux rédoubloient leurs ramages
Etampe enfin s'éveille, ardente à ſe vanger,
Etampe avoit dormi, mais d'un ſommeil leger;
Elle ſort du duvet, plus ſéduiſante encore
Et conſulte un miroir que ſa beauté décore.

Il exiſte un Génie en tout tems révéré,
Aux rives de l'Egypte autrefois adoré;
Protée étoit ſon nom; flamme il devenoit marbre;
Ours, il couloit en fleuve, aigle il changeoit en arbre;
Plus puiſſant ſur nos bords, nuit & jour conſulté,
Ce Dieu dans nos climas regne ſur la beauté;

To

To Beauty's empire all his care employs,
And ſtrives to prop the pile which Time deſtroys:
Now Hope, now Rigour, with inceſſant wiles,
Deforms his brow with frowns, or decks with ſmiles;
A thouſand altars in his worſhip blaze,
Where ev'ry tribute either India lays;
But more the bluſh pretended, falſe diſdain,
Attempt to pleaſe, and animate his reign;
By ſkilful charm which no deceit declares,
Art in his temple Nature's ſemblance wears;
With pearls and rubies is his altar ſpread,
And ſweeteſt perfumes dripping odours ſhed;

Ses ſoins ſont employés à la rendre durable,
Il cherche à réparer ſa perte irréparable;
Tantôt il eſt eſpoir, tantôt il eſt rigueur,
Il paroît enjoûment, il redevient langueur;
Il compte mille autels; les Mêxicains ſauvages
Ont, pour les enricher, moiſſonné leurs rivages;
Les coups d'œil, les dédains, le ſourire apprêté
Font leurs efforts pour plaire à la Divinité;
Par le preſtige adroit d'une douce impoſture,
L'Art dans ſon ſanctuaire eſt pris pour la Nature,
De perles, de rubis ſes autels parſemés,
D'eſſences & d'odeurs ſont toujours parfumés,

Near

Near them the deep, or fainter rose, presides,
While in a glass the god the cheat derides:
To this enchanter, and his richest stores,
Etampe directs her step, his aid implores,
Who sooth'd her grief, and wip'd away her tears,
While beauty proud in borrow'd pomp appears.

Now to the god's retreat, in loose attire,
She flies, to raise love's languishing desire;
Around her, Hope, with well-dissembled grace,
With Youth, and frolic Sports, their footstep trace;

Joignant le vermillon, le rouge & la céruse,
Ce Dieu dans un miroir ri de sa propre ruse.

De ce prompt Enchanteur implorant le secours,
C'est à son art puissant qu' Etampe avoit recours,
Il calmoit ses dépits, il essuyoit ses larmes,
Et dans ce jour pompeux il lui prêta ces charmes.

Dans un lieu retiré, loin des regards mortels,
Demi-nue, elle avance au pied de ses autels,
Les Amours enfantins, l'Espérance, les Graces,
La Jeunesse & les Jeux voltigeoent sur ses traces;

He

He read her thoughts, he liſten'd to her pray'r,
Himſelf arrang'd the ringlets of her hair,
Deſire he ſeated on her panting breaſt,
And gave her looks each animating zeſt;
But more than all his hands a robe prepare
To clothe the form of this inſulting fair;
A robe ſo brilliant, that Aurora's ſky
Could with its luſtre ſcarce preſume to vie;
A robe, where azure and embroider'd gold,
Amid the glitt'ring gems their ſtation hold;
But oh, what tears of anger and diſgrace
Will ſoon the luſtre of thoſe hues efface!

Le Dieu lut dans ſon ame, il entendit ſes vœux,
Lui-même ſur ſon front arrangeant ſes cheveux,
Il en dreſſe avec ſoin la ſtructure flottante;
Il place les Deſirs ſur ſa gorge éclattante;
Il prête à ſes regards des charmes irritans,
Et ſouffle ſur ſon teint les ris & le printems;
Mais de tant de faveurs, ô faveur la plus rare!
De ſes adroites mains il la couvre, il la pare
D'une robe (jamais le ciel ne fut ſi beau
Quand l'Aurore aux Humains vient prêter ſon flambeau)
D'une robe où l'azur, l'or & les broderies,
Etincellent au loin du feu des pierreries;
Que de cris douloureux! que de torrens de pleurs
Vont bientôt obſcurcir ſes plus riches couleurs!

Lefs fatal was the robe Alcides wore,
Lefs rank the poifon which that prefent bore;
The eye of Proteus was itfelf beguil'd,
And he, with malice, at the mifchief fmil'd.
While thus Etampe, elate with vain conceit,
Prepar'd thy anguifh, and thy fworn defeat,
What were thy thoughts, Poitiers, in flumber nurft?
Appear in hafte, Sleep's dang'rous fetters burft;
What reft detains thee in its bands fecure;
Etampe defies thee, deems her triumph fure;
Revenge to her imparts his pow'rful arms;
Can Love defend thee with as potent charms?

Du perfide Neffus le préfent homicide
Porta moins de poifons dans les veines d'Alcide.
L'œil en eft ébloui, Protée en fut furpris,
Et parut s'applaudir par un malin fouris.

Tandis que de fon art Etampe fatisfaite,
Préparoit vos ennuis, juroit votre défaite,
Que faifiez-vous alors dans les bras du fommeil?
Diane, paroiffez, hâtez votre réveil,
Quel repos ennemi, quel fonge vous arrête?
Etampe vous défie, & fa gloire s'apprête;
L'Amour vient lui prêter fes yeux éblouiffans,
L'Amour vous garde-t'il des attraits plus puiffans?

Now

Now fill'd with hope, and certain of ſucceſs,
In firm reliance on her youth and dreſs,
Etampe proceeds to Love's diſputed field,
And ſcarce her dreſs can to her beauty yield;
Thus 'mid the flow'rs, which ſhine with humbler rays,
Its gaudy leaves the piony diſplays:
At length ſh' appears before the monarch's eyes,
Aſſumes her ſeat, nor ſpeaks but with her ſighs,
Then with a look compos'd and ſtudied tone,
Thus makes her threats in ſtern reſentment known:

Déja pleine d'eſpoir & sûre de ſes charmes
Etampe alloit tenter le pouvoir de ſes armes;
Elle ſort au grand jour & marche avec fierté,
Sa robe étincellante égale ſa beauté.

Tel le Lys éclattant leve ſon front ſuperbe
Parmi les autres fleurs qui ſe cachent ſous l'herbe.
Elle paroît enfin aux yeux de ſon Amant,
Elle s'aſſied, ſoupire & ſe tait un moment,
Puis compoſant ſes yeux, ſon geſte & ſes paroles
Et mêlant l'artifice à des plaintes frivoles,

"Is't

" Is't not enough thy faithlefs heart fhould break
" The laws my better love once deign'd to make?
" Perhaps thou know'ft not why I tempt my fate,
" Know then, one laft adieu fhall fix my hate;
" And if thou call'ft thy treafons to thy mind,
" Soon thou the caufe of this refolve wilt find:
" Ungrateful falfe one! ne'er will I betray
" My bofom's lawful pride, which fcorns to fway
" Thy worthlefs heart, or fue fuch prize to gain,
" Or give my love fincere when thou doft feign:
" Shall I in torments never-ending pine?
" In all thy vows was this thy fell defign?

" En eft-ce affez, dit-elle, & votre cœur fans foi
" Eft-il las de donner & d'enfreindre la loi?
" Peut-être ignorez-vous le deffein qui m'amene,
" Il faut par un adieu confirmer votre haîne;
" Si vous vous rappellez toutes vos trahifons,
" Ingrat, de cet adieu vous faurez les raifons...
" Perfide! avez vous crû qu'infidelle à ma gloire
" Et d'un cœur trop leger difputant la victoire,
" Je languirois ici dans d'éternels tourmens,
" Le deffein de tromper dictoit-il vos fermens?

" Or

" Or did'ſt thou keep my fatal fonder love
" My rival's trophy in her boaſt to prove?
" That rival, where ſome virtues weak as vain,
" Ne'er can the loſs of faded charms regain:
" What, yet no anſwer? While perforce I weep,
" Still do thy lips a ſullen ſilence keep?
" Thou turnſt aſide thine eyes;—my tranſports true
" Still on thy heart a loſt attempt purſue:
" Well then, thoſe lips where broken vows reſide,
" Whoſe ſmiles contemptuous injur'd love deride,

" Où bien réſerviez-vous ma tendreſſe fatale
" A ſervir de trophée aux feux d'une rivale,
" D'une rivale en qui quelques fauſſes vertus
" Ne peuvent réparer les traits qu'elle n'a plus?...
" Vous ne répondez rien, barbare! votre bouche
" Affecte en ce moment un ſilence farouche,
" Vous détournez vos yeux.....mes larmes, mes tranſports
" Tentent ſur votre cœur d'inutiles efforts,
" Hè bien, ou cette bouche à feindre trop habile
" Qui sût l'art de ſéduire une Amante facile

" Shall

"Shall to Poitiers her banishment assign,
"Or,—must I close? pronounce her fate or mine."
She spake, and speaking not less fair appears,
When turning pale, with well dissembled tears,
She calls on Death;—confus'd the monarch stands,
His heart near yielding to her stern commands;
When to his sight Poitiers advanc'd, in dress,
Of graces simple, which avoid excess;
Calm she approaches with that modest air,
Which best, to gain the heart, becomes the fair;

"Va prescrire à Diane un exil éternel,
"Ou bien...puis-je achever...qu'ordonnez-vous? cruel....

A ces mots, qu'animoit la force de ses charmes,
Elle se tait, pâlit, répand de feintes larmes,
Elle appelle la mort...son Amant est troublé;
Elle alloit l'emporter dans son cœur ébranlé,
Quand Diane parut, Diane à qui les Graces
N'inspirèrent jamais l'orgueil ni les menaces,
Tranquille, elle s'avance avec cet air vainqueur
Qui du premier regard contraint de rendre un cœur,

No

No aid from gaudy colours ſhe requir'd,
But fair herſelf, was for herſelf admir'd;
While by a lawful artifice, array'd
In dazzling garments, her attendant maid
Follow'd her ſteps, whoſe train in equal pride
Shone like her rival's, and her pomp defied:
Etampe now ſhudders at this ſudden ſtroke
When ſilent firſt her rival ſmil'd, then ſpoke:

"Thy heart's the prize, that prize is thy behest;
"With other beauties, if thou canſt, be bleſt;

Elle n'emprunta point le fard ni la dorure,
Belle de ſes attraits, ils formoient ſa parure;
Mais, par un artifice avec ſoin médité,
Ses pas étoient ſuivis d'une ſimple beauté
Dont les habits pareils à ceux de ſa rivale
Venoient la défier par une pompe égale;
Etampe frémiſſoit, l'autre diſſimula,
Sourit, ſe tut d'abord, enfin elle parla.

"On brigue votre cœur, vous en êtes le maître,
"Soyez heureux ailleurs ſi vous le pouvez être;

"That

" That heart was mine—I lose it; and my breath
" Can with my love alone be lost in death."
" No," said the monarch, as he heard the sound,
Where love sincere without its pride he found,
" This heart now worthy thine, to thee returns,
" Owns thy deserts, with equal ardour burns;
" Vain are all efforts to work thy defeat,
" I swear; grant thou thy faith my truth to meet."
Etampe astounded scarce the sentence hears;
Stopt is her pulse, each sign of death appears;
Pale on the earth she sinks, is borne away,
Of pride and sorrow the resistless prey;

" Ce cœur étoit à moi, je le perds...j'en mourrai,
" Le mien sera fidele autant que je vivrai...
" Non," s'écria le Roi touché d'un tel langage,
Où de l'orgueil l'amour refuse le partage;
" Ce cœur digne de vous, digne de vos vertus,
" On fait pour vous l'ôter des efforts superflus,
" Je le jure à vos pieds, comptez sur ma constance.....
Quel coup de foudre! Etampe! ô Dieu! quelle sentence!
Etampe n'entend plus, sans pouls & sans chaleur,
La mort a sur son front répandu la pâleur,
Elle tombe, on l'emporte égarée, expirante,
Elle ouvre a peine au jour sa paupiere mourante,

And

And while expiring life is all but fled,
Scarce ſhe to Heav'n upturns her drooping head;
Calls on Poitiers, her conqueſt ſtill defies,
Yet owns the triumph in her ſtreaming eyes;
At laſt recalls her ſpirit and her hate,
And flies from court to hide her diſmal fate;
There, when or Phœbus gilds the front of day,
Or when Diana ſheds her milder ray,
Her vain regrets of weak cabals ſhe pours,
Her arts intriguing, baffled wiles deplores;
Deteſts herſelf, nor dares her face to view,
While rage and fix'd deſpair her ſoul ſubdue.

Elle nomme Diane, elle accuſe les Cieux,
Des pleurs qu'elle retient échappent de ſes yeux;
Elle rappelle enfin ſa haîne & ſon courage,
Fuit, & loin de la Cour va cacher ſon outrage;
Là, ſoit que le ſoleil rallume ſon flambeau,
Soit que la nuit dans l'air étende ſon rideau,
On l'entend regretter ſes cabales, ſes brigues,
Et le ſtérile fruit de ſes vaines intrigues:
Elle ſe hait ſoi-même & n'oſe plus ſe voir,
Et mille fois le jour céde à ſon déſeſpoir.

FROM

L'ART D'AIMER DE BERNARD,

EN SIX PIEDS.

Dazzled with charms which blooming youth displays,
You ſtand enchanted, motionleſs you gaze;
With Love's alarms your panting breaſt is toſt,
Your ſenſes are diſturb'd, your voice is loſt;
Your heart its flame not able to conceal,
Fain at her feet its ardour would reveal;
Each object calls her image to your ſight,
Speaks of her beauties, paints them with delight:—

Ebloui des appas d'une jeune Beauté,
A ſes premiers regards, immobile, enchanté,
Vous avez de l'Amour ſenti la vive atteinte;
Vos ſens étoient troublés, votre voix s'eſt éteinte,
Votre cœur, plein d'un feu qu'il n'a pu lui cacher,
Pour voler ſur ſes pas ſembloit ſe détacher:
Tout retrace à vos yeux ſon image fidelle,
Tout vous peint ſes attraits, & tout vous parle d'elle:

But

But ſee, ſhe comes;—your cheek turns ſud-
den pale;
O'er ev'ry word your timid doubts prevail;
Much would your lips expreſs, but more you feel,
And lenient hope attempts your fears to heal;
Uncertain, fill'd with eloquent ſurprize,
On her with trembling doubt you turn your eyes:
Enough—your cares ſhall not neglected prove;
She lives to pity, to relieve, and love.

But if beneath ſuch charms—uncommon
fate!—
Virtue ſhall hold within her heart its ſtate;

Mais, vient-elle à paroître; alors vous pâliſſez,
Vos plus ſimples diſcours ſemblent embarraſſés;
Vous exprimez beaucoup, vous ſentez davantage;
S'il vous naît quelque eſpoir, la crainte le partage,
Timides, incertains, pleins d'un trouble parlant,
Vos regards ſur les ſiens ne tombent qu'en tremblant.
C'en eſt aſſez; vos feux recevront leur ſalaire,
Cet objet enchanteur étoit né pour vous plaire;
Et ſi, ſous tant d'appas, un ſort trop peu connu
Daigna placer un cœur formé par la vertu,

If rich her mind, as is her perſon fair,
Submit to love, and all its tranſports ſhare:
Love form'd her beauties for your happy doom,
And kept for you the treaſure of their bloom.

Si ſon eſprit eſt grand autant comme elle eſt belle,
Aimez, ſoumettez-vous, ſans vous montrer rebelle,
En formant ſes attraits, l'Amour vous regardoit,
C'eſt un rare tréſor que le Ciel vous gardoit.

EXTRACTS

FROM

L'ART D'AIMER DE BERNARD,

EN CINQ PIEDS.

CANTO I.

I've ſeen the wars, have heard the din of arms,
Nor can my feeble voice ſing Glory's charms;
I've ſeen the Court, and paſt my bloom of ſpring,
Nor for its idols have I deign'd to ſing;
Bacchus I've ſeen, nor ſhar'd his frantic joy,
Nor ſhall a looſer pow'r my muſe employ;
Plutus I've ſeen—my ſcorn his coffers move;
I've ſeen my Daphne, and I ſing of love.

J'ai vu Coigny, Bellone & la Victoire,
Ma faible voix n'a pu chanter la gloire;
J'ai vu la Cour; j'ai paſſé mon printemps,
Muet aux pieds des Idoles du temps;
J'ai vu Bacchus, ſans chanter ſon délire;
Du Dieu d'Iſſé j'ai dédaigné l'empire;
J'ai vu Plutus, j'ai mépriſé ſa Cour;
J'ai vu Daphné, je vais chanter l'Amour.

O thou

O thou alone, young object, I adore;
Be thou the only pow'r whom I implore;
In traits of fire let Love diſplay his art,
Triumphant as he reigns within my heart;
His voice inſpires me, teaches me to love,
And by my rules he ſhall himſelf improve;
While at thy feet on thee my eyes I bend,
To gods themſelves I could inſtruction lend;
True love alone ſhall animate my lyre,
I ſing no Lampſacus, nor Caprea's fire;
No Chryſis here ſhall find her wanton rage;
In nightly ſports no Flora dare engage;

Toi ſeul, ô toi, jeune objet que j'adore!
De tous les Dieux ſois le ſeul que j'implore;
Que l'Art d'Aimer ſe liſe en traits vainqueurs,
En traits de feu, tel qu'il eſt dans nos cœurs,
L'Amour m'inſpire; il m'apprend comme on aime;
De ſes plaiſirs inſtruiſons l'Amour même.
A tes genoux, dans tes bras, ſous tes yeux,
J'en donnerais des leçons, même aux Dieux.
Aux vrais Amours ma lyre conſacrée,
Ne chante point & Lampſaque & Caprée,
Ni de Chriſis les laſcives fureurs,
Ni de Flora les nocturnes horreurs.

Love

Love here exalted ſhall, with warmth refin'd,
Unveil'd, but decent, pleaſe the pureſt mind;
From pureſt ſources ſhall my pleaſures flow,
And claſp'd in Veſta's boſom Venus glow.
In other ſongs let Sybaris convey
Th' enervate ſoftneſs of a languid lay;
In plaintive voice let Amadis rehearſe,
On Lignon's banks, his vapid frozen verſe;
Albano's pencil ſhall in mine declare,
How love is pictur'd like ſome blooming fair,
Whoſe charms with rapture ſhall attract our ſight,
True, though embelliſh'd, plac'd in faireſt light.

Qu'ici l'Amour épurant ſon ſyſtême,
Nud, mais décent, plaiſe à la Pudeur même;
Que Venus donne à Veſta des deſirs:
Je veux des mœurs compagnes des plaiſirs.
Qu'à d'autres Chants ſoit auſſi réſervée,
De Sybaris la molleſſe énervée,
Des Amadis les reſpects inſenſés,
Et du Lignon les bords toujours glacés.
Dans mes portraits, Albane plus fidelle,
Peignons l'Amour comme on peint une Belle;
D'un jour aimable éclairons ſon tableau,
Vrai, mais flatté; tel qu'il eſt, mais en beau.

Love,

Love, as I deem it, has its deep-felt joys,
Itſelf forgetting, and the world's light toys;
A ſentiment ſubmiſſive, fond, ſincere,
Whoſe flame unquench'd will ſtedfaſt perſevere;
Where hope and awe ſuſtain an equal part;
A flame from th' eyes, electric to the heart,
From th' heart to ſenſe, which fertile in deſires,
From pleaſure ſtill increaſe of ſtrength acquires;
Which when moſt happy feels the wiſh for more,
The god whom ſofteſt Latian bards adore,
And I with them;—thrice is that boſom bleſt
By which from Heav'n this treaſure is poſſeſt.

J'appelle Amour, cette atteinte profonde,
L'entier oubli de ſoi-même & du monde,
Ce ſentiment ſoumis, tendre, ingénu,
Prompt, mais durable, ardent, mais ſoutenu,
Qu'émeut la crainte & que l'eſpoir enflamme,
Ce trait de feu qui des yeux paſſe à l'ame;
De l'ame aux ſens; qui fécond en deſirs,
Dure & s'augmente au comble des plaiſirs;
Qui plus heureux n'en eſt que plus avide:
Voilà le Dieu de Tibulle & d'Ovide:
Voilà le mien. Heureux cent fois le cœur
Qui tient du Ciel cet aſcendant vainqueur!

CANTO I.

Now let us trace the ſource from earlieſt years:—
Behold youth's harmleſs ſmiles, its genuine tears;
Doat on its language, void of vain pretence,
Its air unfeign'd, its undetermin'd ſenſe;—
The youthful beauty, credulous, yet coy,
Dares not avow the riſing dawn of joy,
But ſteals, yet trembling at unknown alarms,
A downward glance upon her naſcent charms;
Bluſhes, yet longs to try an infant love,
Fears to be taught, yet wiſhes to improve;

En remontant aux ſources du bel âge,
Vois l'innocence, adore ſon langage,
Les pleurs naïfs, le ſourire enfantin,
L'air ingénu, le regard incertain.
Quand les Beautés crédules & craintives
Tiennent encor leurs careſſes captives;
Quand la Nature épiant tous ſes ſens,
Baiſſe les yeux ſur ſes tréſors naiſſans,
Rougit de plaire en cherchant à ſéduire,
Et veut enſemble ignorer & s'inſtruire;

Such is fifteen—and ſuch the day-ſpring mild-
Of new-born beauty, yet an artleſs child,
Whoſe charms on health of roſeate bloom depend,
While modeſt graces their beſt ſuccour lend:
Succeeding years their treaſures more diſplay,
And give to love its more enlighten'd ray,
Filling the promiſe of the lovely morn,
While brighter beams the perfect day adorn;
Here all the beauties love is doom'd to know,
Complete their luſtre, and no longer grow:
Then the light ſpirit ſoars on radiant wings,
And ev'ry want a new enjoyment brings;

Voilà quinze ans. L'aube aimable du jour,
C'eſt une belle, enfant comme l'Amour,
Qui n'a d'attraits que ſa fraîcheur nouvelle,
Et ſa pudeur, des graces la plus belle.
L'âge qui ſuit, développant les traits,
Offre à l'Amour de plus piquans attraits.
Au doux éclat qu'a produit cette aurore,
Succède un jour plus radieux encore;
Et tous les fruits qu'un Amant peut cueillir
Ont achevé de naître & d'embellir.
L'eſſor eſt pris, l'ame a ſenti ſes ailes;
Tous ſes beſoins ſont des fêtes nouvelles;

The

The heart inſtructed can its wiſhes own,
And twenty years to rapture gives the crown;
At thirty winters Time his footſtep ſhows,
And beauty loſes, as more ripe it grows;
No longer young, it ſtill excites deſire,
But craves the ſtudied help of rich attire;
The toilet now diſplays its borrow'd aid,
And ev'ry charm more charming ſtill is made;
Each art of pleaſing, and each wiſh to pleaſe,
Exerts its force in more intenſe degrees;
By time mature, increas'd the ſenſes glow,
And what at firſt was love, is rapture now;

Le cœur inſtruit démêle ſes deſirs;
C'eſt à vingt ans qu'on a tous les plaiſirs.
De trente hivers le temps marque les traces;
La Beauté perd ce qu'on ajoute aux Graces?
On n'eſt plus jeune, on eſt belle pourtant;
On met plus d'art aux piéges que l'on tend:
C'eſt le tiſſu des intrigues ſecrettes,
L'art des atours, l'arſenal des toilettes:
Le ſoin de plaire, & la ſoif de jouir,
Redouble encor, loin de s'évanouir.
Par l'âge acerus, les ſens ont plus d'empire:
C'étoit l'Amour, c'eſt alors ſon délire;

Impe-

Impetuous, ardent, the deep-piercing rays
Of more than noon in boundleſs ſplendor blaze.

Leſs young, ſtill beauty can our thoughts engage,
When ſpeech and conduct mark the fruits of age;
Talents acquir'd, and charms not all its own,
Can ſtill embelliſh Beauty's evening throne;
Love faithful yet to what it once deſir'd,
Can make the faded cheek not unadmir'd;
And ſtill maintaining to the laſt its pow'r,
Ev'n on Time's ruins ſtrews a grateful flow'r.

Ardent, avide, impétueux, hardi,
C'eſt un Soleil brûlant en ſon midi.

Moins jeune encor, la Beauté nous engage.
L'art du maintien, les graces du langage,
Les dons acquis, les charmes empruntés,
Donnent un luſtre au couchant des Beautés.
L'Amour, fidéle à leurs flammes conſtantes,
Se gliſſe encor ſous les rides naiſſantes,
Et pour régner juſqu'aux derniers inſtans,
Sème de fleurs les ruines du temps.

The

The budding rose in haste at morn to blow,
Lends to Aurora a more vivid glow;
Clytie at eve, attends in richer robe
On Phœbus, quitting this terrestrial globe;
At diff'rent ages, ev'ry age can please,
To ev'ry taste a sep'rate feast decrees;
Hence love, to rule incessant in our hearts,
Has fill'd his quiver with exhaustless darts:
Some eyes their soothing langour can dispense,
With drooping eyelids wake each warmer sense;
Others more lively triumph in their turn,
And like the lightning, can both blaze and burn;

La jeune Rose, en se pressant d'éclore,
Fait au matin, le charme de l'aurore:
Clytie, au soir, dans son riche appareil,
Fait l'ornement du coucher du Soleil.
Tout plaît un jour, tout âge a ses délices,
Ces dons divers sont faits pour nos caprices;
Par eux l'Amour variant ses attraits,
Forme un carquois d'inépuisables traits.
Il est des yeux dont la langueur touchante
Pénètre un cœur, l'amollit & l'enchante:
D'autres plus vifs l'enflamment à leur tour:
Ce sont les traits, les foudres de l'Amour.

Here

Here awful majesty of form maintains
Its empire; here a flowing softness reigns;
Here rich luxuriance boasts its swelling pride;
The lilies here, the roses there preside;
On all Love knows his varied form to set;
Laura was fair, Corinna a brunette.

CANTO I.

When from the sight we thus receive the dart,
Then may we fix the balance of our heart;
The light coquet, by her attractive ease,
Will please us ever by her wish to please;

L'une a du port l'élégante noblesse,
L'autre une taille où languit la mollesse;
Plus d'embonpoint embellit celle-ci.
Là sont les lys, les roses sont ici.
Chaque Beauté fait un lot à chacune;
Laure était blonde, & Corinne était brune.

Quand l'œil a vu, quand ce trait est lancé,
Le choix d'un cœur veut être balancé:
Une coquette, & brillante & légère,
Plaira toujours par son étude à plaire.

With

With chace more ardent we purſue the maid,
Ingenuous, tender, baſhful, and afraid;
When by her lover in her fears reliev'd,
Her being more delights her, more perceiv'd;
The pride of prudes we triumph to diſarm,
Nor is the Myſtic to Heav'n only warm;
The ſportive fair can give more lively joy,
The penſive more our ſerious thoughts employ;
Sometimes caprice and ſcorn well-feign'd I love,
But ne'er let paſſion drowſy langour prove:
Chloe our heart with lively worth aſſails,
Now grace of ſpeech, now cultur'd taſte prevails;

Tendre, naive, égale en ſa pudeur,
La ſimple Agnès excite plus d'ardeur,
Lorſqu'un Amant l'aidant à ſe connaître
Par le plaiſir lui fait ſentir ſon être.
La Prude anime, & plaît à déſarmer.
Une Myſtique excelle à bien aimer.
Dans le plaiſir la folle qui s'enflamme,
Met plus d'eſprit, la Rêveuſe plus d'ame.
J'aime un caprice & de feintes rigueurs:
Sauvons l'amour du pavot des langueurs.
De l'enjoûment Eglé fait ſon partage:
Liſe a le goût; Charite le langage:

Delphine

Delphine is ſilent, but her ſpeaking eye,
More than by words that ſilence can ſupply.

On three eſtates of age your choice decide :—
Here youth invites you in its maiden pride;
The flow'r ſtill waits for Summer, to diſplay
Its open'd foliage to the beam of day;
Nor always Hymen can his torch oppoſe;
Paſſion from ſtrict controul more ardent glows;
The jealous huſband but inſures his fate,
And fraud will follow when the chain we hate.
Diſperſe the cloud the widow ſeems to wear,
Reap the ripe harveſt of th' experienc'd fair;

Cloë ſe tait; mais l'amour, dans ſes yeux,
Met ſon eſprit qui n'en parle que mieux.
Sur trois états décide ton hommage:
Cloë t'appelle aux moiſſons du bel âge;
C'eſt une fleur qui n'attend que le jour,
Qui doit l'ouvrir au ſouffle de l'amour.
Celle qu'Hymen veut ſouſtraire à tes armes,
Aimant par fraude, aime avec plus de charmes;
Et ſecouant les chaînes d'un jaloux,
Sert mieux l'Amant, pour mieux tromper l'Epoux:
D'un deuil frivole écarte le nuage,
Et glane au champ du tranquille veuvage;

In

In that aſylum ſoon the pray'r is heard,
And no delay from wayward pride is fear'd.

Women poſſeſt of all which wins the heart,
Their charms embelliſh by each cultur'd art;
In ev'ry branch their varied talents uſe,
Venus inſtructs, the Graces court the muſe;
Sappho, Corinna, now may rivals find,
As bright in beauty, and as rich in mind;
In gay confuſion on the toilet found,
Books and bandeaux, the lute and lace abound;
Nor ev'n the compaſs, and the ſphere, diſdain
To mix with toys of dreſs their ſerious train:

C'eſt un aſyle où ſans peine écouté,
L'amant heureux jouit en liberté.
Ce ſexe aimable a tout ce qu'on adore;
Tous les talens l'embelliſſent encore.
Sur tous les Arts ſes beaux yeux ſont ouverts;
Vénus inſtruit, les Graces font des vers;
Sapho, Corinne ont des Sœurs dignes d'elles.
Vois l'ambigu des toilettes des Belles,
Tout ce qui ſert l'eſprit & les appas,
Livres, atours, bijoux, lyres, compas,
Couvrent l'autel de Flore & de Thalie.
Pourquoi blâmer ce que leur culte allie?

In thefe purfuits triumphant Cupids join,
Whom with his tints Albano might defign;
One might the hufband's jealous guard detect,
And through his glafs his fecret aim direct;
Another bring his rafh defires to rule,
Define his pleafure in Platonic fchool;
Here with the voice the inftrument confpires,
And here the pencil paints what th'eye admires:
Purfue, ye lovers, what with friendly aid,
May for your loves an added caufe be made.
I know the charm which fondnefs may produce;
I've feen my Daphne in the brilliant juice.

Ce font les jeux des amours triomphans;
Albane eut peint ces folâtres enfans;
L'un, pour fervir une flamme fecrette,
Contre un jaloux dirige une lunette;
L'autre en un coin calcule fes defirs,
Ou traite à fond l'effence des plaifirs.
Tel à fa voix joint un clavier fonore;
Tel autre efquiffe un objet qu'il adore.
Suivez, Amans, ce qui plaît aux amours:
L'art donne à tout fes utiles fecours.
Je fai quel charme il prête à la tendreffe,
J'ai vu Daphné, Sirène enchantereffe,

Which

Which Bacchus yields, immerge her vermeil lip,
Accept his goblet, and with caution ſip;
I've ſeen my Daphne, on ſome flow'ry lawn,
Bound with the lightneſs of the ſportive fawn,
Or in more meaſur'd ſtep, and ſofter grace,
In ſmoother curves the lines of beauty trace,
In rapture's form her waving arms advance,
And give new honours to the ſpeaking dance:
Thus in the realms of Jove, with joy increas'd,
The youthful Hebe decorates the feaſt;
Or thus more tender, more enchanting moves,
Pariſot ſmiling on the youth ſhe loves.

Sous un treillage où Bacchus eſt vainqueur,
Boire, verſer & chanter ſa liqueur.
J'ai vu Daphné, Terpſicore légère,
Sur un tapis de roſe & de fougère,
S'abandonner à des ſons pleins d'appas,
Voler, languir, & meſurant ſes pas,
Tendre au plaiſir les bras qu'elle déploie.
Telle en verſant le nectar & la joie,
D'un pas léger ſur la voûte des cieux,
La jeune Hébé danſe aux feſtins des Dieux.
Ou telle encor, plus vive & plus touchante,
Sallé pourſuit Amadis qui l'enchante.

CANTO I.

OTHERS will wear your chains with nobler pride,
Content in ſilence deareſt bliſs to hide:
True love, whoſe conſtant ſtream unerring flows,
Is like the ſmooth and limpid lake, which knows
No rude commotion from the tempeſt's wing,
Which needs no ſuccour from a foreign ſpring,
Still from itſelf unwearied ſtore ſupplies,
Deigns not to ſink, nor yet aſpires to riſe:
Falſe love aſſumes the torrents ſwelling form,
And owes its treaſure to ſome fleeting ſtorm,

D'autres ſauront, à vos fers attachés,
S'enſevelir dans des plaiſirs cachés.
Pour en tracer une image ſenſible,
L'amour conſtant eſt comme un Lac paiſible,
Profond, égal, toujours beau, toujours clair,
Inacceſſible aux tempêtes de l'air,
Qui, ſans chercher le tribut d'autres ondes,
Se régénère en ſes ſources fécondes.
L'amour volage eſt ſemblable au torrent,
Il tombe, il roule, il fuit en murmurant:

Which

Which leads its wand'ring waters far aſtray,
And borne in tumult laſts but for a day.
Let us purſue the more attemper'd flow,
To happy choice our ſurer bleſſing owe:
True love its paſſion with reſpect reveals,
Or ſtill its thoughts in tender fear conceals;
A look the lover's modeſt wiſh can bleſs,
He hopes but little, and preſumes ſtill leſs;
On conſtant faith he ſtrews the blooming flow'r,
And ſees the bliſs ſupreme by Fancy's pow'r;
Rejected, glows with undiminiſh'd fire,
Nor cools when triumph crowns the fond deſire.

Tari bientôt dans ſa ſource égarée,
Né d'un orage, il en a la durée.
Suivez les flots dont le calme eſt certain:
D'un heureux choix dépend votre deſtin.
Par ſon reſpect l'amour vrai ſe déclare;
C'eſt lui qui craint, qui ſe fuit, qui s'égare,
Qui, d'un regard fait ſon ſuprême bien,
Deſire tout, prétend peu, n'oſe rien;
Qui, ſur les fleurs, fait marcher la conſtance,
Voit tout en beau, met tout en jouiſſance;
Dans les revers, armé de plus de feux,
Dans les faveurs, empreſſé quoiqu'heureux.

CANTO II.

Of all the bleſſings Heav'n to earth imparts,
Beſt in our eyes, and deareſt to our hearts,
Is that pure eſſence, that tranſcendant charm,
Whoſe animating pow'rs the boſom warm,
The gift of pleaſing, to be wiſh'd for more
Than all which wit or beauty has in ſtore;
O'er all the features we its influence trace,
It gives to beauty its enliv'ning grace,
Artleſs attracts, and binds without a chain,
Without whoſe ſuccour love itſelf were vain,

Des dons du Ciel, le plus cher à nos yeux
Eſt ce rayon de l'eſſence des Dieux,
Cet aſcendant, ce charme inexprimable,
Ce trait divin par qui l'homme eſt aimable,
Ce don de plaire, enfin, plus ſouhaité,
Que n'eſt l'eſprit, plus ſûr que la beauté.
Sur tous nos traits, il imprime ſes traces;
Il donne à tous le coloris des graces,
Séduit ſans art, enchaîne ſans effort,
De la tendreſſe eſt l'aiman le plus fort.

To

To all our efforts adds the vital ſoul,
And forms a harmony which binds the whole:
You who this charm of character poſſeſs,
You of Love's realms the monarchs I confeſs.

With this we need not pierce th' infernal ſhade,
Nor ſeek the taliſman, or philtre's aid;
Here no Canidia, no arm'd Hell we want,
Be worthy love, and love your ſuit will grant;
He who knows well to love, ſtill merits more;
The feeling heart is what we moſt adore;

C'eſt une autre ame à nos reſſorts unie,
Qui d'un beau tout, compoſe l'harmonie.
Vous, qui portez ce caractère heureux,
Je vous fais Roi de l'empire amoureux.

Sans pénétrer juſqu'au ſombre rivage;
Sans taliſman, ſans philtre, ſans breuvage,
Sans Canidie & tout l'enfer armé.
Soyez aimable, & vous ſerez aimé.
Qui ſait aimer, eſt plus aimable encore;
Un cœur ſenſible, eſt ce qu'un cœur adore:

Beauty

Beauty may pleaſe, but delicacy gains
Its laſting charm, and forms the firmeſt chains.

O thou to whom Love yields its ſov'reign pow'r,
Let boldneſs ſtill improve the favor'd hour;
Aim well thy ſhafts, and let no doubts intrude
To damp thy conqueſt,—all ſhall be ſubdu'd:
The moſt rebellious are not moſt unkind;
She who diſſembles, ſhe, whoſe wav'ring mind
Expects her conqueror, with flame conceal'd,
Contends, with hope that ſhe at laſt may yield.

La beauté plaît ſoutenons ſes attraits
Du ſentiment, le plus beau de ſes traits.

Toi, dont l'amour augmentera les charmes,
Qu'un peu d'audace accompagne tes armes;
Lance tes traits, frappe & ſois convaincu
Qu'on peut tout vaincre, & tout ſera vaincu.
La plus rebelle eſt ſouvent la plus tendre.
Telle qui feint, & qui languit d'attendre,
D'un feu couvert, brûlant au fond du cœur
Combat d'un air qui demande un vainqueur.

Ye

Ye haughty beauties! prudes of ev'ry age,
Who boaſt your vain caprice, my precepts ſage
Attend; this oracle of Fate is true,
Love will in time your utmoſt pride ſubdue;
The bleſſings then which Spring affords, employ,
The vengeful god in Autumn blaſts your joy;
And while he puniſhes the dire miſtake,
An Atys cold for Cybele will make:
Beauty hath wings, the heart remains entire,
To waſte and languiſh with unnotic'd fire,
While keen regret imprints its poiſon'd tooth;
But we whom pleaſure waits, and blooming youth,

Fières Beautés, Prudes de tous les âges,
Qui nous vantez vos caprices ſauvages,
Ecoutez-moi: cet oracle eſt certain:
On aime un jour, c'eſt l'arrêt du deſtin;
Uſez des biens que le Printemps vous donne:
Un Dieu vengeur vous attend à l'Automne,
Et puniſſant une indocile erreur,
Garde un Atys pour Cybelle en fureur.
Craignez l'amour, étudiez ſon heure;
La beauté fuit, le cœur entier demeure,
Sèche, languit, & tout percé de traits,
Eſt dévoré du ſerpent des regrets.
Mais nous, chargés des plaiſirs du bel âge,

Let us, while life's beſt ſtreams our ſpirits warm,
Let us with rapid courſe purſue the charm,
And while our uſeleſs efforts we diſmiſs,
Prevent remorſe, and ſeize the fleeting bliſs.

CANTO II.

WITH ſuch a charm th'immortal Graces move;
Charm us like them, ye whom my lays improve;
Like them the concord of their pow'rs employ,
The flow of native mirth, and harmleſs joy;
The laugh ſincere of unſuſpecting youth,
Which prompts the gay return from artleſs truth,

De leurs attraits précipitons l'uſage,
Et combattant d'imbécilles efforts,
Par les plaiſirs, ſauvons-les des remords.

TEL fut l'attrait des Graces immortelles.
Vous, que j'enſeigne, enchantez-nous par elles;
Aſſociez à leur accord charmant
Les jeux badins, le folâtre enjoûment,
Le rire aimable, ami de la jeuneſſe;
Né de la joie, il la produit ſans ceſſe,

Flatters

Flatters our hope, enkindles ſoft deſire,
And gives to pleaſure ſtill an added fire;
The ſmile, whoſe ſpeechleſs language can convey
All the breaſt wiſhes, but dares not diſplay.
Another charm can ſtill our hearts beguile;
There is a tear more precious than a ſmile:—

To chill deſpair when Ariadne driv'n,
On thankleſs Theſeus call'd the wrath of Heav'n;
With dying look, and boſom ſwell'd with grief,
A rock aſcending, ſought in vain relief;
A god appears, with Mirth's exulting ſound,
And ſhouts of joy the rocks and ſkies rebound;

Flatte l'eſpoir, inſpire le deſir,
Et peint les traits des couleurs du plaiſir.
Plus enchanteur, plus éloquent, plus tendre,
Un doux ſourire en fera plus entendre.
D'un autre charme on connaît tout le prix:
Il eſt des pleurs plus touchans que les ris.

Par un perfide Ariane abuſée
Armait les Dieux contre l'ingrat Théſée,
Et l'œil mourant, le ſein baigné de pleurs,
Sur un rocher leur contait ſes douleurs.
Un Dieu paraît: les ris & la jeuneſſe
Font retentir mille chants d'alégreſſe,

The

The Cupids round his car of triumph preſs,
And pour the ſtreams of nectar in exceſs;
When Ariadne ſtops his headlong courſe;
He ſees her ſorrows, dries the flowing ſource;
Pities and ſooths the fair-one in her grief,
And gives in fondneſs the moſt dear relief;—
Thus Bacchus, foe to each alarming fear,
The god of ſmiles, is conquer'd by a tear.

Et les Amours, ſe jouant ſur ſon char,
En font jaillir des ruiſſeaux de Nectar.
Du Dieu du Thyrſe elle arrête la courſe;
Il voit ſes pleurs: il en tarit la ſource,
Plaint & conſole une amante aux abois,
Et dans ſes bras la venge mille fois,
Ainſi Bacchus, l'ennemi des alarmes,
Le Dieu des ris, eſt vainqueur par des larmes.

ON

JEALOUSY,

FROM

BERNARD.

CANTO II.

FROM jealous cares, when fondneſs ſeems to fade,
Love draws an uſeful, but a dang'rous aid:
But let not Love aſſume the form of Hate,
Nor call the fiend, on whom all ills await;
Who liſt'ning only to Suſpicion's wiles,
With frowning rage each ſmiling charm defiles;
Who talks of love, but taints the name with gall;
From whoſe chill hand the wither'd roſes fall;

Par un utile & dangereux ſecours,
La jalouſie aide encore aux Amours.
Mais n'aimons pas, comme on dit qu'on déteſte;
Fuyez ce monſtre à qui tout eſt funeſte,
Qui, n'écoutant qu'un ſoupçon orageux
Se plaint des ris, s'éffarouche des jeux.
Le nom d'Amour eſt du fiel en ſa bouche;
Sa main flétrit les roſes qu'elle touche;

And

And while around her baleful poiſons glide,
Still would be thought to gentle Love allied.

Ah, let far milder Jealouſy be ours,
Where Hope and Fear exert their blended pow'rs,
Who bath'd in tears, with locks that looſely fly,
Turns up to Heav'n her animated eye,
And unaſſiſted by Medea's ſpells,
In Pity's plaintive tone her anguiſh tells;
Fond to exceſs, her heart ungovern'd glows,
But quick oblivion cancels all her woes;
Thus loſt in Paſſion's eddying tide, ſhe grieves,
Now ſues deſpairing, doubting now believes;

Tout l'empoiſonne, & malgré ſa noirceur,
Du tendre Amour, elle ſe dit la Sœur.
Ah! connaiſſez une autre jalouſie:
D'amour, d'eſpoir, & de crainte ſaiſie,
Les yeux en pleurs & les cheveux épars,
Levant au Ciel le feu de ſes regards,
Sans invoquer Médée & ſa magie,
Sa douce voix ſoupire une élégie;
Le prompt oubli ſuccède à ſon erreur;
Tendre à l'excés, elle aime avec fureur,

Each

Each charge ſhe tempers with indulgence ſweet,
And crowns at laſt the rover at her feet.

Not ſuch the din of elemental war,
When Juno ruſhes on her ſounding car,
And fires the concave of the ſkies, to prove
Her fierce reſentment at her faithleſs Jove;
But ſuch is Iris, from her clouded bow
In lucid drops while ſtill her ſorrows flow,
Till Phœbus meets direct her anxious view,
Whoſe beams returning ev'ry tint renew.

Soupçonne, éclate, accuſe, mais pardonne,
Et rend heureux Pâris aux pieds d'Œnone.
Telle n'eſt point la tempête des airs,
Lorſque Junon, parcourant l'Univers,
Met tout en feu pour un époux volage:
Mais, telle Iris, plus calme en ſon nuage,
En ſoupirant verſe encore des pleurs,
Revoit ſon aſtre, & reprend ſes couleurs.

ON THE SAME SUBJECT,

FROM

BERNIS.

THE vital food at once, and mortal bane
Of Love, is Jealouſy; from her proceeds
The lover's delicate diſtreſs; from her
The fair-one's frantic rage: with mild reſerve,
When prudence guides, ſhe utters her complaint,
Suſpects with caution, and like Love, a child,
Sports with his follies, and in ſport corrects them;—
Beneath this form, and with theſe feature's grac'd,
In your ſoft intercourſe, ye lovers, mix
Her anxious cares; but ſhun her, when impell'd
With headlong ſtep by Furies, ſhe uprears
The murth'rous poignard; when, too late, Remorſe
Calls forth the groan, the ſhriek of agony,
Which rend the boſom, o'er the yawning tomb
Herſelf

Herſelf has rais'd; when her own blood ſhe ſheds,
With ſtreams, her hand has raſhly caus'd to flow.

Be then ſtill delicate, but never jealous;
With fondneſs ſtill is delicacy join'd;
But jealouſy too oft exulting feels
A ſavage joy in deeds of cruelty.

FROM

BERNARD.

CANTO III.

O Venus, goddeſs of th' Idalian grove,
By whom all Nature feels the force of love;
Whoſe laws their ſov'reign rule o'er all maintain,
And bind the various atoms in their chain;
In all that breathes thy influence is known,
But chief in man haſt thou aſſum'd thy throne,
To earth deſcending from thy ſeat divine,
His heart t' enliven, and his ſenſe refine;

Vénus, ô toi, Déeſſe d'Epicure!
Ame de tout, qui remplis la Nature,
Qui mariant tant d'atômes divers,
D'un nœud durable enchaînes l'univers,
C'eſt toi qui vis dans tour ce qui reſpire:
Mais c'eſt dans l'homme où ſiége ton empire.
Tu deſcendis au terreſtre ſéjour,
Pour l'animer du ſympatique amour.

That

That ſenſe which draws from thee its ſoft controul,
Treaſure of man, beſt organ of his ſoul,
The lovely charm which binds his riſing youth,
And gives to Love's bright fictions dearer truth.

Theſe ruling pow'rs in man have ſtill their guide,
Where inſtinct claims unqueſtion'd to preſide,
And Curioſity, with kindred fires,
Its torch ſupplies to light the new deſires,
Lifts up the veil by unperceiv'd degrees,
And points our ſtep where Nature's voice decrees,

Il eſt des ſens, émanés de ta flamme,
Tréſors de l'homme, organes de ſon ame,
De ſa jeuneſſe aimables enchanteurs,
Et de l'amour rapides inventeurs.

Ces Rois de l'homme ont un Roi qui les guide,
Et, ſur eux toux, c'eſt l'inſtinct qui préſide.
Sœur de l'inſtinct, la Curioſité,
Devant ſes pas fit briller ſa clarté,
Leva ſon voile entr'ouvert à meſure,
Guida ſes pas tournés vers la Nature,

Conducts

Conducts our wiſhes by progreſſive arts,
And ev'ry joy to ev'ry ſenſe imparts;
Thoſe joys which, cenſur'd ſtill, and ſtill purſu'd,
Erroneous fable in her legend rude
Blam'd in Pandora, when ſhe gave on earth
To Bliſs and Paſſions their united birth.
Man, before her, diſpirited, and weak,
Knew not the paths of happineſs to ſeek;
Wearied, exhauſted, drew his languid breath,
Died while he liv'd, or liv'd a ling'ring death;
Condemn'd, inſenſate, ignorant and blind,
In bare exiſtence all his good to find,

Et par degrés ménageant ſes deſirs,
Pour tous les ſens trouva tous les plaiſirs.
Pour ces plaiſirs qu'on blâme & qu'on adore,
L'antique erreur a condamné Pandore,
Lorſqu'apportant le bonheur en ſon ſein,
Des paſſions elle enfanta l'eſſain.
L'homme avant elle, & ſans ame & ſans force,
D'aucun penchant ne connoiſſait l'amorce;
Séché d'ennuis, de langueurs conſumé,
Obſcur, rampant, vivait inanimé,
Réduit, ſans voir, ſans jouir, ſans connaître,
Au froid plaiſir de végéter & d'être:

Till

Till Heav'n its treaſures ſent with bleſſings fraught,
And man enjoy'd his pow'rs in ſenſe and thought.

CANTO III.

DELIGHT preſiding there 'mid ſportive Love's,
Inſpires the tranſport which herſelf ſhe proves;
Sinks to repoſe, or wakes, as ſoft around
The flute, or voice, conveys the melting ſound;
There ſhe maintains her empire, not alone,
Th' alcove her palace, and the couch her throne;

Par ſes tréſors que le Ciel diſpenſa,
L'homme eut une ame, il ſentit & penſa.

Là, préſidant aux plaiſirs amoureux,
Déeſſe heureuſe, elle y rend tout heureux.
Elle jouit, s'endort, ou ſe réveille
Aux ſons flatteurs qui charment ſon oreille.
De ſon pouvoir le trône ſolemnel
Eſt une alcove, un lit eſt ſon autel.

Near

Near her with more than human honours grac'd,
Bliſs deck'd with roſeate breath her ſeat has plac'd;
There favor'd Hope his brilliant front diſplays,
And Rapture caſts aloft its wand'ring gaze;
There pants the langour of receding bliſs;
There lives uncloy'd, the ſtill repeated kiſs;
The wiſh renew'd; and while Aurora gleams,
The charming pow'r who guides the morning dreams.

Près d'elle aſſis, dans ſon apothéoſe,
Eſt le bonheur, le front paré de roſe.
L'eſpoir brillant, de faveurs entouré,
La pamoiſon, l'œil au Ciel égaré,
La jeune audace & la langueur mourante,
Des doux baiſers la foule renaiſſante,
Le rapt vainqueur, l'attentat libertin,
Le Dieu charmant des ſonges du matin.

FROM

FROM

THE HENRIADE OF VOLTAIRE.

BEGINNING OF BOOK IX.

WHERE antient Cyprus ſpreads her happy ſhore,
Aſia begins, and Europe is no more,
By Time rever'd a hallow'd ſtructure ſtands,
On rude foundations laid by Nature's hands;
But ſoon the ſimple pile, adorn'd by Art,
Shew'd Nature bearing an inferior part:
By myrtle groves the neighb'ring plains ſecur'd,
Ne'er have the rage of wintry ſtorms endur'd;

Sur les bords fortunés de l'antique Idalie,
Lieux où finit l'Europe, & commence l'Aſie,
S'élève un vieux Palais reſpecté par les tems:
La nature en poſa les premiers fondemens;
Et l'art ornant depuis ſa ſimple architecture,
Par ſes travaux hardis ſurpaſſa la nature.
Là, tous les champs voiſins peuplés de myrtes verds,
N'ont jamais reſſenti l'outrage des hivers.

While

While ripe, or rip'ning, through the temper'd
year
Pomona's fruits and Flora's gifts appear;
The bounteous Earth her harveſt free beſtows,
Nor waits for ſeaſons, or for human vows,
Man there without a want or wiſh denied,
Seems to poſſeſs what Nature once ſupplied,
When firſt ſhe gave, to bleſs life's early ſcene,
The body free from toil, the mind ſerene,
A golden age of happineſs uncloy'd,
And ev'ry good, but Innocence, enjoy'd:
No accents here are heard, ſave what inſpire
The melting murmurs of a ſoft deſire,

Par-tout on voit meurir, par-tout on voit éclore,
Et les fruits de Pomone & les préſens de Flore;
Et la terre n'attend, pour donner ſes moiſſons,
Ni les vœux des humains, ni l'ordre des ſaiſons.
L'homme y ſemble goûter, dans une paix profonde,
Tout ce que la nature aux premiers jours du monde,
De ſa main bienfaiſante accordait aux humains,
Un éternel repos, des jours purs & ſereins,
Les douceurs, les plaiſirs que promet l'abondance,
Les biens du premier âge, hors la ſeule innocence.
On entend pour tout bruit des concerts enchanteurs,
Dont la molle harmonie inſpire les langueurs,

While

While troops in beauteous pairs their voices raiſe,
To boaſt their loves, or lov'd defeats to praiſe;
Each day with locks adorn'd with flow'ry wreath,
To Love's delightful pow'r their prayer they breathe,
Learn in his temple, with perſuaſive ſmile,
The dang'rous art to pleaſe, and to beguile;
With glitt'ring forehead, and extended hand,
Pointing to Pleaſure, Hope conducts the band,
While near the fane with feſtive ſong advance
The light-rob'd Graces in the circling dance;
There Bliſs, reclin'd the verdant banks along,
In tranquil rapture liſtens to the ſong;

Les voix de mille amans, les chants de leurs maîtreſſes,
Qui célèbrent leur honte, & vantent leurs faibleſſes.
Chaque jour on les voit, le front paré de fleurs,
De leur aimable maître implorer les faveurs,
Et dans l'art dangereux de plaire & de ſéduire,
Dans ſon Temple à l'envi s'empreſſer de s'inſtruire.
La flatteuſe eſpérance, au front toujours ſerein,
A l'autel de l'Amour les conduit par la main.
Près du Temple ſacré les graces demi-nues,
Accordent à leurs voix leurs danſes ingénues.
La molle volupté, ſur un lit de gazons,
Satisfaite & tranquille, écoute leurs chanſons.

Silence accompanies, whose eyes reveal
What they in vain endeavour to conceal—
The fond caress, the tender thought restrain'd,
More sweet, more lasting, than the wish obtain'd.

Such is the entrance, but with daring pace
If we our steps within the temple place,
If we presume to pass the fatal veil,
What mournful objects ev'ry sense assail!
No more to sight the lovely train appears;
No tuneful accents melt upon our ears;
Complaint, Disgust, Abhorrence, and Disdain,
Convert each former joy to present bane;

On voit à ses côtés le mystère en silence,
Le sourire enchanteur, les soins, la complaisance,
Les plaisirs amoureux, & les tendres desirs,
Plus doux, plus séduisans encor que les plaisirs.

De ce Temple fameux telle est l'aimable entrée;
Mais lorsqu'en avançant sous la voûte sacrée,
On porte au sanctuaire un pas audacieux,
Quel spectacle funeste épouvante les yeux!
Ce n'est plus des plaisirs la troupe aimable & tendre,
Leurs concerts amoureux ne s'y font plus entendre;
Les plaintes, les dégoûts, l'imprudence, la peur,
Font de ce beau séjour un séjour plein d'horreur.

There

There ſullen Jealouſy, with livid hues
And falt'ring feet, Suſpicion's path purſues;
Hatred with poiſon'd cup his ſtep precedes,
And fell Revenge, intent on deathful deeds;
Malice attends, delighted to deſtroy,
And cheers their fury with perfidious joy;
Repentance follows, and with uſeleſs groans,
And downcaſt eye, in tears their rage bemoans.

Here, in the midſt of this unhappy train,
Which taints the pleaſure of frail man with pain,
Alike for deeds or kind or cruel known,
Love has aſſerted his tyrannic throne;

La ſombre jalouſie, au teint pâle & livide,
Suit d'un pied chancelant le ſoupçon qui la guide:
La haine, & le courroux, répandant leur venin,
Marchent devant ſes pas, un poignard à la main.
La malice les voit, & d'un ſouris perfide
Applaudit en paſſant à leur troupe homicide.
Le repentir les ſuit, déteſtant leurs fureurs,
Et baiſſe en ſoupirant ſes yeux mouillés de pleurs.

C'eſt là, c'eſt au milieu de cette Cour affreuſe,
Des plaiſirs des humains compagne malheureuſe,
Que l'Amour a choiſi ſon ſéjour éternel.
Ce dangereux enfant, ſi tendre & ſi cruel,

The

The doom of mortals with weak hand ſuſtains,
And peace, and war, with doubtful ſmile ordains;
Spreads through all regions his deluſive art;
Moves the vaſt whole, and lives in ev'ry heart;
Views all his conqueſts from his lofty ſeat;
Tramples the proudeſt necks beneath his feet;
And more to cruelty than mercy prone,
Exults in miſchiefs he himſelf has done.

Porte en ſa faible main les deſtins de la terre,
Donne avec un ſouris, ou la paix, ou la guerre,
Et répandant par-tout ſes trompeuſes douceurs,
Anime l'Univers, & vit dans tous les cœurs.
Sur un trône éclatant, contemplant ſes conquêtes,
Il foulait à ſes pieds les plus ſuperbes têtes;
Fier de ſes cruautes plus que de ſes bienfaits,
Il ſemblait s'applaudir des maux qu'il avait faits.

TRANS-

TRANSLATION

OF

A GREEK SAPPHIC ODE

ON THE

DELIVERY OF GIBRALTAR.

He comes!—the meſſenger of conqueſt comes
With winged feet, which o'er the billows bound,
Nor bend their curling ſummits;—from his lips
Theſe welcome tidings burſt:—Albion! rejoice,—
The keys of either ſea are thine,—for, who,
Who from thy graſp can force them? Who the front
Of ocean, 'circled with embattled tow'rs,
Pharos of Neptune, and the horn of Mars,
The adamantine rock, fix'd in the earth
With cramps of more than iron, who can blaſt?
Alcides' column, where from ſov'reign Jove
Strength and dominion hold their ſtation, who

Can

Can ſhake?—though Hatred with Injuſtice join'd
Should ratify their compact with an oath.——

Gallia's light race had ruſh'd, in flutt'ring pomp
And meaſur'd gait, link'd to Iberia's ſons
In ſteady wrath ſtern frowning, mutual pair,
In equal ſpeed, yok'd to the ſounding car
Of deathful conteſt; each reſolv'd to work
Our ruin, and mow down our naval pride:
Into the caſque deſtructive Famine caſts
Her lot, and mark'd it with our day of doom.—
What is, O Britons, your reſource of flight?
For on the dizzy precipice by ſnares
Ye ſtand inveſted;—What ſwift-winged aid,
What vehicle of earth, of ſea, affords
A ſafe retreat?—Yet, fear not: Albion ſees
Your ſuff'rings; and her offſpring ſo belov'd
When did the parent quit? With eagle's ſpeed,
Bird of the ſun, and ſov'reign of the rock,

She

She flies to your relief, to frenzy ſtung,
Leſt the *two* ſerpents ſhould her neſt deſpoil.

"What ſight yet diſtant, what approaching ſound,"
Exclaims the guard, "mine eye, mine ear aſſails?
"I ſee the Britiſh maſts, my country's flags,
"The poliſh'd hulls I ſee;—I hear the ſhout
"The cheering ſeamen raiſe—ſons of the wave!
"Good fortune, crown'd with conqueſt, is your ſong:"
Thus while he ſpake, on ev'ry manly cheek
The tear of joy deſcends, as he recalls
The hope nigh baniſh'd of his native land,
His wife, his children, and his friends ſecure:
Now the reward of all his perils paſt
He meets, and in an inſtant clos'd each hand
Was in his comrade's graſp'd, of him, who ſav'd,
And him, the gift of ſafety who receiv'd.
Nor can it enter in the mind to know,

With

With all its ſkill, what tokens they employ'd,
What rapid converſe held, while each inquir'd
Each anſwer'd fond inquiry.—On the foes,
Now terror ſtruck, and in their boſoms plung'd
The ſpur of haſty flight; quick from their hands
The goblet fell, wherein the Gaul had pledg'd
Slaughter and death, and in the duſt was roll'd,
Reft of its bloody off'ring: on the ground
Machines and torches, with the weapons lay,
Which fell Enyo on her anvil wrought.——
Where now, Iberian, wilt thou proudly raiſe
Thy trophy—where thy ſpoils triumphant rear?—
Earth ſhows not where:—Avaunt, and gnaſh thy teeth,
Foil'd and defeated.—Lo, thy empty dream
Of glory paſſes like a ſhadow.—Know, that ſtrife
Of mad ambition ſooner ſhall ſubvert
The ſhrine of Juſtice,—ſooner ſhall the blaſt
Of riving thunderbolts uproot the oaks,
Time-honour'd ſons of Albion,—than thy rage

Deſtroy

Deſtroy this rock, th' aſpiring crown, the boaſt
Of all the ſea encircles:—Here, with breeze
Swelling each ſail, and nerving ev'ry arm,
Victorious peace adorns each martial brow.

The tranſlator had not the permiſſion to print the original Greek, or it would have been inſerted.

FRAGMENT,

FROM

DE PORCHERES.

When firſt I ſaw her, whom my thoughts adore,
Why Love, t' inflame her, had I not thy pow'r,
Or not thy blindneſs, not her charms to ſee?—
If I muſt view this ſov'reign of our hearts,
Why Love, to wound her, had I not thy darts,
Since from her I had not thy wings to flee?

That ſenſe which knew to ſcorn all converſe vain,
Which taught my ſpeech its overflowing ſtrain,

Quand premier je la vis, cette âme de mon âme,
Amour! pour la bruſler que n'avois-je ta flamme,
Ou ton aveuglement, pour ne voir ſes regards?
Que s'il me falloit voir ce miracle des belles,
Amour! pour la bleſſer que n'avois-je tes dards
Puis ce que pour la fuir je n'avois pas tes aiſles?

Ce bel eſprit, banni des entretiens frivoles,
Qui fît naiſtre en ma bouche un torrent de paroles,

Now

Now to my eyes redundant ſtreams afford;
My tongue, my pen, their wonted pow'rs forego,
And abſence changes, to bewail my woe,
To ſpeaking tears, my eloquence of words.

FRAGMENT, FROM *ST. EVREMONT.*

O FATAL tranſport by poſſeſſion known,
How is my love with all thy phantoms flown!
Was it for this, that with impatient eyes,
Unhappy day! I wiſh'd to ſee thee riſe?
O let the growing charms of hope be mine,
And I poſſeſſion's waning joys reſign.

Fait ores a mes yeux naiſtre un torrent de pleurs,
Et ma langue et ma plume ont oubliés leurs charmes,
Car l'abſence a changé, pour pleurer mes douleurs,
Le fleuve d'éloquence, en un fleuve de larmes.

QU'AVEZ vous fait de mon amour,
Bonheur fatal, funeſte jouiſſance!
Etoit-ce pour vous perdre, O trop malheureux jour
Que je vous attendois avec impatience?
Rendez trompeur, rendez moi mes deſirs,
Et je vous rends tous vos plaiſirs.

LE MOYNE.

Quand on demanda à Boileau, pourquoi il n'avoit pas parlé du Père le Moyne, il repondit, qu'il étoit trop poëte, pour en dire du mal, & trop fou, pour en dire du bien.

Le Moyne, Pierre, Jesuite, né en 1602. Il eût pu se faire un grand nom par sa Louisiade; il avoit une prodigieuse imagination; pourquoi donc ne réussit il pas?—C'est qu'il n'avoit ni goût, ni connoissance du génie de sa langue, ni des amis sévères.—Il mourut en 1671.

Jugement de Voltaire, dans les Ecrivains du Tems de Louis XIV. Hist. Génér. chap. 41, *p.* 36.

Qu'est-ce que veut dire Voltaire, quand il prononce que Le Moyne *ne connoissoit pas le génie de la langue Françoise?* son génie est bien la clarté & la précision; & pour ces qualités Le Moyne est très distingué: à l'égard *du goût*, si ce môt ne veut dire que le jugement correct, froid, & même timide, Le Moyne certes ne l'avoit pas: & des *amis sévères* auroient peut être corrigé ses fautes, & ses excés, mais ils n'auroient jamais pu lui donner ses talens & ses beautez; quand à M. de Voltaire, dans son style, & sa versification, il a profité des excellences de Le Moyne, comme avoit fait Virgile, des talens de Lucrèce: mais on devroit être surpris, qu'avec cette imagination prodigieuse, si riche, & même si téméraire & vaste, qu'avoit Le Moine, il ait pu tant s'attacher, aux détails des évènemens & aux traits des caractères du Tasse; dont le génie lui étoit sans doute si subordonné: mais c'est ce que fît l'Anglois Milton; qui s'est enrichi de toutes les beautés de la poésie Italienne, & qui les a toutes surpassé, par la force d'un génie supérieur à tous ses modèles. Ainsi Le Moyne dans ses imitations du Tasse, l'a laissé bien loin dans toutes les parties de la poésie, la plus élevée.

EXTRACTS

EXTRACTS

FROM

THE WORKS OF LE MOYNE.

BOOK I.

O'ER Afric now the baleful rumour ſpread,
The Nile in terror ſhrunk within his bed,
While to the main along the ſev'n-mouth'd ſhore,
Each rolling wave th' affright of Ægypt bore;
Its tow'rs abandon'd, its defenceleſs coaſt
Leaves a free paſſage to the conqu'ring hoſt,
And Tanis, once a ſeat of ſplendid name,
Yields to our arms, and their ſuperior fame;

Au bruit de ce dégaſt l'Afrique au loin gémit,
Le Nil épouvanté ſe troubla dans ſon lit:
Et ſa vague en la Mer par ſept bouches renduë,
Y porta la frayeur de l'Egypte éperduë.
Les Bourgs abandonnez des Communes ſans cœur,
Reſterent expoſez aux courſes du Vainqueur:
Et dans Tanes, jadis, ville ſi renommèe,
Les habitans défaits du ſeul bruit de l'Armée,

Flies

Flies to the deſarts of its barren ſands,
And with their dwellings draws its heartleſs bands;
Old age, with women and their infant brood,
Crowd to the rock, where once the Pharos ſtood;
Far as the gulph, where Heav'n's almighty Lord
The Hebrews ſav'd from Ægypt's brandiſh'd ſword;
The creſcent yielded to the lily's pow'r,
While fear and flight augmented ev'ry hour;
While tow'rs and cities, trembling at their fate,
Shook to the centre the bewilder'd ſtate:—

Thus from Veſuvius when the flame is roll'd,
The fiery ſtreams their courſe deſtructive hold;

Juſqu'aux extremitez d'un deſert ſablonneux,
Traiſnerent leurs maiſons errantes avec eux.
Les Vieillards impuiſſans, & le Sexe timide,
Remplirent le rampart qui ceignoit Pharamide:
Et juſqu'à ces cantons où l'Ange Executeur,
Jadis ſauva l'Hebreu du glaive deſtructeur,
A la montre des Lys, les Croiſſans diſparurent;
Le trouble, la frayeur, le deſordre y coururent:
Et tours, chaſteaux, citez, d'un commun tremblement,
Accrurent de l'Eſtat le fatal mouvement.

Ainſi, quand du Veſuve, une flâme épanduë;
Fait un fleuve de feu ſur la plaine éperduë,

Horror

Horror avoids, with Fear's diſtracted haſte,
The thunder's ravage, and the lightning's waſte;
Palaces, temples, to the ground it throws,
Nor tow'r, nor wall, its fury can oppoſe;
With equal ſtep the deathful fires devour,
Him who ſubmits, and him who braves their pow'r;
And in the ruin ſunk, the tempeſt toſt,
The preſent with the future, each is loſt.—

La ruïne & l'horreur ſuivent avecque bruit;
Le ravage qui tonne & le degaſt qui luit.
Il n'eſt digue ni mur où ſa fureur s'arreſte;
Il meſle des Palais le fondement au faiſte:
La mort d'un cours égal également ſurprend,
Et celuy qui reſiſte & celuy qui ſe rend:
Et dans une tempeſte où tout tombe & tout fume,
Avecque le preſent l'avenir ſe conſume.

BOOK III.

THUS while the firſt diſpute the hard-fought ſhore,
And force their paſſage with repeated oar,
Louis impatient from the veſſel's ſide
Bounds with a heart, each peril which defied;
Through fearful awe the conquer'd waves retreat,
And yield a paſſage to his daring feet;
His geſtures threaten, and his looks command;
His ſword a comet glitters in his hand;
His ſacred head the ſhield before him guards;
Death round him hiſſes, nor his ſpeed retards:

Tandis que les premiers diſputent le rivage;
Et qu'à force de bras ils s'ouvrent le paſſage;
Louïs impatient, ſaute de ſon vaiſſeau,
Le beau feu de ſon cœur luy fait mépriſer l'eau.
Soit crainte, ſoit reſpect, ſous luy la vague baiſſe:
Il avance, elle s'ouvre: il pouſſe, elle ſe preſſe:
Son geſte eſt menaçant, ſon regard eſt hautain:
Un Comete d'acier étincelle en ſa main:
Devant luy ſon eſcu, pour ſa teſte eſt en garde:
La mort ſiffle à l'entour, & rien ne le retarde.

The

The ſtar of Mars thus with the lightning's train
Seeks at th' appointed hour the briny main;
His glowing armour gilds the cloudy ſky;
Th' impurpled ocean takes a deeper dye;
The redd'ning beams along the waves prevail,
And ghaſtly terror turns the pilot pale.

BOOK IV

How ſubtile Love! how ſwift his poiſon flies,
Glides through our ears, and pierces through our eyes!
Now Joy's light robe, now Grief's dark weeds he wears,
And tries each path; till he the heart enſnares:

Ainſi l'Aſtre de Mars ſuivi d'un long éclair,
A ſon heure deſcend de ſa Sphere en la Mer:
Son arme en l'air éclate, elle éclate en la nuë;
Tout l'humide Element rougit à ſa venuë:
Ses feux brillent en rond ſur la face des flots,
Et la paſleur en vient au front des matelots.

Que l'amour eſt ſubtil! qu'il eſt contagieux!
Il gliſſe par l'oreille, il entre par les yeux:
Quelques fois ſous le deuïl, d'autres fois dans la joie:
Et pour gagner le cœur, il tente toute voie.

 His

His darts I own, prepar'd for ev'ry foe,
For ever glitter, and for ever glow;
But when their points are dipp'd in Beauty's tears,
Ah what avails the ſtrength of ſhields and ſpears?

Bethunes, who proudly once defied the foe,
Of Liſamante ſcarce ſaw the ſorrows flow,
Thoſe tears like pearls, which trickled from her eyes,
E'er in his breaſt he felt the flames ariſe;
By Pity waken'd, and by Virtue fed,
Reſpect a ſilence o'er his wiſhes ſpread,

Il eſt vrai que ſes traits, dangereux en tout temps,
Sont toûjours acerez, & toûjours ſont ardents:
Mais quand il en a fait la trempe avec des larmes,
Qui peut leur oppoſer d'aſſez ſolides armes?

Bethunes autrefois invincible à ſes traits,
De Liſamante à peine entendit les regrets,
Vid à peine ſes pleurs, comme perles s'épandre,
Qu'il ſentit à ſon cœur, un feu nouveau ſe prendre.
La pitié l'alluma, la vertu le nourrit,
D'un ſilence obſtiné le reſpect le couvrit:

And

And though perforce his heart the flame muſt feel,
The pow'r he gain'd its ardour to conceal.

BOOK VIII.

SPIRIT and light a radiant beam compound,
Voice without matter, word without a ſound;
This without motion, without air impreſt,
Conveys to Michael the divine beheſt.

BOOK IX.

THERE, by his ſighs his falt'ring ſpeech o'er-pow'r'd,
Gave way to tears, which on her hands he ſhow'r'd;

Et ne preſumant plus de s'y rendre inſenſible,
Tout ſon effort n'alloit, qu'à le rendre inviſible.

IL ſe fait d'un rayon d'eſprit & de lumiere,
Sans bruit une parole, une voix ſans matiere;
Et ce rayon porté ſans air, ſans mouvement,
A l'Archange Michel eſt un commandement.

Là, ſes ſoûpirs montant ſa parole étoufferent:
Ses larmes ſur les mains d'Almaſonte coulerent:

And

And whether from his ſtreaming eyes there fell,
Drawn from his heart, ſome pure and vital ſpell,
Or from his ſighs ſome ſubtile perfume came,
Exhal'd in vapour from ſo bright a flame,
On Almazonta's heart this vapour flow'd,
This vital flame within her boſom glow'd;
Returning ſenſe on all her frame was ſhed,
And life with health upon her cheek was ſpread;
And as the ray within her eyes was ſeen,
The light appear'd around her more ſerene:
The needle thus, by pole magnetic mov'd,
When the mild ſpirit is no longer prov'd,

Et ſoit qu'avec ſes pleurs, il tombaſt de ſes yeux,
Quelque extrait de ſon cœur, vif & contagieux:
Soit que de ſes ſoûpirs la vapeur fuſt ſuivie,
D'une flame ſubtile, & d'un eſprit de vie;
Le cœur de la Guerriere à cet eſprit s'ouvrit,
Cét extrait y coula, cette flame s'y prit:
Ses ſens furent par là, remis en leur uſage;
Goutte à goutte le teint luy revint au viſage;
Et du premier rayon dans ſes yeux retourné,
Autour d'elle le jour parut raſſerainé.

Dans la Bouſſole ainſi l'aiguille tournoyante,
Quand ſon eſprit éteint la laiſſe languiſſante,

Cold

Cold and inert upon its point remains,
Nor feels the North impreſs its potent chains;
But if the magnet, which it loves, be near,
Though it inclos'd a captive may appear,
With ſtrength repair'd, and trembling joy renew'd,
It turns its head ſpontaneouſly ſubdu'd;
Feels the dear charm o'er all its ſubſtance pour'd,
Its inſtinct waken'd, and its life reſtor'd.

BOOK X.

A MOVING cloud inſtinct with inward light,
With doubled rainbow-hues encircled bright,

Reſte ſur ſon pivot froide & ſans mouvement,
Et n'a plus pour le Nort, ni cœur, ni ſentiment.
Mais ſi l'Aiman qu'elle aime, à ſon ſecours arrive,
Encore qu'elle ſoit dans ſa boëte captive,
Dè nouveau ranimée, & d'aiſe trémouſſant,
Elle tourne la teſte à l'attrait qu'elle ſent;
Et le charme ſecret qui la porte à le ſuivre,
Fournit à ſon inſtinct l'eſprit qui la fait vivre.

UNE mobile nuë au dedans éclairée,
Et d'un double Arc-en-ciel à l'entour colorée,

Deſcends

Defcends towards me, in a calm repofe,
And op'ning, harmlefs lightning round me throws;
The cloud and lightning paft, fucceeds a rock
Self-mov'd, felf-guided, without paufe, or fhock,
Whence, when fubfiding on its bafe to reft,
In gentle founds a voice was thus expreft:

"Thyfelf and error Alegonde, refign,
"For this recefs, where trueft glories fhine;
"Nor body's chain, nor fpirit's wing regard,
"Affume no merit, look for no reward;

Defcend jufques à moy, par l'efpace de l'air,
Et fans bruit fe fendant jette un paifible éclair.
A l'éclair, à la nuë, il fuccede une Roche,
Qui d'un branle reglé, fe remuë & s'approche;
Et fi-toft qu'elle fut en repos fur fon poids,
Un efprit doux en fort, avecque cette voix.

Alegonde, il eft temps de fortir de vous-mefme:
D'entrer dans ce Defert lumineux & fuprême,
Où par deffus les Corps, par deffus les Efprits,
Et les bas intereats de merite & de prix,

"Purg'd

" Purg'd from thyſelf, devoid of ſhame or pride,
" Be love thy object, and be Truth thy guide;
" Firm in thy faith, on pureſt hope reclin'd,
" My glory only ſhalt thou ſeek and find;
" Let prize or puniſhment no more prevail,
" And Love uplift the ſword, and hold the ſcale;
" Bear on thy neck the yoke which Love ſhall lay,
" Nor other bonds ſave thoſe of Love obey:
" To quench the flames of Hell, its pains to drown,
" Conſume Heav'n's ſeraph, and to melt his crown,
" To me alone to draw your fix'd deſires,
" I leave theſe waters, and I leave theſe fires."

De vous meſme purgée, & de vous meſme vuide,
Vous n'aurez que l'Amour pour objet & pour guide:
Et pure en voſtre eſpoir, ferme dans voſtre foy,
Vous n'irez qu'à ma gloire, & ne tendrez qu'à moy.
Supprimons pour jamais & peine & recompenſe;
Remettons à l'Amour l'épée & la balance;
Soûmettez-vous au joug qu'il vous impoſera;
Ne ſouffrez de liens, que ceux qu'il vous fera.
Pour éteindre l'Enfer, & noyer ſes ſupplices,
Pour embraſer le Ciel, & brûler ſes delices,
Pour reduire à moy ſeul, vos craintes & vos vœux,
Je vous laiſſe ces eaux, & vous laiſſe ces feux.

Scarce

Scarce had the voice unbodied ceaſe to ſpeak,
When from the rock I ſaw two fountains break,
With mounting flame the ſpringing ſtream aſcends,
And each with either gentle murmur blends;
My ſoul as yet in ſlumber's vapour drown'd,
With ears imperfect heard the piercing ſound,
When ſtarting at the wondrous ſcene with awe,
I ſcarce could credit what I heard or ſaw;
The fire, the water, and the rock, no more
Are phantoms rais'd by Sleep's deluſive pow'r,
But maſſive bodies to the eye and ear,
Whoſe wondrous form at diſtance I revere;

La voix nuë & ſans corps acheva bien à peine,
Que du Rocher ouvert, il ſort une fontaine,
D'un jet de feu qui brille, & d'un jet d'eau qui bruit,
Et s'allie en bruyant, à la flame qu'il ſuit.
Des vapeurs du Sommeil mon Ame envelopée,
De ce bruit ſi ſoudain, par l'oreille frapée,
En ſurſaut ſe dégage, & revenuë à ſoy,
A ſes ſens étonnez, à peine ajoûte foy.
L'eau, le feu, le rocher ne ſont plus les ouvrages,
D'un Sommeil ébaucheur d'incertaines images:
Ce ſont des corps maſſifs, ils ſe peuvent toucher,
J'en ai les yeux remplis, & n'oſe en approcher.

My

My ſpirit bowing, this laſt ſcene believes,
And as a ſign from Heav'n its truth receives:
Henceforth within this deſart I abide,
In God alone by holieſt love confide;
In body lonely, more in mind recluſe,
By pleaſing Him I all my bliſs produce;
Eternity for me, nor gulph, nor throne,
Poſſeſſes, fear and hope alike are flown;
And that great future, once my doubtful gaze,
Quench'd by theſe waters, ſhrinking from theſe rays,
Leaves me entire, each obſtacle remov'd,
To that heart-center'd union beſt belov'd;

Mon Eſprit convaincu, prend ce dernier ſpectacle,
Pour un ſigne du Ciel, pour un ſenſible Oracle.
Deſlors en ce Deſert j'établis mon ſéjour,
Où ne voyant que Dieu, n'ayant que ſon Amour,
Solitaire de corps, d'Eſprit plus ſolitaire,
J'ai réduit tous mes ſoins, au ſeul ſoin de luy plaire.
L'Eternité n'a plus ni thrône, ni bucher,
Qui me puiſſe ou d'eſpoir, ou de crainte toucher.
Et ce grand Avenir, qui partageoit mon Ame,
Eſteint avec cette eau, brûlé de cette flame,
Me laiſſe toute entiere, & ſans diverſion,
A ce Centre des cœurs, à ce Dieu d'union,

Which far from bondage, far alike from gain,
None can, but ſolitary love, obtain.—

FROM

LE MOYNE:

LETTRES MORALES ET POETIQUES.

Two equal tablets next in ſight appear,
With bold deſign pourtray'd, and colours clear:
Here Beliſarius might in front be view'd,
Dy'd in the gore of Goths he late ſubdu'd,
Beneath his feet their routed ſquadrons borne,
Their armour pil'd on heaps, their ſtandards torn;
Here flows the blood, here clouds of ſmoke aſcend,
Like that of hoſts who ſtill in ſtrife contend;—

Qui bien loin du ſervil, bien loin du mercenaire,
N'admet à ſes faveurs que l'Amour ſolitaire.

Deux ſemblables Tableaux hardiment deſſinez,
Furent ſur leurs billets, à deux autres donnez:
Dans l'un, ſur le devant, ſe voyoit Beliſſaire,
Rouge du ſang des Gots, qu'il venoit de défaire.
Avec leurs Eſcadrons à ſes pieds terraſſez,
Leurs Etendars eſtoient l'un ſur l'autre entaſſez:
Icy le ſang couloit; là montoient les fumées,
Qu'on euſt dit, qui reſtoient de l'ardeur des Armées.

The

The victor ſits uplifted on a ſhield,
Seiz'd from the vanquiſh'd chieftain in the field,
Whoſe orb two eagles in their talons bear,
Spurning the earth, and ſoaring into air,
While Victory, with waving pennons ſpread,
Her laurel binds around the warrior's head:—

But there, how chang'd from what he ſeem'd of late,
Does Beliſarius ſhow his adverſe fate!
There poor, and famiſh'd, without roof or friends,
That hand tremendous he for alms extends;

Le Vainqueur paroiſſoit aſſis ſur un Eſcu,
Oſté dans le combat, au General vaincu:
Deux Aigles l'accrochoient du bec & de la ſerre,
Et prenant leur eſſor, l'élevoient de la terre,
Tandis que la Victoire au deſſus voltigeoit,
Et d'un feuïllage vert le Guerrier ombrageoit.

Mais, que dans ce Tableau, le brave Beliſſaire,
Eſtoit ſur le derriere à luy-meſme contraire!
Là, pauvre & mendiant, ſans retraite & ſans pain,
A l'aumône il tendoit cette terrible main.

That

That hand, which laid ſo many tyrants low,
Which rais'd ſuch groves of laurel for his brow;
That hand, which rul'd the eagles in their flight,
Impell'd or check'd their moſt aſpiring height;
Which oft had gorg'd them with their darling food,
The ſack of cities, and of kings the blood.

Nations aghaſt at ſuch a ſcene of woe,
Enrag'd at Fortune, blame on Virtue throw;
Fortune with haughty and retiring gait,
Seems to delight in ſuch an alter'd ſtate;
And Virtue bending down to earth her eyes,
With hands uprais'd to Heav'n, the charge denies.

Sous laquelle il tomba tant de ſuperbes teſtes:
Par laquelle il ſe fit tant d'illuſtres conqueſtes:
Cette main, qui le vol des Aigles gouvernoit;
Qui leur donnoit l'eſſor, & qui les retenoit;
Qui tant de fois jadis, les avoit engraiſſées,
Du ſang des Rois défaits, & des Villes forcées.
Les Peuples étonnez de le voir abatu,
Accuſoient la Fortune, & blaſmoient la Vertu:
L'une tournant le dos, d'une mine inſolente,
Paroiſſoit ſe railler, de ce trait de changeante:
Et l'autre, d'un viſage auſſi triſte que fier,
Sembloit lever les mains, pour s'en juſtifier.

FROM

FROM

HYMNS OF LE MOYNE.

THUS Love two diff'rent faces wears,
In feature gentle, or in aſpect ſtern,
And as his flames can burn,
So can his breath exhale reviving airs:
Some ſhafts are tipt with ductile gold,
Of unrelenting iron ſome are made;
The night's terrific ſhade,
Or gladſome dawn, his changing looks unfold;
And he who ſcorns the murmurs of the dove,
The vulture's talons in his breaſt ſhall prove.

Auſſi l'Amour a deux viſages;
L'un eſt doux, l'autre eſt rigoureux;
Et comme il a d'aimables feux,
Il en a qui font des orages:
Il a des traits qui ſont dorez;
Il en porte auſſi de ferrez,
Sous qui toute force ſuccombe:
Ses regards comme il veut, font la nuit ou le jour;
Et qui mépriſe en luy, le cœur de la Colombe,
Sous luy reſſentira les ongles du Vautour.

The

The bee, that winged flow'r of Spring,
From whom the wax proceeds, the honey flows,
Its various inſtinct knows
To ſhed its odours, or exert its ſting:
The bluſhing roſe, that perfum'd fire,
Though Love with bloſſoms may its leaves adorn,
Has with its ſweets a thorn;
And rain, and lightning may at once conſpire:
Thus the ſame ſun whoſe genial beam we ſhare,
Forms gold in earth and thunderbolts in air.

Ainſi l'ingenieuſe mere,
De la cire & de la douceur,
L'Abeille, la volante fleur,
A ſes armes & ſa colere.
La Roſe ce feu parfumé,
Quoy que l'Amour l'ait allumé,
A ſon odeur & ſon épine.
D'une meſme vapeur vient la pluye & l'éclair;
Et le meſme Soleil dont l'œil nous illumine,
Forme l'or dans la terre, & les foudres en l'air.

The two foregoing ſtanzas are taken from four myſtic hymns of Le Moyne, in which, ſubjects, moſt difficult, moſt ſublime, are treated; but which, like theſe which are attempted, muſt loſe by any words except their own.

EXTRACTS

EXTRACTS

FROM

LE BONHEUR D'HELVECE.

CANTO I.

Too plain I ſee, this pleaſure is a ſhade,
Or fleeting gleam, in gloomy night diſplay'd;
Why ſhed then, Sybarite, thy tears in vain?
Does pleaſure paſt convert to preſent pain?—
Wiſdom replied: True joys he might have known,
Had he in youth their ſeeds prolific ſown;
Love is the bleſſing of indulgent Heav'n,
To form the happieſt ſtate, to mortals giv'n;

Ici, je le vois trop, le Bonheur n'eſt qu'une ombre,
C'eſt l'éclair fugitif au ſein d'une nuit ſombre.
Sybarite, pourquoi ces regrets impuiſſans?
Quoi les plaiſirs paſſés ſont tes malheurs préſents?

Il pouvoit être heureux, repliqua la Sageſſe.
Que l'Amour de plaiſirs eût ſemé ſa jeuneſſe;
L'Amour eſt un préſent de la Divinité,
L'image de l'excès de ſa félicité.

This

This boon was his; if with precaution ſage
His pleaſure he had form'd for ev'ry age:
Why ſhould theſe tears then unavailing flow?
Uſeleſs remorſe but adds to guilty woe.—

But if the lover, in his frantic thought,
Feels for a time no change of wiſhes wrought;
Was there e'er one, who in ambition's flight,
Would wiſh to reſt in one unchang'd delight?
Honours obtain'd but kindle the deſire
To honours more exalted, to aſpire;
Old hopes to new afford a fertile womb,—
From hope to hope, man ſinks into the tomb.

Il pouvoit en jouir; mais il devoit en ſage,
Se ménager dès-lors des plaiſirs de tout âge.
Que lui ſervent hélas! ces regrets ſuperflus?
L'inutile remords n'eſt qu'un malheur de plus.

Mais s'il eſt des inſtans, où plein de ſa tendreſſe,
Un Amant en voudroit éterniſer l'ivreſſe.
En fut-il un jamais, où libre de deſir,
L'ambitieux voulût s'arréter pour jouir.
La grandeur qu'il obtient toujours porte avec elle,
L'impatient eſpoir d'une grandeur nouvelle.
De cet eſpoir rempli, naît un deſir nouveau;
Et d'eſpoir en eſpoir, il arrive au tombeau.

CANTO I.

But farther on, what crowds in humble guiſe,
By paths obſcure to theſe abodes ariſe!
Who while they' affect all grandeur to diſdain,
Yet by that ſcorn their honours would attain;
What monſter guides them?—harden'd to remorſe,
Hypocriſy through crimes conducts their courſe;
Who falſe to God, his holy will proclaim,
And call to ſavage deeds of blood, his name;
With duſt and aſhes ſtrown, to pow'r who creep,
And pride conceal'd beneath the hair-cloth keep;

Mais plus loin quelle foule, humble en ſa contenance,
Par des ſentiers obſcurs, juſqu'à ces monts s'avance,
Et veut, en affectant le mépris des grandeurs,
Par ce mépris lui-même, arriver aux honneurs?
Quel monſtre les conduit? la ſombre Hypocriſie,
Aux crimes, à la honte, aux remords endurcie,
Qui ſe jouant de Dieu feint de le reſpecter,
Qui dans tous ſes forfaits oſe encor l'atteſter,
Pour marcher au pouvoir rampe dans la pouſſiere
Et cache ſon orgueil ſous la cendre & la haire.

Reign by impoſture, and by ſtupid fraud,
And while they ſeem to fear, blaſpheme their God;
Wilfully blind, and credulouſly bold,
Miſleading others in the faith they hold;
With hate implacable, who far remove
Each ſocial ſenſe of charitable love,
Which, while the boſom glows with holy fires,
To man returns the warmth which God inſpires;
Theſe are the monſters, who in ſhape, and hue,
Like to herſelf, all worth to death purſue;
Peace in their foreheads, war within their hearts,
Whence, ſeen or heard, with horror, Heav'n departs.

Des aveugles mortels ce monſtre reſpecté,
Regne par l'impoſture & la ſtupidité,
Par la crainte d'un Dieu qu'en ſecret il blaſphême,
Par la crédulité qui s'aveugle elle-même.
Il guide ſur ces monts d'autres ambitieux;
Implacable en ſa haine, il écarte loin d'eux
La tendre charité, qui bruſlant d'un ſaint zele,
Rend aux humains l'amour que les Dieux ont pour elle.
De toutes les vertus zélé perſécuteur,
La paix eſt ſur ſon front & la guerre en ſon cœur:
Avec horreur le Ciel, & le voit, & l'écoute.

CANTO III.

SEE in the ſacred vale my verſe diſplay
Love's myrtle blended with Apollo's bay;
Love is the god to whom my ardours riſe,
Tyrant o'er fools, ſubſervient to the wiſe;
To one he chains, to th' other bliſs imparts;
And while he rules our ſenſes, warms our hearts.
Anacreon here, by happy wiſdom led,
Show'rs Pleaſure's roſes on his fair-one's head;
Unveils her beauties, celebrates her ſway,
And warbles here his own melliflʼous lay.

Ma main entrelaça dans le ſacré Vallon,
Les myrtes de l'Amour aux lauriers d'Apollon.
L'Amour eſt un des Dieux à qui je rends hommage,
C'eſt le tyran d'un Fol, mais l'eſclave d'un Sage.
Il donne à l'un des fers, à l'autre des plaiſirs.
Ici, des ſens, du cœur, maîtriſant les déſirs,
L'heureux Anacréon, guidé par la Sageſſe
Des roſes du plaiſir colore ſa Maîtreſſe,
Dévoile ſes beautés & célebre l'Amour.
Chantre voluptueux il regne en ce ſéjour.

Enjoy

Enjoy the beauties Spring's ſwift minutes ſend;
The flow'rs, juſt budding, haſten to their end:
Let ſoft remembrance in your hearts inſpire
The fleeting joy, and kindle new deſire;
Talk with the Sage, and with the Graces dance;
In ev'ry ſtep, let Love's ecſtatic trance
Prolong the moments which his tranſports bring.
Behold where Pſyche at return of Spring,
Flutters around the roſe with fondeſt care,
Or reſts ſuſpended with delight in air;
Gazes awhile upon its form and hue,
Then on its boſom ſips the honied dew:

Jouiſſez des beautés que le Printemps fait naître.
La fleur à peine écloſe eſt prête à diſparoître.
En vos cœurs, diſoit-il, que l'heureux ſouvenir
D'un plaiſir qui s'éteint y rallume un déſir.
Cauſez avec Zénon, danſez avec les Graces.
Puiſſe l'Amour folâtre, empreſſé ſur vos traces,
De ſon ivreſſe en nous prolonger les inſtans.
Voyez ce papillon au retour du Printemps,
Comme il voltige autour d'une roſe nouvelle,
Se balance dans l'air, ſuſpendu ſur ſon aîle,
Contemple quelque temps ſa forme & ſes couleurs,
Et vole ſur ſon ſein pour ravir ſes faveurs.

Thus

Thus when Aurora's blush, enlight'ning Heav'n,
To beauty has the gift of pleasing giv'n,
While I inhale the sweets her charms disclose,
I am the Psyche, Doris is the rose:
With ardent look, which prudence scarce restrains,
I view the form, where languid softness reigns;
Where the contour now meets, now shuns the sight,
And by delay provokes prolong'd delight;
Now in her arms no more reluctant prest,
I rise to rapture, or I sink to rest;
Two beings blended in one form alone,
We die, reviving, upon Cupid's throne.

Ainsi lorsque l'Aurore éclairant l'hémisphere,
Vient rendre à la beauté le don heureux de plaire,
Ce papillon, c'est moi; la rose, c'est Doris.
Admirant de son sein l'incarnat & les lys,
Mon avide regard contemple avec ivresse,
Son beau corps arondi des mains de la Mollesse.
Ne puis-je du désir modérer les fureurs?
Je vole entre ses bras & ravis ses faveurs.
Dans l'excès du plaisir nos ames semblent craître,
S'unir, se pénétrer & ne former qu'un être.
Mourons & renaissons sur l'autel des Amours.

CANTO III.

SHE ended here, and where with rapid pace
My guide conducted, I her footſtep trace,
Till where I follow'd on enchanted ground,
The fane ſublime of Happineſs I found;
Here Arts and Pleaſures held their lov'd abode;
Cupid and Phœbus each their wreath beſtow'd;
Content diſplay'd its gently lambent flame,
And Rapture glow'd with ardour ſtill the ſame.

"Time here," ſaid Wiſdom, "has with equal pow'r
"Aſſign'd to man his light, his darker hour;

En achevant ces mots ſur les pas de mon guide,
Entraîné tout-à-coup d'une courſe rapide,
Dans un ſéjour riant je me vois tranſporté,
Et me trouve au palais de la Félicité.
Les Arts & les plaiſirs environnoient ſon trône;
Apollon & l'Amour ſoutenoient ſa couronne.
Le calme de ſon ame étoit peint dans ſes yeux,
Et la joie y brilloit toujours des mêmes feux.

Le Temps, me dit alors la divine Sageſſe,
Dont parmi les humains la joie ou la triſteſſe,

"By

" By turns he haſtens, or retards his wings,
" And day to day its changeful tribute brings;
" While I,—unalter'd happineſs who draw
" From one perennial ſource, by Nature's law,
" For whom Time traces no inconſtant line,—
" Dwell in this palace, and this throne is mine."

She ſpake,—a maſs of intervening clouds
My ſight oppoſes, and the viſion ſhrowds;
My dream was clos'd; and waking reaſon ſhow'd,
From independent arts, that pleaſure flow'd;
That diff'rent taſtes in diff'rent men preſide,
That all to good, if well directed, guide;

Tour-à-tour précipite ou ralentit le cours;
Par des plaiſirs égaux meſure ici des jours.
Et moi, du vrai Bonheur la ſource intariſſable,
Qu'à la félicité le deſtin immuable,
Attacha de tout temps par le plus doux lien,
J'habite ce palais, & ce trône eſt le mien.
Elle dit, & mon œil à travers cent nuages,
Ne vit plus qu'un amas de confuſes images.
Mon ſonge diſparut: je vis qu'à chaque inſtant
Les Arts conſolateurs, plaiſir indépendant,
Nous ouvroient du Bonheur la ſource incorruptible;
Que de goûts différens plus l'homme eſt ſuſceptible,

And

And as the greater number bear the ſway,
More ſure to happineſs they point the way;
That ſtudy can true joy alone ſupply,
Shun the world's vices, and its wrongs defy;
And where Corruption has not fix'd her ſeat,
Trace the deſign, which Virtue muſt complete.

Henceforth, ſaid I, the world and all its wiles
I ſhun, and follow where true Wiſdom ſmiles;
Reſolv'd to ſeek, ſecure to find the joy,
Which Fortune gives not, nor can Chance deſtroy;
Too mild for torment, not too faint to pleaſe,
Love and the Muſe ſhall weave my web of eaſe;

Plus un mortel en peut raſſembler en ſon cœur,
Et plus il réunit de ſources du Bonheur.
Que l'étude lui fait braver les injuſtices,
Peut ſeule en l'occupant le dérober aux vices;
Et dans un cœur enfin qu'ils n'ont point corrompu,
Ebaucher le Bonheur qu'achève la vertu.
Du monde, dis-je alors, j'éviterai l'ivreſſe.
Dans le ſentier fleuri que m'ouvre la ſageſſe,
Je veux porter mes pas, réſolu d'y chercher
Des plaiſirs que le ſort ne pourra m'arracher,
Trop doux pour me troubler, aſſez vifs pour me plaire:
De paſſer tour-à-tour du Parnaſſe à Cythère;

Intent

Intent to cull, where Spring permits the pow'r,
The fruit of Reaſon, and of Bliſs the flow'r.

UNEXPECTED FEAR,

BY M^SELLE BERNARD.

When prudent Damon, with a brow ſevere,
Tells me what torments wait on love,
What treaſons, wrongs, the heart muſt prove,
Calm I attend, and feel no ſenſe of fear:

But when young Atis paints, with doating eyes,
How fond the truth, how ſweet the joy,
Which frolic round the lovely boy,—
Ah me! what terrors in my boſom riſe!

Et d'être en mon printemps attentif à cueillir,
Les fruits de la raiſon & les fleurs du plaiſir.

Quand le ſage Damon dit que d'un trait mortel,
L'Amour bleſſe les cœurs ſans qu'ils s'oſent ſe plaindre,
Que c'eſt un dieu traitre & cruel,
L'amour pour moi n'eſt point à craindre;

Mais quand le jeune Atis me vient dire à ſon tour,
Ce dieu n'eſt qu'un enfant doux careſſant aimable,
Un enfant plus beau que le jour,
Que je le trouve redoutable!

TO A NIGHTINGALE:

TRANSLATED FROM ROUSSEAU THE POET, LIV. II. ODE X.

I.

WHY, Philomel, in mournful ſtrain,
Still doſt thou of thy woes complain?
When ev'ry object to thy grief
Attentive ſtrives to bring relief,
And Nature wears her faireſt face,
At thy return, to win thy grace;
When to thy loves their thickeſt ſhade
Is by the conſcious Dryads made;
And far from thee, with piercing ſnows,
The fury of the north-wind blows;
The earth reſumes her green array,
And ſkies emit a purer day;
For thee the breeze, with genial dews,
On Flora's brow the wreath renews;
And Zephyr bears along the vales,
Each perfume that the earth exhales.

II. To

II.

To liſten to thy ſweeter note
Each bird reſtrains its ruffled throat;
And ſportſmen, ſteel'd to each pretence
Of pity, ſpare thy innocence:
Yet mem'ry with inceſſant courſe,
Still keeps alive thy ſorrow's ſource;
While on a ſiſter's ſavage wrong,
Thou poureſt ſtill thy plaintive ſong.
My mournful thoughts, alas! beſtow
A ſubject of ſeverer woe;
For paſt diſtreſs thou mourn'ſt alone,
For preſent ills I make my moan;
And while with ev'ry lenient balm,
All nature ſeeks thy grief to calm,
To me my cruel fate denies
The comfort e'en of ſecret ſighs.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGIA.

I.

Now ſtormy Winter from the ſkies is flown,
And Spring in ſmiles remounts his flow'ry throne;
The graſſy earth reſumes her bright array,
And teeming boughs their new-born leaves diſ-
play;
The lawns imbibe the morning's genial dew,
And bluſhing roſes half diſcloſe their hue;
With ſhepherd-pipes the hills and vallies ſound,
And goatherds ſee with joy their kids rebound:
O'er ocean's ſurge ſecure the ſailor goes,
With ſwelling ſail, as Zephyr harmleſs blows:
The vow already is to Bacchus paid,
And ivy leaves each curling forehead ſhade:
Their ſkilful work the buſy bees reſume,
From ev'ry flow'r ſelecting rich perfume;

Or

Or fix'd within the hive, in equal rows
The nice arrangement of their cells dispose:
Now chaunt the feather'd choirs; the halcyon bred
On dancing waves, the swallow in the shed,
The swan, that near the river's margin roves,
And philomel, that nightly haunts the groves.
If thus their joys, earth, plants, and flow'rs display,
If shepherds pipe, and flocks attend the lay,
If Neptune smiles, and Bacchus leads the dance,
If birds in song, if bees in toil advance,
How shall the poet not enraptur'd sing,
And hail the bounties of the rising Spring.

II.

ON ÆSCHYLUS.

He, who the fabric of his tow'ring lays
In frowning pride of majesty could rear,
First in the sternness of the tragic phrase,
Euphorion's offspring, Æschylus, lies here;

Far

Far from his native Eleusinian coast,
Trinacria makes his monument her boast.

III.

ON NINON:

APPLIED FROM A GREEK EPIGRAM.

NINON, though far in lengthen'd age declin'd,
No grace of youthful beauty has resign'd;
Her eye yet glist'ning, and her cheek yet warm,
Through scores of years forget not still to charm:
Nay, childhood's levity still lasting shows,
That Time in vain would Nature's pow'r oppose.

IV.

To thee these flow'rs I send, too haughty fair!
Cull'd by this hand, and wreath'd to bind thy hair;
The rose new-blown, the lily moist with dew,
The vain narcissus, and the vi'let blue;

Wear

Wear theſe, and check thy pride, more humble made,
They bloom like thee, but thou like them ſhalt fade.

V.

APPLIED TO WERTER.

ONE favor'd hour alone I found the fair,
And thus, her knees embracing, pour'd my pray'r;
"Oh ſave the man reduc'd ſo near to death,
"Deign to recall his fleeting gaſp of breath:
"I ſpake; ſhe wept;—when rous'd with new alarms,
"The tear ſhe dried, and caſt me from her arms."

VI.

NOT yet hath Summer to our ſight reveal'd
Thy beauty's flow'ret in its bud conceal'd;
Not yet the grape aſſumes its deeper hue,
Whoſe virgin bluſhes firſt inchant our view;

But

But youthful Loves their rapid ſhafts prepare,
And the ſpark ſmoulders e'er it burſt in air:
Fly, hapleſs lovers, e'er they touch the ſtring;
I feel the flame, and what I feel, I ſing.

FROM

COLARDEAU,

IN THE TEMPLE DE GNIDE.

SCARCE on their boſoms yet aroſe to ſight
Thoſe orbs, which Cupid moulds with fond delight;
Whoſe rip'ning charms by youth's expanſive heat,
Beneath th' unwelcome veil inceſſant beat:
Thus at the dawn we ſee an op'ning flow'r,
That newly feels the ſun, exert its pow'r,
Burſt through its verdant chalice, and diſplay,
In bluſhing pride, its beauties to the day.

A peine l'on voyoit s'élever ſur leur ſein,
Ces globes que l'Amour arrondit de ſa main;
Ces charmes que le feu d'une ardente jeuneſſe,
Sous un voile importun fait palpiter ſans ceſſe:
Au lever du ſoleil, tel on voit une fleur,
Des premiers feux du jour, reſſentir la chaleur;
Repouſſer, déchirer le tiſſu qui la couvre,
Et montrer les tréſors de ſon ſein qu'elle entr'ouvre.

EXTRACTS

EXTRACTS

FROM

THE WORKS OF DORAT.

I.

FRAGMENT.

FAR be from us vain Faſhion's aid!
Be Nature follow'd, as her counſel leads;
Dreſs and its pow'r, thou lovely maid,
From want of genuine charms alone proceeds.

Weave from the flow'rs beneath thy feet
A ſimple chaplet, without farther ſhow;
The Graces are the leſs compleat,
When Art the more its ſuccour would beſtow.

Loin, loin de nous les vains Apprêts,
Suivons les pas de la Nature;
Belle Eglé, le defaut d'attraits
Fit ſeul inventer la parure.

Des fleurs qui naiſſent ſur tes traces
Couronne toi, ſans autres ſoins
Tout ce que l'Art ajoute aux Graces,
En eſt toujours une de moins.

 The

The pride of outward treasures seen,
Obscures the lustre of each native grace;
Praxiteles, thy Cyprian queen,
Scorns on her form all ornament to place.

Charms yet there are;—but these, with prudent pride,
Mystery loves with fond reserve to hide;—
Give me, O Love, of these the right to speak,
My lips, I promise, shall not silence break.

Le faste des ajustemens
Nuit à la Grace naturelle;
C'est la Vénus de Praxitèle,
Qu'on gâte à force d'ornemens.

Il en est—le dieu du Mystère
Se plait lui-même à les voiler;
Amour! que se puisse en parler!
Je te promets bien de me taire.

II.

THE MORNING KISS,

OR

THE BIRTH OF DAY.

THE ſtars yet ſhone, the dawn aroſe
With doubtful gleams, which, faintly bright,
Could hardly Flora's eyes unclose,
Who ſtill detains with fond delight
The youth for whom her boſom glows.

The breeze diſports, on healthful wing,
With dew beſprint, acroſs the ſkies;
The feather'd choirs begin to ſing,

Les étoiles brilloient encore :
A peine un jour foible & douteux
Ouvre la paupiere de Flore,
Qui, dans ſes bras voluptueux,
Retient l'inconſtant qu'elle adore.
Le ſouffle humide d'un vent frais
Effleure les airs qu'il épure,
Soupire à travers ces boſquets,

As

As through the ruſtling grove it flies;
And waking Nature haſtes to bring
Her freſheſt odours, richeſt dyes.

Sleep ſtill o'er thee inclin'd its rod,
Redeeming thus the happy night,
When we to Love's enchanting god
Had frequent paid the ſecret rite.

No ſleep was mine; a richer prize
To frenzy rais'd my ſenſes know;
And while I catch thy panting ſighs,
Fix'd on the goddeſs are my eyes,
To whom my dearest bliſs I owe.

Et vient hâter par ſon murmure
Le chant des hôtes des forêts
Et le réveil de la nature.
Tu goûtois un profond repos,
Après une nuit fortunée,
Que nous avions abandonnée
Au dieu des amoureux travaux:
Moi, je veillois: dans mon ivreſſe,
Je recueillois tes doux ſoupirs,
Et mes yeux, brûlans de tendreſſe,
Se repoſoient ſur la déeſſe
A qui je dois tous mes plaiſirs.

Thy

Thy treſſes float in looſe array,
And ſpread their only veil, to hide
Thy charms expos'd, whoſe bluſhing pride
Such artleſs chance can beſt diſplay.

Serene upon thy placid brows
Contented wiſhes ſink to reſt;
But o'er thy agitated breaſt
Rapture his robe of crimſon throws.

Thus, when the tempeſt is withdrawn,
In fragrant heaps we ſee combin'd,
The roſe and lily, which the wind
Had ſcatter'd o'er the moſſy lawn.

Les anneaux de ta chevelure
Flottent au haſard répandus,
Et voilent ſeuls tes charmes nus,
Dont le déſordre eſt la parure.
Ton front peint la ſérénité
Et du bonheur & de la joie;
Sur ton ſein ému ſe déploie
L'incarnat de la volupté:
Tels quelquefois, après l'orage,
On voit, en monceaux parfumés,
La roſe & les lys parſemés
Joncher les gazons du bocage.

Thy

Thy lips, which Love has arm'd with all
That grace can give to fix his pow'r,
Freſh as the morning's dewy ſhow'r,
Half-op'ning ſeem on me to call.

Thy arms that, while ſoft langours ſteal,
By ſlow degrees, their folds unbind,
Unknown to thee, thy dreams reveal,
And tow'rds thy lover are inclin'd.

But gaining now its utmoſt height,
The radiant lamp of Venus glows,
And ev'ry added beam of light
An added charm of beauty ſhows.

Ta bouche qu'amour ſut armer
De la grace la plus touchante,
Plus fraîche que l'aube naiſſante,
Semble s'ouvrir pour me nommer;
Et tes bras, dont la nonchalance
Se développe mollement,
Quelquefois avec négligence
Sont étendus vers ton amant.
Mais cependant ſur l'hémiſphere
Vénus fait luire ſon flambeau;
Chaque degré de la lumiere
Me révele un charme nouveau:

O'er

O'er all the treaſures I poſſeſs,
My ſight with ſtill unſated gaze,
My hand in fond enchantment, ſtrays,
And ſtill by ſome more rich careſs
I mark the morn's progreſſive blaze.

Now o'er the ſkies in rapid ſtream
The rays their redd'ning courſe purſue,
And while my wiſhes flame anew,
In ev'ry glowing kiſs I ſeem
To give the dawn a brighter hue.

Sur tous les tréſors que tu laiſſes
En proie à mon avidité,
J'égare mon œil enchanté,
Et veux marquer par mes careſſes
Tous les progrès de la clarté.
A meſure qu'elle colore
L'horizon qui va s'embraſer,
Un feu plus ardent me dévore;
Et je crois que chaque baiſer
Ajoute un rayon à l'aurore.

How

How did I hail the certain ray!!!—
The ſtars retir'd abaſh'd and pale,
Thy ſwimming eyes threw up their veil,
And gave the perfect birth of day.

III.

LA TRAGEDIE.

WITH eyes of fire yon bard*, by time rever'd,
Behold, with altars to his worſhip rear'd;
Leſs rais'd, a mortal† ſits beſide the throne,
From poliſh'd taſte, who takes his brilliant crown,

Comme je fêtai ſon retour!
De la nuit les aſtres pâlirent,
Tout-à-coup tes beaux yeux s'ouvrirent;
C'eſt toi qui fis naître le jour.

LES yeux étincelans, quel vieillard dans ce lieu?
Environné d'autels, ſemble en être le dieu?
Un mortel moins altier, aſſis au même trône,
Reçoit des mains du goût ſa brillante couronne.

* *Corneille.* † *Racine.*

Whoſe

Whoſe dreadful rival* loves his ſcene to ſteep
In ſtreams of bloody tears, and carnage deep;
While all the various laurels which they wear,
Combine to crown the forehead of Voltaire.—

Here the fam'd actreſs, with aſpiring pride,
Aſſumes her honours near the writer's ſide;
Here in ſoft verſe, and grief's enchanting mein,
Champmeſlé pours her ſorrows to *Racine*;
While *Le Couvreur* in woes with downcaſt eyes,
Strikes her *Corneille* with tranſport and ſurpriſe.

Leur terrible rival, pour tracer ſes tableaux,
Dans le ſang & les pleurs trempe ſes noirs pinceaux;
Et leurs lauriers épars, couvrant le ſanctuaire,
Viennent ſe réunir ſur le front de Voltaire.
La grande actrice, admiſe en ce ſéjour divin,
Marche & s'enorgueillit près du grand écrivain.
Récitant ces beaux vers, où l'amour ſeul domine,
Champmeſlé pleure encor dans les bras de Racine;
Et le Couvreur, l'œil ſombre & de larmes baigné,
Attache les regards de Corneille étonné.

* *Crebillon.*

Ye who the charms of bards like thefe recite,
Partake their glory, claim your kindred right;
Pride of the pencil in each fumptuous feat,
Your various forms our pleas'd attention meet:
Here weeps *Gauffin*; there, *Dumefnil*, we hear
Thy tones of terror piercing and fevere;
While fimple Nature fhows her graceful pow'rs,
And crowns, *Clairon*, thy breathing buft with flow'rs.

Vous, de ces demi-dieux modernes interpretes,
La gloire vous attend, & vos palmes font prêtes.
Chef-d'œuvres du pinceau, dans ces pompeux réduits
Déjà vos traits brillans font par-tout reproduits.
Ici pleure Gauffin, toujours fenfible & tendre:
Là, c'eft toi, Dumefnil, toi que l'on croit entendre.
La nature enrichit ton fimple médaillon;
Et l'art couvre de fleurs le bufte de Clairon.

IV. *L'OPERA.*

IV.

L'OPERA.

When fam'd Timotheus, with his lyre in
By ſound exerted his ſupreme command;
In warlike ſtrain, or love's alluring lay,
Made Philip's ſon ſubmit to muſic's ſway;
Rais'd him to tranſport, while his boſom burns
With love, with hate, with joy, revenge, by turns;
Made him aſſume, or lay his arms aſide,
Now glow with rage, now melt in ſorrow's tide;
Againſt Perſepolis now rear his arm,
Then gaze on Thais bound in am'rous charm;

Lorſqu'un chantre fameux, une lyre à la main,
Exerçoit des accords le pouvoir ſouverain,
Et par une harmonie, ou belliqueuſe ou tendre,
Maîtriſoit le génie & l'âme d'Alexandre,
Echauffoit ſes tranſports, l'enivroit tour-à-tour
De douleur, de plaiſir, de vengeance & d'amour,
Lui faiſoit à ſon gré prendre ou quitter les armes,
Pouſſer des cris de rage, ou répandre des larmes;
Rallumoit ſa fureur contre Perſépolis,
Ou le précipitoit ſur le ſein de Thaïs,

Then

Then can I think, in each accordant mein,
That energetic paſſion was not ſeen?
The look Orphean, tender, or ſevere,
More than his accent made his thought appear;
In ev'ry geſture was the frenzy ſhown,
And his eyes ſpoke ſuperior to the tone,
While action gave, as truth and ſkill inſpire,
Life to the ſong, and ſpirit to the lyre.

Puis-je croire qu'alors un front plein d'énergie,
De ces divers accens n'aidât point la magie?
Les regards de l'Orphée, altiers, ſombres, touchans
Peignoient les paſſions, mieux encor que ſes chants;
Dans tous ſes mouvemens reſpiroit le délire:
Son geſte, ſon viſage accompagnoit ſa lyre,
Et de ſon action l'éloquente chaleur
Tranſmettoit à ſes ſons la flamme de ſon cœur.

V.

L'OPERA.

WITHIN theſe groves Rinaldo ſinks to reſt,
No more a warrior, with a floating creſt,
No longer proud in cruel deeds of arms,
But like Adonis ſleeps ſecure in charms;
Armida ſees him, ſcreams with frantic rage,
Bent in his blood her anger to aſſuage:
O ſudden change! Armida trembles, ſighs,
Views the young hero with relenting eyes;
Thrice rears her arm t' avenge inſulted pride,
And thrice her arm falls languid at her ſide;

Dans ces rians jardins Renaud eſt endormi,
Ce n'eſt plus ce guerrier, ce ſuperbe ennemi,
Ombragé d'un panache & caché ſous des armes;
C'eſt Adonis qui dort, protégé par ſes charmes.
Armide l'apperçoit, jette un cri de fureur,
S'élance, va percer ſon inflexible cœur....
O changement ſoudain! elle tremble, ſoupire,
Plaint ce jeune héros, le contemple & l'admire.
Trois fois, prêt à frapper, ſon bras s'eſt ranimé,
Et ſon bras qui retombe eſt trois fois déſarmé.

With

With ſhortliv'd rage rekindled now ſhe burns,
Threatens Rinaldo, and adores by turns;
Quits and reſumes the poignard, doom'd to prove
That the laſt tranſport is tranſporting love.

VI.

LA DANSE.

FREE from reſtraint, a wood-nymph us'd to rove,
Her quiver only was her ſhield from love,
And oft her ſhafts, in ſylvan gore imbru'd
The light-hoof'd hinds, beneath her ſway ſubdu'd:

Son courroux va renaître & va mourir encore:
Elle vole à Renaud, le menace, l'adore,
Laiſſe aller ſon poignard, le reprend tour-à-tour;
Et ſes derniers tranſports ſont des tranſports d'amour.

INDIFFERENTE & libre, une nymphe des bois
Pour ſeule arme aux amours oppoſoit ſon carquois,
Et ſouvent renverſoit de ſes fleches rapides
Le faön aux pieds légers, & les biches timides.

Thus

Thus wand'ring was ſhe by a hunter ſeen,
Who ſcorn'd her ſhafts, but felt a dart more keen;
The diff'rent purpoſe of their motion view,
Her ſwift to fly, him ſwifter to purſue;
Deſire to him gives eagle-wings of love,
She ſpreads the pinions of the fearful dove;
What warmth in both, what turns they each
diſplay,
And now he touches, now has loſt his prey;
At laſt ſhe trembling from his graſp evades,
And panting ſeeks the cool of foreſt ſhades;
There falling near a friendly tree ſhe droops,
And her pale cheek upon her boſom ſtoops:

Errante, l'arc en main, de réduit en réduit,
Un faune l'apperçoit, s'enflamme & la pourſuit.
Voyez les mouvemens dont leur ame eſt atteinte,
Et l'aile du deſir, & le vol de la crainte.
Quelle ardeur dans tous deux! que d'agiles détours!
Le faune joint la nymphe; elle échappe toujours.
Elle ſe ſauve enfin, tremblante, ſans compagne,
Et gagne, en haletant, le haut d'une montagne.
Là, ſe laiſſant aller près d'un arbre voiſin,
Son col abandonné touche aux lys de ſon ſein.

Again

Again the hunter flush'd with joy appears,
His strength increasing with her growing fears;
His feet, his eyes, like lightning swift and bright,
Less rapid wings a shaft its airy flight;
Like Daphne she her falt'ring speed resumes,
While Hope her crescent on his front relumes;
And now his breath has reach'd the flying fair,
Pants on her shoulder, revels in her hair:
His pardon, crav'd, is in a sigh display'd;
He grows more lovely, and less coy the maid;
Yields by degrees; the soft emotion owns;
Forgives the victor, and his conquest crowns.

Le faune reparoît: il tressaille de joie,
Et retrouve sa force, en retrouvant sa proie.
Ses yeux sont des flambeaux; ses pas sont des éclairs:
Une fleche est moins prompte à traverser les airs.
La nouvelle Daphné frémit, tremble, chancèle:
Au front de son amant l'espérance étincèle;
Du fugitif objet, qu'effarouchent ses vœux,
Déjà son souffle ardent fait voler les cheveux,
Il l'atteint, il soupire, il demande sa grace:
Le faune s'embellit, la nymphe s'embarrasse,
Se livre par degrés à ce trouble enchanteur,
Tombe, se laisse vaincre, & pardonne au vainqueur.

TRANS-

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

THE DIONYSIACA OF NONNUS.

I.

BOOK IV.

NE'ER did my eyes ſuch beauty yet behold;
For laviſh Nature has on Cadmus ſhow'r'd
Each bloom of Spring: I ſaw his roſy hands,
I ſaw his eyes, whence Hybla's ſweets diſtill'd;
And in his cheeks, inſpiring ſoft deſire,
Light glow'd the bluſhes of the new-blown roſe:
His legs, and feet, as gracefully he mov'd,
Of ſnow, of crimſon, darted mingling rays;
And on his arms the lily's whiteneſs ſhone:
His locks,—but thoſe I paſs, leaſt I excite
The wrath of Phœbus, daring to degrade
Thoſe of his much-lov'd hapleſs Hyacinth.
Whene'er, with ſoul-enchanting ſpell, he turn'd
His eyes quick-glancing, with leſs ſplendour beam'd

 The

The full-orb'd moon; and when his waving hair
His neck unveil'd, he ſhone the ſtar of morn.
His lips, unequal, I forbear to name;
But on his mouth, Love's roſy portal, ſat
Perſuaſion, pouring forth her accents ſweet;
And by the Graces, with united care,
Was his whole form adorn'd.——

II.

BOOK IV.

COME, Death! but let the while his roving palm
Mould with alternate preſſure, unreſtrain'd,
Each glowing orb, that ſwells my boſom's pride;
Then let him place his half-diſcloſing lips
On mine, and from that verge of Love's own chalice
Sip poignant kiſſes: thus, while I enfold
The youth in my fond arms, will I deſcend
To Pluto unrepining, and recount
On Lethe's mournful bank my bliſsful fate,
So as to rouſe in Proſerpine's ſtern breaſt

Regret

Regret with pity join'd :—there will I teach
Thoſe hapleſs females, whom the ſecret flame
Of faint deſire has waſted, how to taſte
Such ecſtacy, inſpir'd by ev'ry blooming grace;
Making the dead ſtill jealous, if, though dead,
Love's jealous envy ſtill in woman reign.

III.

BOOK X.

Now under Phrygian ſhades, in boyiſh ſports,
The form of Ampelus had near attain'd
Its youthful prime, and on the verdant branch
The Loves and Graces tended: the ſoft down
Had not as yet upon his ſnowy cheek
Diſtinctly mark'd its confine, or diſplay'd
The golden flow'r of manhood; but his locks,
That o'er his poliſh'd ſhoulders cluſt'ring hung
In many a fold, by ev'ry ruſtling breeze
Were lightly wafted; and when blown aſide
The treſſes half diſclos'd his neck, a beam
That left a ſhadow darted, as the moon

Emits

Emits her crescent light, when she divides
The humid veil of some opposing cloud.
Forth from his roseate lips the honied sound
Trickled in balmy sweetness, while the pride
Of Spring in all his lovely limbs appear'd:
And as he mov'd, beneath his argent feet,
In added bloom, a field of roses glow'd.

IV.

BOOK XXXIV.

——————— THOU appearest
More roseate than the rosy-crowned morn;
Nor such a flow'r did e'er the gales, that blow
O'er dewy meads, produce: thy cheeks, sweet maid,
Display the field of Spring, but one, which time
Not yearly withers: through the Winter's frost
Thy lilies bloom, and o'er thy form the rose
Its constant blush discloses, by each Grace
With fondness nurtur'd, and whose leaves no blast
Presumes to ruffle with a breath too rude.

V. AT

V.

BOOK XLVII.

At length in tears, these were the words she spake:

" Sweet were my slumbers, when my Theseus fled,
" Lovely as faithless; O that he had left
" Me still so happy; for in the halls of Theseus
" Was Hymen, list'ning to th' enraptur'd song
" Of Ariadne, while my hands adorn'd
" Love's blooming altar with the flow'rs of Spring;
" The bridal wreath I wore, and at my side
" Stood Theseus, clad in nuptial robes, to lay
" His fragrant off'ring on th' Idalian shrine:
" Ah me, how sweet the vision in my dream!
" But soon, too soon the phantom fled, and all
" Which Night, alas for pity, gave, the Morn
" With her invidious lustre has destroy'd:
" Restore, O Sleep, the transitory boon,
" And send another dream of equal bliss,

" That

"That I may prove the fond illusive charm
"Of slumb'ring Venus; but, with lengthen'd pow'r,
"O rest upon my eyes, that I may prove
"Love's breathless joys, in hymeneal dreams."

TO SLEEP.

DEATH's truest image, sorrow's surest friend,
Sleep! like a bride upon my couch attend!
For O, what charm thy gentle pow'r applies,
To him who dying lives, yet living dies*.

ON A STATUE OF CUPID:

FROM VOLTAIRE.

WHOE'ER thou art, thy master see;
He was, he is, or is to be†.

---

* SOMNE levis! quanquam cortissima mortis imago
Confortem cupio te tamen tori;
Alma quies, optata veni, nam sic sine vitâ
Vivere quam suave est, sic sine morte mori.

† QUI que tu sois, voici ton maître;
Il l'est, le fût, ou le doit être.

FROM

FROM

THE GREEK ODE

BY RICHARD MADDISON,

PET. COLL. CAMB.

On the Death of GEORGE II.; and applied to the Deceaſe of Mrs. COOKE, Wife of Major COOKE, formerly in the Service of the Eaſt-India Company.

HALLOW'D oblivion of our ſorrows! thou,
Who on good-fortune's cheek, by tears unſtain'd,
Takeſt thy dwelling; hither, O direct
Thy ſoothing wing, and heal our wounded hearts:
Sleep, with its balmy dews, has left theſe eyes
With weeping ſightleſs, and the wakeful ſtreams

Στροφη.

Πολυια Λαθα των κακων
Ἀγ ειν αδιανταις παρειαις
Ευλυχειλων ενυχευεις,
Ορθεσα δευρο το κηληθριον
Πτερογ' ιασαι μιν αθλιαν φρενα·
Οφθαλμες γαρ αλαους ομβρος
Ελιπε μειλικιος· μνειας δε κραναι

Of

Of ſad remembrance, for the matron's worth,
Who ſleeps in icy death, purſue their courſe.

She fell, as when in Autumn Eurus blows
With cloudy breath, and darkens in the ſtorm
The ſun's bright circle; or as when the moon,
Who leads the glitt'ring train of ſtars, which breathe
Their fires amid the blue ſerene, inclines
Her ſilver head, and ſhuns the ruſhing hoſt
Of ſea-born clouds, when through the troubled air
The black-wing'd eagles urge their crowded flight:

Ἄυπνοι προχεοῦσι ῥοον
Ἀνακλος γε νασιων·

Ἀνδροφη.

Ενδ' επεσ' ὡς εντω θερει
Ὀρθρου φλεγεθον ομμα κευθει
Ευρος, αχλυοεσσα πνοια·
Ηγ' ὡς χοραγα πυρα-πνειοντων
Σελανα δ' ἀστρων, τογ' ἀργυρουν καρα
Κλινει, θεισασα λοχουν αἰνον
Ἁλιγενων νεφελῶνγ' ὅταν στεινεσι
Ἀηται μελανοπτερυγες
Ἐρημας δι αιθερος.

As

As flourifhes the fond maternal elm,
Around whofe ftem, with confidential love,
The rifing branches cling, fo rofe in pride
Of ev'ry virtue, fhe, whom we lament;
So clung her offspring, while the flood of time,
With unpolluted wave, upon its banks
Beftow'd each bleffing: now the matron finks
In death untimely; while the root is torn,
The branches tremble, and the confort tree
Its aged head hangs drooping;—but her fame
What ages paft to filence fhall confign?
What future age fhall for her equal hope?

Επωδος.

Δρυς ὡς υψικαρανος εν ουρεσι
Βρεϊανιδος βαθυλειας
Γενος ισοθεον τεθηλε·
Ακηραλα τε χρονου ρεεθρα
Βεβραχ ἀει πλουτον τε κλεος τε
Ανθηραις επ αρειαις·
Νυν δ' αφαρ κυμαϊοπληξ καλερειπει·
Φρουδα δε ριζα, φρουδοι κλαδοι,
Φρουδος βασιλεων τἀωλος·
Τις ποθ αιων σε σιγασει;
Τις δε τοιον ελπισει;

TRANSLATION.

SONNET.

HERE lies the worthy huſband of a wife,
  Whoſe virtues worthy of that huſband ſhone;
Love's charming conteſt was their only ſtrife,
  While in two bodies their two ſouls were one:

An equal ardour either breaſt reveal'd,
  Its favours Heav'n beſtow'd with equal hand;
Both felt Love's wound, in neither boſom heal'd,
  United both in one celeſtial band:

But he now ſleeps, and ſhe ſtill wakes to mourn
Her ſolitary couch, his lonely urn,
  Nor has ſhe join'd to his her parting breath:
No, no, a fond exchange each conſort bears,
Half of her life within her heart he ſhares,
  She in his tomb partakes of half his death.

ORIGINAL.

DE PORCHERES.

Helas! que ton mari fut digne de ſa femme,
Femme par tes vertus, digne de ton mari,
Et toy de luy cheri, et luy de toy cheri,
Vous faiſiez dans deux corps, de deux âmes, une âme.

Vous bruſlaſtes tous deux d'une ſemblable flame,
Des meſmes dons du ciel chacun fut favori,
Tous deux bleſſéz d'un trait, dont nul ne fut gueri,
Et tous deux attachez d'une divine traine.

Mais ton mari eſt mort, et tu vis en ton dueil,
Tu es ſeule en ton lict, il eſt ſeul au cercueil,
Et ſa mort de ta mort n'eſt encore ſuivie :
Non, non : vous partagez un reciproque ſort ;
Il prend de dans ton cœur, la moitié de ta vie,
Tu prends dans ſon tombeau, la moitié de ſa mort.

FROM

FROM THE FRENCH.

TO THE LADY.

Couldst thou within this breaſt diſcover
What ardent paſſion glows for thee;
Love never prov'd ſo warm a lover,
Nor friendſhip found a friend like me:

From you I pine in ſighs deſpairing,
Near you I pauſe in ſilent fears;
No more my tongue preſumes declaring,
And ſtill perhaps too much appears.

Ah, ſi vous pouviez comprendre
Ce que mon cœur reſſent pour vous,
L'Amour n'a rien eu de ſi tendre,
Ni l'Amitié rien de ſi doux:

Loin de vous mon cœur ſoupire,
Près de vous je ſuis interdit;
Voilà tout ce que j'oſe dire,
Et je crains que j'ai trop dit.

FROM

FROM THE LADY.

Ah, why can I ſo well diſcover
  The flame thy boſom feels for me?
Why do my bluſhes own my lover,
  Whene'er I turn my eyes on thee?

To reaſon now I fly deſpairing,
  While love inſults my feeble fears;
No thought my tongue deſign'd declaring,
  And ev'ry thought I doubt appears.

Pourquoi ſçai-je ſi bien comprendre
  Ce que ton cœur reſſent pour moi?
Pourquoi ne ſçais-je me défendre,
  De rougir vis-à-vis de toi?

A la raiſon je me rétire,
  Je l'invoque et l'Amour en rit,
Je croiois n'en rien vous dire,
  Et je crains que j'ai tout dit.

FROM

BERTAUD,

ON THE DEATH OF RONSARD.

CAST back thine eye, and ponder upon all
Which in her ample bosom the vast earth
Enfolds: there shalt thou see the fatal scythe
Of Time, mow all before it, like the grass
Of Spring; shalt see the temples, palaces,
The pride of empire, and the wealth of kings,
From their foundations rock; and nought remain
Of state, or city once renown'd in fame,
Save the faint rumour that it once has been:

Jette l'œil du penser dessus tout ce qu'enserre
Dedans son large sein le grand corps de la terre;
Tu verras que le faulx de la parque et du temps
Y' và tout moissonnant comme herbe du Printems;
Tu verras trébucher les temples magnifiques,
Les grands palais des rois, les grandes républiques;
Et souvent ne rester d'une auguste cité,
Si non le petit bruit d'avoir jadis été:

Nor

Nor, by the ſhock, ſhall brazen gates, or walls,
Or arches only crumble into duſt,
But the huge maſs of this ſtupendous whole,
Wherever eye can pierce, or thought can reach,
Shall fall——unknowing where its fall ſhall end.

Et ſi, non ſeulement le tems fera réſoudre
Les temples, les chateaux, et les villes en poudre,
Mais auſſi ce grand tout, ce grand tout que tu vois,
Qui ne ſçait en tomber, tomberà quelquefois.

Vid. Shakeſpeare's Tempeſt;
The cloud-cap'd towers, &c.

And Lucretius, Book v.;
——— Non lapides quoque vinci cernis ab ævo,
Non altas turris ruere, et putreſcere ſaxa,
Non delubra Deûm, ſimulacraque feſſa fatiſci?
——— non monimenta virûm dilapſa videmus,
Cedere proporrò, ſubitoque ſeneſcere caſu?
Non ruere avulſos ſilices a montibus altis?
Denique jam ruere hoc circum, ſupràque quod omnem
Continet amplexu terram?———

FRAN-

FRANCESCA:

FROM DANTE, INFERNO, CANT. V.

When thus I heard my guide assign the names
To these of either sex, renown'd of old,
My senses well nigh were in pity lost,
When thus I spake;—"Fain would I, bard, address
"Those two, who move together, and appear
"Tost by the blast so lightly:"—when thus he;
"Those, as they nearer come, thou shalt behold;
"Conjure them then, by that unhappy love

Poscia ch'i hebbi il mi'dottore udito
Nomar le donne antiche e cavalieri;
Pietà mi giunse, & fui quasi smarrito.
I cominciai; Poeta volontieri
Parlerei à que due, che insieme vanno,
Et paion si al vento esser leggieri.
Et egli à me, vedrai, quando saranno
Piu press'à noi, & tu allhor gli prega

"Which

"Which led them here,—they will obey thy call."

Soon as the blaſt had brought them, thus I ſpake:
"Ye ſouls afflicted! if no greater pow'r
"Impedes, approach, and ſpeak to my requeſt."
Like doves by fond deſire impell'd, who raiſe
Their wings, and hover near the neſt belov'd,
Wheeling repeated circles through the air,
Thus from the band where Dido mourn'd her fate
They came, dividing the malignant blaſt,
And then theſe piteous accents they employ'd:
"O thou, whom kindneſs by compaſſion mov'd,
"Leads thus to viſit in theſe drear abodes

Per quell'amor, ch'ei mena, & que verranno.
Si toſto, come il vento à noi gli piega;
Muovi la voce; O Anime affannate
Venit'a noi parlar, s'altri nol niega.
Quali colombe dal diſio chiamate
Con l'ali alzate & ferme al dolce nido
Volan per l'aer dal voler portate;
Cotali uſcir de la ſchiera, ou'è Dido,
A noi venendo per l'aer maligno;
Si forte fu l'affettuoſo grido.
O animal gratioſo & benigno;
Che viſitando vai pet l'aer perſo

"Us, who have ſtain'd the earth with ſtreaming blood;
"If the Supreme would lend a friendly arm,
"From him for thee, we mercy would implore,
"Since thou haſt felt compaſſion for our fate;
"But what it pleaſes thee to ſpeak, and hear,
"That will we hear, and ſpeak, while thus the ſtorm,
"As now, controuls the thunder of its voice:—
"The land where firſt I ſaw the light, is plac'd
"Where near the ſhore the Po in ſtate receives
"The treaſures of its tributary ſtreams;
"Love, which too ſoon inflames the noble breaſt,

Noi, che tignemi'l mondo di ſanguigno;
Se foſs'amico il re dell'univerſo;
A noi pregherem lui per la tua pace;
Po c'hai pietà del noſtro mal perverſo.
Di quel; ch'udir: & che parlar ti piace;
Noi udiremo: & parleremo à vui;
Mentre chel vento, come fa, ſi tace.
Siede la terra, dove nata fui,
Su la marina: dou'el Po diſcende
Per haver pace co ſeguaci ſui.
Amor; ch'al cor gentil ratto s'apprende;

"Seiz'd

"Seiz'd him, for thoſe ſoft beauties I have loſt,—
"And ſtill I feel the agonizing blow;—
"That love, which ne'er forgives what it creates
"In thoſe who feel its pow'r, ſeiz'd me for him,
"So ſtrong, thou ſee'ſt, it yet forſakes me not;
"Love t'was which led us to a common death,
"And Hell awaits the wretch, who dealt the ſtroke."

Such were the words I heard;—I inſtant bow'd
My head in ſorrow, and ſo long remain'd
In that dejected poſture, that the bard
Aſk'd me, why thus I thoughtful, ſilent ſtood;

Preſe coſtui de la bella perſona,
Che mi fu tolta; e'l modo anchor m'offende;
Amor; ch'à null'amato amar perdona;
Mi preſe del coſtui piacer ſi forte;
Che, come vedi, anchor non m'abbandona.
Amor conduſſe noi ad una morte:
Caina attende, ch'in vita ci ſpenſe:
Queſte parole da lor ci fur porte.
Da ch'io inteſi quell'anime offenſe;
Chinai il viſo; & tant'il tenni baſſo,
Fin ch'el poeta mi diſſe, che penſe?

At

At laſt I ſpake:—"Ah me! what gentle thoughts,
"What fond deſires, have led them to their woe!"
Then to them turning, I addreſs'd my words:—
"Franceſca, ſuch thy diſmal ſtory is,
"That tears of pity trickle down my cheek;
"But tell me, while thy fondeſt ſighs were breath'd,
"The time and manner, how, and when, thy love
"Gave the poſſeſſion of thy dereſt wiſh."
She anſwer'd thus:—"There is no greater grief
"Than to recall in woe our happier days;
"And this full well thy maſter-poet knows:

Quando riſpoſi cominciai; O laſſo;
Quanti dolci penſier, quanto diſio
Menò coſtoro al doloroſo paſſo.
Poi mi rivols' à lor, & parla' io,
Et cominciai; Franceſca i tuoi martiri
A lagrimar mi fanno triſto & pio.
Ma dimmi; al tempo de dolci ſoſpiri
A che: & come concedette amore,
Che conoſceſte i dubbioſi deſiri?
Et ell'à me; neſſun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarſi del tempo felice
Ne la miſeria; & ciò ſa il tuo dottore.

"But

"But if ſo earneſt is thy wiſh, to trace
"The riſe of our affection, I like him
"Who joins his tears to mine, will weep, and ſay,—

"One day for pleaſure we took up the tale
"Of Lancilotto, and read his tender loves:
"We were alone, ſuſpecting nought of harm;
"When more than once, in reading, while we rais'd
"Our eyes in mutual glance, the colour left
"Our cheeks:—but one, one incident, produc'd
"Our ruin;—as we read the dear delight,
"Which on her lips ſo fond a lover prov'd,

Ma s'a conoſcer la prima radice
Del noſtr' amor tu hai cotanto affetto;
Farò, come colui, che piange & dice.
Noi leggiavam'un giorno per diletto
Di Lancilotto, com' amor lo ſtrinſe,
Soli erravamo, & ſenz'alcun ſoſpetto.
Per piu fiate gli occhi ci ſoſpinſe
Quella lettura; & ſcoloroci'l viſo;
Ma ſol un punto fu quel, che ci vinſe.
Quando legemmo il diſiato riſo
Eſſer baſciato da contanto amante;

"He,

"He, who henceforth will never quit my ſide,
"Preſt with his trembling lips a kiſs on mine;
"The book and he who wrote it, was our pandar.—
"That day we read not any farther."—Thus,
While the one ſpirit ſpake, the other wept
In ſuch affliction, that I fainting fell
To th' ground in pity, as if death had dealt
Its fatal blow, and lay a lifeleſs corpſe.

Queſti, che mai da me non ſia diviſo,
La bocca mi baſciò tutto tremante:
Galeotto fu il libro, & chi lo ſcriſſe:
Quel giorno piu non vi legemmo avante.
Mentre che l'uno ſpirto queſto diſſe;
L'altro piangeva ſi; che di pietade
I venni men coſi, com'io moriſſe;
Et caddi, come corpo morto cade.

FROM

FROM

DANTE:

INFERNO, CANT. XXXIII.

THE ſinner from his fell repaſt now rais'd
His mouth, and wip'd it with the hair, which hung
Around the mangled head, and thus began:—

"My hopeleſs ſorrows muſt I then renew?
"Which, e'er I ſpeak, in thought alone I feel
"Weigh heavy on my heart; but if my words
"May to this traitor deteſtation bring,
"My words and tears ſhall both together flow.

La bocca ſollevò del fiero paſto
Quel peccator forbendola à capelli
Del capo ch'egli hauca di retro guaſto
Poi cominciò, tu voi ch'i rinovelli
Diſperato dolor; che'l cor mi preme
Già pur penſando pria ch'i ne favelli;
Ma ſe le mie parole eſſer den ſeme,
Che frutti infamia al traditor ch'i rodo;
Parlare & lagrimar mi vedra'inſeme.

"I know

" I know thee not, nor by what means I ſee
" Thee now before me, yet thy ſpeech declares
" Thee born in Florence; but know thou, my name
" Is Ugolino, and Ruggiero his.
" Why thus ſo near him (as thou ſee'ſt) I ſtand,
" I will unfold: How, by his dark deſigns,
" And my weak confidence, he ſeiz'd me firſt,
" And next deſtroy'd, it boots not to relate;
" But what yet never can have reach'd thine ears,
" How cruel was my death, how piteous,
" Now ſhalt thou hear, and after judge my wrongs.

I non ſo chi tu ſie, ne per che modo
Venuto ſe'quá giu: ma Fiorentino
Mi ſembli veramente, quand'i t'odo.
Tu dei ſaper ch'i fu'l conte Ugolino,
Et queſti l'Arceveſcovo Ruggieri:
Hor ti dirò perch'iſon tal vicino.
Che per l'effetto de ſuo mia penſieri
Fidandomi di lui io foſſe preſo,
Et poſcia morto, dir non é meſtieri.
Però quel, che non puoi havere inteſo;
Ciò é come la morte mia fu cruda;
Udirai; & ſaprai, ſe m'ha offeſo.

" A nar-

"A narrow crevice in the dungeon's ſide
"(By me to famine ſacred, in whoſe gloom
"Yet many a wretch ſhall pine) had oft already
"Shown me the moon's wan luſtre; when a dream
"Tore back the veil of miſery to come:—
"I ſaw the hunter eager in purſuit;
"Before his ſteps a wolf with all its young
"Ran to the hill which ſhadows Piſa's plain:
"Lank hounds were with him panting for their prey;
"And all Sedition's bloody tribe had join'd
"Their leader in his ſport: ſoon to my view

Breve pertugio dentro da la muda;
La qual per me ha'l titol de la fame,
E'n che convien anchor ch'altrui ſi chiuda;
M'havea moſtrato per lo ſu' forame
Piu lume già, quand'i feci'l mal ſonno,
Che del futuro mi ſquarciò il velame.
Queſti pareva á me maeſtro & donno
Cacciando'l lupo e' lupicini al monte,
Perch'e Piſan veder Lucca non ponno.
Con cagne magre ſtudioſe, & conte
Gualandi con Siſmondi & con Lanfranchi

" The haplefs race, worn down with toil, appear'd,
" And the whole ruthlefs pack in all their fides
" Stain'd their fharp fangs.—Before the morn I woke,
" And heard my children wailing in their fleep,
" In broken cries for bread;—hard is thy heart
" If now it yearn not, but to think the horrors
" Which then too truly were announc'd to mine.
" When wilt thou weep if now thou weepeft not?
" Now were we rifen, and the hour approach'd
" Which us'd to bring with it our daily food,
" And all in doubt were mufing on the dream,

S'havea meffi dinanzi da la fronte.
In picciol corfo mi pareano ftanchi
Lo padre e'figli; & con l'agute fcane
Mi parea lor veder fender li fianchi.
Quando fui defto innanzi la dimane;
Pianger fenti fra'l fonno i miei figlivoli,
Ch'eran con meco; & dimandar del pane.
Ben fe'crudel; fe tu già non ti duoli
Penfando ciò, ch'al mi'cuor s'annuntiava
Et fe non piangi; di che pianger fuoli?
Già era defto; & l'ora s'apprefava,
Che'l cibo ne foleva effer addotto;

" When

"When under me I heard the grating ſound
"Of bolts faſt ſhutting on our horrid tow'r:
"Gazing by turns upon my children's faces,
"I without motion ſtood, nor ſhed a tear,
"So deep had grief turn'd inward ſenſe to ſtone;
"They did: and thus my little Anſelm ſaid,—
'You look ſo, father; what is it you fear?'—
"Yet I wept not, nor all that whole day ſpoke:
"Night came in ſilence, and the next day roſe.
"Some gleams of light had pierc'd our gloomy cell,
"When in four faces, rooted all on mine,

Et per ſu'ſogno ciaſcun dubitava;
Et io ſento chiavar l'uſcio di ſotto
A l'horribile torre: ond'io guardai
Nel viſo à miei figlivoli ſanza far motto.
I non piangeva, ſi dentro impetrai;
Piangevan elli: & Anſelmuccio mio
Diſſe; tu guardi ſi Padre: che hai?
Però non lagrimai, ne riſpos'io
Tutto quel giorno, ne la notte appreſſo,
Infin che l'altro ſol nel mondo uſcio.
Com'un poco di raggio ſi fu meſſo
Nel doloroſo carcere, & io ſcorſi

"I ſaw

"I saw the image of my own distress;
"With grief I gnaw'd my hands:—my sons arose,
"And thinking hunger had provok'd the deed,
"Thus spoke: 'Dear father, feed, O feed on us;
'Less shall we grieve: thou gavest us these limbs,
'Now let thy wants the wretched gift resume!'
"I calm'd my rage to lessen their affliction.
"That day and next we all in silence stood:
"Pityless earth, why was thy bosom clos'd?

"Now was the fourth day come, when at my feet
"Gaddo expiring lay; and as he fell,

Per quattro visi il mi' aspetto stesso;
Ambo le mani per dolor mi morsi;
Et quei pensando, ch'i'l fesse per voglia
Di manicar, di subito levorsi;
Et disser; padre, assai ti fia men doglia,
Se tu mangi di noi: tu ne vestisti
Queste misere carni; & tu le spoglia,
Quetami allhor, per non farli piu tristi:
Lo di, & l'altro stemmo tutti muti:
Ahi dura terra perche non t'apristi?
Poscia che fummo al quarto di venuti,
Gaddo mi si gittò disteso à'piedi

"Cried,

" Cried, 'Dearest father, why will you not help me?'
" He died; and I whom now you see before you,
" The two succeeding days saw one by one,
" Three other children fall; then without eyes,
" On hands and feet from corpse to corpse I crawl'd:
" Three days I call'd them after they were dead,
" Then hunger did what grief in vain had tried."

Dicendo, Padre mio che non m'aiuti?
Quivi mori: & come tu mi vedi,
Vid'io cascar li tre ad un ad uno
Tra'l quinto di e'l sesto: ond'i mi diedi
Già cieco à brancolar soura ciascuno:
Et tre dì li chiamai, po'che fur morti:
Poscia piu che'l dolor pote il digiuno.

FROM

FROM

MARINO:

GIERUSALEMME DISTRUTTA, CANT. VII.

THERE in the midſt, where no expanded ſpace,
No place confin'd intrudes, there on a throne,
Or rather in himſelf ONE ſits; one good,
One true, one fair Supreme, whence Heav'n derives
Its name, and Nature, dwells; the One unknown,
Diſtinct and yet united, one and three,
Not diſtant nor confus'd; unmov'd, unmade,
Who makes and moves the whole; who always *was*,
Still *is*, and *will*, Jehovah, ever be.

Nel mezo ſtà, nè ſpatio ingombra, ò ſito
In ſoglio eccelſo, anzi in ſe ſteſſo aſſiſo,
Quel un, quel buon, quel ver, quell'infinito
Onde s'imparadiſa il Paradiſo,
Quel, non sò che diſtinto, e pur unito,
Uno, e trin, non confuſo, e non diviſo,
Che non moſſo, e non fatto, e move, e cria,
Quel che fù, quel che è ſempre, e quel che ſia.

Within

Within the abyſs of one concenter'd light,
In full beatitude, the Father holds
Within himſelf his throne:—from one deep fount
Fraught with exhauſtleſs treaſures; from one
breaſt,
Immenſe, incomprehenſible, he pours
Torrents of glory, oceans of his bliſs,
Which know no pauſe; while numberleſs, on him,
Angels ecſtatic, gaze, and from his light,
Reflect as mirrors the tranſcendant beams.

There he himſelf beholds, and in himſelf,
Intelligence divine, intenſely turn'd,

Dentro gli abiſſi d'una luce denſa,
Staſſi il gran Padre in ſe beato à pieno
Da la fontana di teſori immenſa,
E da l'immenſo incomprenſibil ſeno
Oceano di gloria egli diſpenſa,
Torrente di piacer, che non vien meno,
Mill'alme ebre d'amor ſpecchianſi in lui,
E di ſe ſpecchio à ſe fà ſpecchio altrui.

In ſe ſteſſo ſi ſpecchia, & in ſe ſteſſo
Volto il ſempre fecondo alto intelletto,

Another

Another ſelf produces, perfect form;
At once, birth, image, likeneſs, and the Same,
Eternal, equal, offſpring increate;
But ſtill from fountain the moſt high deriv'd,
Stream holy, holy Son, from holieſt Sire.

Then while that form he contemplates, and views
That image ſo produc'd, complacence, love,
All other loves ſurpaſſing, to the Son,
Breathes with enkindled ardour, mutual flame;
One undivided ſpirit, of free grace,

Un'altro ſe produce, e queſto eſpreſſo
E di ſe queſto in un parto, e concetto,
Unico eterno in tutto eguale ad eſſo
Divina imago, anzi divin ſubietto,
Originata, e non creata prole,
Dio di Dio vero, e unico ſol di Sole.

Mentre ſe ſteſſo intende, e la ſembianza
Di ſe con tutto ſe vagheggia, e mira,
L'alma, e l'amor, ch'ogn'altro amor avanza
L'amato Figlio in lui riflette, e gira,
Da la gemina fiamma egual ſoſtanza,
Et ineffabilmente allhor ſi ſpira,

Indiſ-

Indiſſoluble bond of equal bliſs,
Gift holy, holy meſſenger on earth.

As in one ſoul, remembrance, will, and mind
Are blended; as one ocean vaſt implies
Each fountain, river, ſea; as life and heat,
With light, is in the ſun's ſole orb contain'd;
Thus of three energies, one ſingle group
Is form'd, the ſyſtem of three pow'rs in one:
Three perſon'd Geryon, truth in fable cloth'd,
United ardour of a triple-blaze.

As branches from one tree aſcend, whoſe trunk
Infolds one nature's complicated growth,

Spirto Dio, divin nodo, eterno amore
Santo don, Santo meſſo, e Santo ardore.

Come un'alma, è membranza, e voglia, e mente,
Come un'onda è fontana, e rivo, e fiume,
Come di Sole un globo ſolo ardente
Hà vigore, e calore inſieme, e lume.
Così di trè virtù mirabilmente
Faſſi un ſol groppo, e di trè numi un Nume,
Di trè perſone un Gerion verace
Unita fiamma in triplicata face.

In trè rami un ſol tronco, una natura
Triplicata union chiude, e comprende,

 Whence

Thus from one faith, one hope, one love, the links
Suſpended, form an undivided chain:—
But light like this, by its o'erwhelming rays
With blindneſs ſtrikes the ſight, confounds the pow'rs
Of mortal intellect, whoſe depth ador'd
Cannot be fathom'd, and is better ſhown
By humble ſilence, than preſumptuous words.

E d'un ſolo voler, ſola una cura,
Sì come un'eſſer ſol deriva, e pende;—
Ma tanta luce i chiari ingegni oſcura,
Meglio s'adora aſſai, che non s'intende,
Sì profondo miſtero, e sì ſublime,
Più che ſtill roco humil ſilentio eſprime.

THE SAME IN RHIME.

THERE in the midſt, where no expanded ſpace
Contains, or marks the bounds of time, or place,
There in Himſelf reſides, one endleſs cauſe,
One only good, whence Heav'n its eſſence draws,
With all its pow'rs; the truth ſupreme, unknown,
Diſtinct and yet united, *three in one:*
Not parted, nor confus'd, unmov'd, unmade,
From whom life, motion, is to all convey'd;
He, who from everlaſting *was*, and He,
Who *is*, and ever *will*, Jehovah, be.

Within th' abyſs of one concenter'd light,
Within himſelf in dazzling ardour bright,
The Father holds his throne, ſupremely bleſt,
Whence from the fount exhauſtleſs of his breaſt,
In oceans knowing no reſtraint of ſhores,
Torrents of glory and of bliſs he pours;
That ſource admitting neither reſt, nor pauſe,
Where ſouls aſcending to their native cauſe,

Imbibe

Imbibe the treaſures of primæval ſtreams,
And give like mirrors their reflected beams.

There He *himſelf* beholds with eyes divine,
And while all forms within his eſſence ſhine,
Another ſelf is kindled from the flame,
At once, birth, image, likeneſs, and the ſame:
Tranſmitted light from one congenial fire,
Eternal Son of an eternal Sire.

Then while his image ſo produc'd He views,
Complacence, love, their balmy breath diffuſe;
Love mutual, undivided, which exhales
Its odours wafted by alternate gales,
On dovelike wings, to earth benign, which move,
Gift holy! holy ſpi'rit of truth and love!

As in one ſoul, remembrance, will, and mind,
Are by a blended bond, in one combin'd;
As to one ocean ſeas and rivers flow,
As in one ſun, life, heat, and vigour glow,

Thus

Thus of three energies in mode unknown,
Is form'd the ſyſtem of three pow'rs in one;
Where higheſt angels, loſt in wonder, gaze,
United ſplendor of a triple blaze.

As ſpring three branches from that tree, whoſe ſtem
Infolds each leaf in each expanded gem;
Thus on one cauſe, on one effect and end,
Firſt, midſt, and laſt, faith, hope, and love, depend:
But while the beams of this tranſcendant light
Confound with reaſon, thought and mental ſight,
No longer be ſuch myſteries explor'd,
But reſt, in ſilence and reſpect, ador'd.

FROM

FROM

MARINO:

IL TEMPIO.

BEFORE this goddeſs, on her hallow'd ſhrine,
Preſumptuous ſenſe reſigns its lawleſs ſway,
No fires terreſtrial there, though ſplendid, ſhine,
No ſcents from Araby their ſweets diſplay;
No flames appear, but in her radiant eyes,
No fumes aſcend but thoſe of pureſt ſighs.

Within the temple let thoſe prieſts attend
Who to your courts, ye goddeſſes, belong;
Let them alternate in her homage bend,
And with their hearts preſent their holy ſong:

Innanzi à queſto Nume, à queſto Altare,
Che confonde le menti, abbaglia i ſenſi,
Non s'accendan facelle ardenti, e chiare,
Non vaporino intorno Arabi incenſi,
Baſtino i raggi ſol de' propri lumi,
E degli altrui ſoſpir baſtino i fumi:

Sien del Tempio miniſtri, e Sacerdoti
Gli habitatori, ò Dee, de' poggi voſtri,
Che le porgano ogn'or chini, e devoti
Tributi d'alme, e vittime d'inchioſtri,

While

While 'mid the victims ſpeechleſs, which expire,
In ſilence ſink theſe accents of my lyre.

Let honour guard it, nor a foot profane
Preſume to preſs the threſhold with its tread;
Here let no thought impure, nor wiſhes vain,
No looſe deſires their baneful influ'ence ſhed;
But o'er the gates, its entrance which defends,
Let Time his ſcythe, his dart let Death ſuſpend.

Dove ſia frà l'altr'hoſtie offerte ancora
Queſta cetera mia poco ſonora.

Honor ne ſia cuſtode, e piè profano
Non oſi entrar ne le ſacrate ſoglie,
Tutti i ſozzi penſier fugan lontano,
Impudici deſiri, impure voglie,
E vi reſtino appeſe in sù le porte
L'ali del Tempo, e l'armi de la Morte.

TRANS-

TRANSLATION.

SONNET.

Thou gentle ſon of Silence and of Night,
Father of Fancy's bright ideal train!
Sleep! by whoſe pathleſs footſteps gliding light,
Enamour'd ſouls their love's high heav'n obtain.

Now that deep ſunk beneath thy friendly ſhade,
All hearts, but mine, are in thy bands confin'd,
Quit thy Cimmerian grots, too truly made
The dark reſemblance of my gloomy mind:

Come, with thy calm oblivion to my aid,
And with thee bring the image of the maid,
Whoſe ſight alone ſo loſt a wretch can ſave;
But if that form my ſlumbers may not bleſs,
Yet fly not, thou! that I may ſtill poſſeſs
At leaſt the image of that death I crave.

ORIGINAL.

MARINO.

O Del Silentio figlio, e de la Notte,
Padre di vaghe imaginate forme,
Sonno gentil, per le cui tacit' orme
Son l'alme al Ciel d'Amor ſpeſſo condotte.

Hor che'n grembo à le lievi ombre interrotte
Ogni cor (fuor che'l mio) ripoſa, e dorme,
L'Herebo oſcuro, al mio penſier conforme
Laſcia ti prego, e le Cimmerie grotte.

E vien col dolce tuo tranquillo oblio,
E col bel volto, in ch'io mirar m'appago,
A conſolar il vedovo deſio:
Che, ſe'n te la ſembianza onde ſon vago,
Non m'è dato goder, godrò pur'io
De la morte, che bramo, almen l'imago.

TRANSLATION.

SONNET.

To go, yet ſtay, and ſtaying to be gone,
To leave the heart within another's breaſt,
To ſigh, lament, nor yet know why we moan,
To die with grief, without Death's peaceful reſt;

To pine with hope, to languiſh with deſire,
To feed the fancy with paſt ſcenes of bliſs,
To loſe the joys which truth might ſtill inſpire,
To fall from Heav'n to torture's deep abyſs;

To truſt ſuſpicion, and the truth deny,
In hollow caves, and deſart wilds to lie,
To ſenſeleſs rocks our hapleſs ſtate to tell;
Endleſs to call each minute of an hour;
This is that abſence, whoſe relentleſs pow'r
Subdues the ſoul, and makes our life a Hell.

ORIGINAL.

MARINO.

Gire, e restarsi, e n'el restar partire,
Partir senz'alma, e gir con l'alma altrui,
Languir, dolersi, e non saper di cui,
E morir di dolor senza morire.

Struggersi di speranza, e di desire,
Pascer sol di memoria i pensier sui,
Havere un core, e dipartirlo in dui,
Cader dal Ciel nel fondo del martire?

Prender le solitudini a diletto,
Narrare a i sordi boschi il duolo interno;
Negare il vero, e credere al sospetto:
Chiamar de l'hore ogni momento eterno,
Questo è quel mal che Lontananza è detto,
Morte de l'alme, e de la vita Inferno.

TRANS-

TRANSLATION.

SONNET.

LASH on thy loit'ring ſteeds, before the time,
Fair goddeſs! quit the boſom of the night,
Since nor high noon, nor morning's roſy prime,
Like thee can give me comfort, or delight:

And let the leader of the ſtarry train,
Heſperus, yielding to my tender pray'r,
Encamp his bands along the azure plain,
Chearing the horrors of the darken'd air:

Ariſe, O moon! my faithful guide ariſe,
And o'er the regions of the vaulted ſkies
O deign to ſhed thy mild propitious ray!
Thou from the ſun, which feeds thy ſilver beams,
Shalt light and life receive in copious ſtreams,
I from thoſe eyes which turn my night to day.

ORIGINAL.

MARINO.

Sferza i pigri giovenchi, e innanzi l'hora
Sorgi d'Abisso ò de la notte negra
Candida Dea: già l'alma afflitta, & egra
Altro sol non desia, non altro Aurora.

Tragga pria de l'usato Hespero fora
Per gli campi del Ciel la greggia integra
De le luci minute; e l'aria allegra
Squarci l'ombroso vel, che la scolora.

Sorgi, non più indugiar, deh sorgi meco
Mia fida scorta; e con tua fronte adorna
Il mondo alluma tenebroso, e cieco;
Tu te n'andrai le'nargentate corna
A specchiar nel tuo Sole, io verrò teco
A veder quel, che le mie notti aggiorna.

TRANS-

TRANSLATION.

SONNET.

WHILE in ſweet deſcant o'er the golden ſtring
The Hebrew youth his flying fingers drew,
The tortur'd mind of Judah's envious king
From its accuſtom'd pangs ſome reſpite knew;

And while the Thracian bard, in plaintive ſtrains,
Struck the deep ſorrows of his tuneful ſhell,
The guilty ſouls were looſen'd from their chains,
And muſic ſooth'd th' avenging pow'rs of Hell:

But now, when leaving the ſtar-ſpangled ſphere,
With heav'nly ſounds this ſeraph ſtrikes my ear,
How can I ſtill increaſing anguiſh prove?
Is it, that heav'nly harmony can fail
To lull our cares, when earthly ſounds prevail?
Or that Hell ſooner is appeas'd than Love?

ORIGINAL.

MARINO.

QUALHOR la mano in sù la cetra d'oro
Il giovinetto Hebreo dolce movea,
Il tormentato Rè de la Giudea
Da l'usato flagel prendea ristoro.

E mentre che col pettine canoro
Il Trace inervi armonici battea,
Tregua a gli affanni o refrigerio havea,
De l'alme ree lo sconsolato choro.

Et hor, che'n terra oltre mortal concento
Spirto di Ciel soavemente cria,
Lasso, ond' avien, che maggior pena io sento?
O men c'humana angelica armonia
Dirò che possa, ò ch' al' altrui tormento,
Più l'Inferno, ch'Amor placabil sia.

TRANS-

TRANSLATION.

SONNET.

I FEEL, but dare not own *two* flames ſo bright,
That both in ſilence undiſtinguiſh'd ſhine,
But like Heav'n's piercing fires, too ſwift for ſight,
Conſume within, but leave no outward ſign.

What though my looks, my ſighs ſuppreſt, in vain
The *blended* ardour would of *each* impart,
The baſhful bluſh, in Fear's oppreſſive reign,
Flies from my cheek, and centers in my heart.

Thus do I trembling freeze when moſt I glow,
Unhappy me! for, who relief can ſhow
To *double* pangs, unſeen by mortal eye?
Then let this ſuff'ring boſom ſtill be made
The ſilent urn, where *either* hope is laid,
While in that tomb, the *mingled* aſhes lie.

ORIGINAL.

MARINO.

Ardo, ma non ardiſco il chiuſo ardore
De l'alma aprir, che tacito cocente
Quaſi inviſibil fulmine cadente,
Dentro mi ſtrugge, e non appar di fore.

Ben ne gli ſguardi, e ne' ſoſpiri Amore
L'arſura paleſar cerca ſovente:
Ma vinta dal timor la fiamma ardente
Fugge dal volto, e ſi concentra al core.

Coſi tremo, & agghiaccio, ove la mia
Face più avampa, hor, chi (miſero!) aſpetto,
Ch'à non veduto mal rimedio dia?
Soffri, e taci ò mio cor, fatto ricetto
Di ſi bel foco, inceneriſci, e ſia
De le ceneri tue, ſepolcro il petto.

TRANSLATION.

SONNET.

MAN, wretched man, the moment he is born
To breathe this life, where miſeries abound,
Opens his eyes to tears e'er to the morn,
And feels the ſwathings which his limbs ſurround:

No more an infant in his mother's arms,
The ſcourge of diſcipline his youth ſuſtains,
His manhood, harraſs'd with more ſtern alarms,
Of love and fortune groans beneath the chains:

What pangs prolong'd ſucceed, what deaths delay'd!
While on the bending crutch he leans for aid,
As weak as when he left his mother's womb;
The narrow grave atlength concludes his woes:
Thus, with a ſigh, the mournful theme I cloſe;
One ſtep unites the cradle to the tomb.

ORIGINAL.

MARINO.

Apre l'huomo infelice allhor, che nafce
In quefta vita di miferie piena
Pria ch'al Sol, gli occhi al pianto: e nato apena
Và prigionier frà le tenaci fafce.

Fanciullo poi, che non più latte il pafce,
Sotto rigida sferza i giorni mena:
Indi in età più ferma, e più ferena
Trà Fortuna, & Amor more, e rinafce.

Quante pofcia foftien trifto, e mendico
Fatiche, e morti infin che curuo, e laffo
Appoggia a debil legno il fianco antico?
Chiude al fin le fue fpoglie angufto faffo
Ratto cofi, che fofpirando io dico,
Da la cuna à la tomba è un breve paffo.

TRANS-

TRANSLATION.

SONNET.

SEE, from the waves the ſun's bright chariot riſe,
And with thoſe beams my parting hour behold;
Lilla, if love its ardour ſtill ſupplies,
Let our fond tidings in a ſigh be told:

And as by paths unknown beneath the main
Her lov'd Alphëus Arethuſa meets;
So while the load of abſence we ſuſtain,
Our thoughts ſhall mix with undiminiſh'd ſweets:

Thus two far diſtant ſtars their courſes trace,
In diff'rent orbs through Heav'n's divided ſpace,
Yet oft in gentleſt aſpect are combin'd;
Above the ſoil thus ſeparated grow
Two kindred plants, while ſtill their roots below,
If not their branches, will an union find.

ORIGINAL.

MARINO.

Gia' fuor de l'onde il Sol 'sferza i destrieri,
Ecco del mio partir l'hora, che giunge,
Lilla intanto s'Amor ne scalda, e punge,
Sieno i fidi sospir nostri corrieri.

E come per incogniti sentieri
Con Aretusa Alfeo si ricongiunge;
Così, mentre viuranno i corpi lunge,
A visitarsi tornino i pensieri.

Spesso due stelle in Ciel destre, e felici,
Se ben per vario sito il corso fanno,
Scontransi almen con lieti aspetti amici:
E due piante talhor divise stanno,
Ma sotterra però con le radici,
Se non co'rami, a ritrovarsi vanno.

TRANS-

TRANSLATION.

SONNET.

The hill, the vale, the ſhady grove, and ſtream,
Where oft my ſteps unknowingly have ſtray'd,
Still ſhall I ſeek by day, by night ſhall dream
On ev'ry valley, with each ſtream, and ſhade:

Where happy waters glide, or hillocs riſe,
My former ſcenes of joy I ſtill behold;
Love ſtill preſents them to my doating eyes,
And whiſper'd ſighs in ev'ry gale are told:

Here the remembrance of that bliſsful hour
Returns, when Daphne own'd love's pleaſing pow'r,
And with her blooming charms reſign'd her heart;
Where'er I turn my ſteps, or caſt my view,
T' inhale their fragrance, or admire their hue,
Groves, plants, and flow'rets new delight impart.

ORIGINAL.

MARINO.

A QUEST'olmo, à queſt'ombre, & à queſt'onde
Ove per uſo ancor torno ſovente,
Eterno i' deggio: & haurò ſempre in mente
Queſt'antro, queſta ſelua, e queſte fronde.

In voi ſol felici acque, amiche ſponde
Il mio paſſato ben, quaſi preſente,
Amor mi moſtra: e del mio foco ardente
Trà le voſtre freſche aure i ſemi aſconde.

Quì di quel lieto dì ſoave riede
La rimembranza: allhor, che la mia Clori
Tutta in dono ſe ſteſſa, e'l cor mi diede.
Già ſpirar ſentò herbette intorno, e fiori
Ovunque, ò fermi il guardo, ò mova il piede
De l'antiche dolcezze ancor gli odori.

TRANS-

TRANSLATION.

SONNET.

O THOU who roveſt without guide, or dread,
The willing mind attracting with delight,
The radiant footſteps of deſire to tread,
And takeſt from my heart thy ſecret flight:

Through paths unſeen, to join my diſtant fair,
With thee I go, to calm my reſtleſs grief;
And while love's wings ſupport me through the air,
By ſtealth obtain in abſence ſome relief:

Benign preſerver! by whoſe fond diſguiſe
Afflicting truth no longer meets my eyes,
I feel thy flatt'ring aid, with pity fraught;
Led by thy theft I live, and if I know
One momentary gleam of bliſs, I owe
To thee alone the boon, enchanting thought!

ORIGINAL.

MARINO.

Peregrino pensier, ch'ardito, e solo
Trahendo ovunque vai l'anïma accorta
Dietro al vago desio, che ti fa scorta,
Dal fondo del mio cor ti lievi à volo.

Teco ne vengo, e per sottrarmi al duolo,
Giunto al mio ben, per via spedita, e corta
Di là, dove sù l'ali Amor mi porta
A le gran fami mie qualch'esca involo.

O fido schermo à gli amorosi affanni,
Me come dolce ombrando à gli occhi il vero,
Pietosamente insidioso inganni,
De'tuoi furti mi vivo, e s'io non pero,
S'ho conforto à i martir, ristoro a'danni,
Tutto è sol tua mercè, caro pensiero!

TRANSLATION.

SONNET.

THE dawn appear'd, and from his ſilver hair
The ſtar of morning ſhook the glitt'ring dew;
While Flora ſcatter'd through the perfum'd air
Such flow'rs in heav'nly Paradiſe as grew:

The ſkies their ſapphire to the waves convey'd,
The waves their em'ralds on the ſkies beſtow'd;
And as they both their blended beams diſplay'd,
A ſea the ſky, the ſky an ocean, ſhow'd:

Beneath night's veil a ſmile of joy was ſpread,
The changeful pearl, the ruby's bluſhing red,
The ſhores, the rocks, the vaulted caves illume;
With them my Lilla caught my raviſh'd ſight;
Whence can, I ſaid, each object of delight,
But from her charms, their ſweeter tint aſſume?

ORIGINAL.

MARINO.

Spuntava l'alba, e'l rugiadoſo crine
Già la ſtella d'Amor ſparſo cogliea,
E già grembi di fior, nembi di brine
Dal celeſte balcon Clori ſcotea.

Le cerulee bellezze, e matutine
Il mar da'l ciel, il ciel da'l mar prendea;
E tranquillo, e ſeren ſenza confine
Un mar il ciel, un ciel il mar parea;

Ridea l'horror caliginoſo, e cieco,
Era di perle, e di zaffiri adorno
Ogni lido, ogni ſcoglio, & ogni ſpeco.
Quando à me Lilla mia fece ritorno,
E diſſi, hor chi menar potea mai ſeco
Altri, che'l mio bel Sol, sì lieto giorno?

TRANS-

TRANSLATION.

SONNET.

THE day ſhe left her mortal mianſion cold,
Heav'n op'd, enrich'd, its everlaſting gates;
While Earth diſclos'd her marble jaws, to hold
That form, whoſe loſs her poverty creates:

Farewell, ſaid Earth, and leave this world forlorn,
To me, in clouds of darkneſs unremov'd;
Go, to ſalute thy Heav'n's ambroſial morn,
None like thyſelf have I bewail'd, or lov'd:

Come, Heav'n exclaim'd, to that paternal light,
Whoſe beam for ever pure, for ever bright,
Is God's own ſhadow, and admits no ſhade;
The ſtars I ſaw in glitt'ring orbs rejoice,
Each element I heard in varied voice,
While Earth its ſorrow, Heav'n its joy, diſplay'd.

ORIGINAL.

MARINO.

QUEL dì, che ſciolta dal ſuo fragil velo
De'bei membri s'uſcìo l'alma ben nata,
Quinci la Terra appriſſi, e quindi il Cielo,
L'un ricco, e l'altra de'ſuoi fregi orbata.

Vattene (quella diſſe) e'l mondo in gelo
Laſcia, e me ſol d'eterne ombre velata:
Ch'altra mai de la tua con maggior zelo
Non ſie ſpoglia da me pianta, & amata.

Vientene (queſto) e ne' profondi abiſſi
De la gloria t'interna, e ne gli ardenti
Raggi del Sol, che non conoſce eccliſſi.
Allhor rider le ſtelle, e gli elementi
Turbarſi io vidi: e quinci, e quindi udiſſi
L'una pianti formar, l'altro concenti.

FROM

FROM

MARINO:

THUS through the lifts of life, the ſimple ſoul,
Like Atalanta, to the deſtin'd goal
Purſues her courſe, with ſtill increaſing pace,
Eager to gain the glories of the race:
But flatt'ring ſenſe, with her deluſive ſway,
Allures the racer from the path to ſtray,
While o'er the plain at intervals is hurl'd
That golden apple, which is call'd the World.

Per l'arringo mortal, nova Atalanta,
L'anima peregrina e ſimplicetta
Corre veloce, e con ſpedita pianta,
De'l gran viaggio a'l termine s'affretta;
Ma ſpeſſo il corſo ſuo ſtornar ſi vanta
Il ſenſo adulator, che à ſe l'alletta,
Con l'oggetto piacevole e giocondo
Di queſto pomo d'or, che nome na mondo.

TO ECHO,

FROM

MARINO.

O THOU, whoſe voice oracular is heard
Within theſe glooms, ſweet ſpirit of the woods,
Who dwelleſt 'mid theſe ſhades, thyſelf of ſound
A fleeting ſhadow; thou, who, 'mid th' abodes
Where lurk in darkneſs the ferocious tribes,
Complaining ſtill purſue'ſt thy flying love!
Light wand'ring ſylph, unhappy whiſp'ring breeze!
Faint image of an accent not thy own;

Oracolo de' boſchi,
Anima de le ſelue,
Cittadina de l'ombre, ombra ſonante:
Tu che per entro i foſchi
Alberghi de le belue
Segui il fugace tuo querula amante,
Lieve ſpirito errante,
Stridul' aura infelice,
De l'altrui parlar vago
Inviſibile imago,

To

To ſight impervious, inmate of theſe wilds!—
If in my ſorrows thy compaſſion bears
A friendly part, O liſten to my words.

Liſt to my words, from that low bending rock;
But what to thee my faithful heart reveals,
Tell not to others; while in broken tones,
Stripp'd of thy living form, thou doſt receive
The parting ſound; but if that ſound be dear,
Preſerve it undivulg'd, and let that rock,
In whoſe ſepulchral vault thy griefs are clos'd,

De gl'inhoſpiti horrori habitatrice;
Se del mio duol ti dole
Odi le mie parole.

Le mie parole aſcolta
Da queſt' ombroſa grotta;
Ma non ridire altrui ciò ch'io ragiono.
Tu da le membra ſciolta
Voce flebile, e rotta
Accogli pur de le mie voci il ſuono.
Ma ſe care ti ſono,
Teco le chiudi, e ſerba;
E queſta pietra oſcura,
Ch'a te fù ſepoltura,
E de la pena tua grave, & acerba

From

From ſide to ſide reſounding till they ſink,
Afford my woes a monumental reſt!

Not that my grief may undiſclos'd remain,
Or what I feel from unrelenting love
May reſt unknown, but, that a wretch like me,
May not offend that cruel Heav'n, which ſmiles
At ſounds ſo piteous; nor that 'mid the tribes
Of joy, this lamentable voice ſhould pierce
Intruſive, and diſturb their cheerful bliſs,

Ancor freme e rimbomba,
Del mio dolor ſia tomba.

Non perche'l mio cordoglio
Reſti occulto, e ſecreto,
E l'altrui ferità non ſi rivele;
Miſero, ma non voglio,
S'è del mio mal sì lieto.
Ferir con ſuon pietoſo il Ciel crudele;
Nè che triſte querele
Vadan trà gente allegra
Turbando l'altrui feſta

With ſad remembrance;—here then, 'mid the gloom
Of theſe deep horrors, without joy, or hope,
Let us united pour our mutual moan.

FROM

MARINO:

BALLETTO DELLE MUSE.

To her, then love advanc'd;—not *that debas'd*
By vice plebeian, who directs his ſhafts
To wound the vulgar low-born tribes of earth,
From luxury and ſloth enervate ſprung,

Con memoria sì meſta
Qui dunque quì trà l'ombra opaca, e negra
Fuor di gioia, e di ſpeme
Stiamo piangendo inſieme.

A LEI ne venne Amore; Amore il figlio,
Non quel vile, e plebeo,
Ch'à la gente villana il cor ſaetta,
De l'immonda laſcivia infame parto,

In

In ſtealth impure; the naked archer train'd
To foul deceits, 'mid beaſts of rapine nurs'd;
A child in ſhape, not age; a blinded lynx;
A ſmiling infant with a giant's frown;
Miſguiding ſpirit, tyrant fierce, whoſe ſtrength
Uſurps fair reaſon's throne, and o'er the will
Lords it ſupreme; aſſaſſin of all good,
Subtile magician, whoſe fell pow'r can change
The human form divine; a ſerpent's ſting,
Diſtilling venom through the foſt'ring breaſt
With wound conceal'd, which to the ſuff'rer brings

De l'otio human licentioſo allievo.
Garzon nato di furto,
Nutrito trà le fere, Arciero ignudo,
Lunſighiero fallace,
Attempato fanciul, Cieco Cerviero,
Pargoletto benigno, e fier Gigante,
Spiritello vagante, empio Tiranno,
Ch'uſurpandoſi il ſeggio
De la ragione oppreſſa,
Signoreggia le voglie, il ſenno uccide:
Mago ſagace, à trasformar poſſente
Le divine ſembianze,
Angue, che accolto in ſeno
Spira mortal veleno,
Piaga, ch'aſcoſa in petto

Mortal

Mortal delight: the flame, which ſhining burns;
Alluring poiſon; peſtilence, whoſe fumes
Intoxicate the heart;—above controul,
Each ſenſe corrupting, and whoſe foul aſſaults
Break through the bonds of juſtice, and of law;
Unſated paſſion, ſire of fatal pride,
Artificer of fraud, whom madneſs drives
To headlong fury, on whoſe footſteps tread
Repentance, anguiſh, and ignoble ſhame—
But, *that*, which born in Heav'n, amid the ſpheres
Reſides; chaſte ſupplicant, of baſhful mein,

Reca mortal diletto,
Fiamma, che luce, e coce,
Toſco, che piace, e noce,
Peſte de l'alme, ebrietà de' cori
Corrottela de' ſenſi
Paſſion violenta,
Sozza violatrice
Del lecito, e del giuſto,
Smoderato appetito:
Padre di vanità, fabro d'errori.
Furor precipitoſo, inſania ingorda,
Del cui libero piè ſeguon la traccia
Pentimento, e vergogna:
Ma quel, che nacque in Cielo,
Cittadin de la Sfere,

Whoſe

Whoſe down-caſt eye in ſpeaking ſilence pleads,
And gains, ere utter'd, its deſerv'd requeſt:
Firm friend of concord, and ingenuous faith;
Wing'd youth, who from the earth each grov'ling thought
Exalts; the god of wonders, who in bonds
Indiſſoluble binds conſenting hearts;
Courteous diſpenſer of all lawful bliſs;
Inſpiring guide of ev'ry good deſire,
Illuminator of each turbid thought,
Beneath whoſe ſway unbridled paſſion bows,
And ev'ry ardour, ill-enkindled, cools;

Nume caſto, e pudico,
Amico di concordia, e d'honeſtate,
Alato giovinetto,
Che da terra ſolleva i pigri ingegni,
Dio de le meraviglie,
Ch'in forte nodo alme diſcordi accoppia,
Diſpenſiero corteſe
Di legittime gioie,
Imperador de' nobili deſiri,
Illuſtrator de' nobili penſieri,
Regolator de gli sfrenati affetti,
Temperator de' mali acceſi ardori,

The

The gen'rous virtue, undiſſembled wiſh
For what is like *itſelf*, is *good* and *fair*:
Aſylum of all heartfelt peace, the tie
Of kindred ſpirits, union of their wills;
Joy of the univerſe, reſtorer bland
Of nature, and ſupport of all that lives;
In one unbroken chain: Phœnix unfeign'd,
Who from its aſhes ſprings to life renew'd,
And is at once another, and the ſame:
Conſtant rotation of inceſſant forms,
Comfort of mortals, and delight of gods.

Generoſa virtù, puro deſio
Del ſimile, e del bello,
Dolce inneſto de' corpi,
Santa pace de' Cori.
Sacro giogo, e legame
De l'anime gentili,
Union de' voleri,
Piacer de l'univerſo,
Riſtoro di Natura,
Soſtegno de' viventi,
De gl'huomini traſtullo, e degli Dei.

MARINO.

MARINO.

Mox tibi dulciloquum non inſcia Muſa Marinum
Tradidit, ille tuum dici ſe jactat alumnum,
Dum canit Aſſyrios divûm prolixus amores,
Mollis et Auſonias, ſtupefecit carmine nymphas.

MILTONUS AD MANSUM.

TRANSLATION.

To thy protection ſoon the learned Muſe
Gave her ſweet-voic'd Marino; he with boaſt
Confeſſes thee his maſter; he who ſung
The long-protracted loves of Syrian gods,
And charm'd th' Auſonian virgins with his lays.

Go now, ye tribes of frigid critics! ye
Who like faint ſhadows, from the ſun can trace
No outline, ſave where body's cumbrous maſs
Affords you ſcope for ſervile judgment; ye,
Vain ſons of Echo! whoſe repeated voice
Enfeebled, ſpeaks not till it hears a ſound;
In ſilence ſink; or raiſe your envious ſcream,
Like chatt'ring pies, at Jove's majeſtic bird,
Or the ſoft murmur of th' Idalian dove;
'Tis Milton ſpeaks, who, like the ſun, deſtroys
The feeble glimmer of the diſtant ſtars,
And ſoars beyond the eagle's boldeſt flight;
Yet gentle as the breeze o'er Eden's vale
That blows, can vie with its moſt tuneful ſtream:
'Tis Milton's hand, which on Marino's brow
The laurel binds, and by deſerved praiſe,
Stamps worth on others, and confirms his own.

SONNET,

SONNET, FROM PETRARCH.

LASCIATA HAI MORTE.

DEATH! thou the world without a ſun haſt left
Cold, dark, and cheerleſs, Love diſarm'd and blind;
Beauty of charms, and Grace of pow'r bereft,
And leav'ſt me only my afflicted mind:

See, captive truth, and virgin ſoftneſs fade,
I grieve alone, nor only ought to grieve;
Since Virtue's faireſt flow'r thy ſpoil is made,
The prime worth loſt, what ſecond can retrieve?

Let earth, air, ſea, their common woes bemoan,
Mankind lament, which, now its boaſt is flown,
A gemleſs ring, a flow'rleſs mead appears;
The world poſſeſt, nor knew its treaſure's pride,
I knew it well, who here in grief abide,
And Heav'n, which owes its beauty to my tears.

SONNET,

SONNET, FROM PETRARCH:

QUEL ROSSIGNIUOL.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET mourner thou! who in thy artleſs tone
Pouring the ſorrows of thy ſwelling throat,
Haply thy mate, or infant brood to moan,
Filleſt the air with pity's thrilling note:

Here each long night I liſten to thy tale,
While harpy thoughts each racking grief renew;
I, who my own fond error only wail,
Not thinking death a goddeſs could ſubdue:

Vain hope! Deceit's inevitable prey,
Thoſe eyes are ſunk in damp neglected clay,
Which equal ſplendor might with Phœbus boaſt:
Now am I grown by ſad misfortune wiſe,
And know too truly by my tears and ſighs,
That leaſt is laſting which we doat on moſt.

SONNET, FROM PETRARCH:

AMOR; CHE VEDI.

LOVE! thou who ſeeſt each inmoſt thought diſ-
play'd,
Each ſtep I take with thee my only guide,
O let thine eyes this panting breaſt pervade,
Reveal'd to thee, but clos'd to all beſide!

Thou know'ſt what toils, purſuing thee, are paſt,
While ſtill from height to height thy pennons
ſoar,
Nor deign'ſt one pitying look on me to caſt,
Who wearied, fainting, can purſue no more:

I ſee from far the mildly-beaming ray,
To which thou pointeſt through a pathleſs way,
But I, like thee, can ſpread no wings to fly;
From humble thought then let me draw content,
In diſtant homage let my life be ſpent,
Nor ſhe be offended that for her I ſigh.

SONNET,

SONNET, FROM PETRARCH.

ARBOR VITTORIOSO.

TREE of triumphant victory! whoſe leaf
For bards and heroes forms the glorious crown,
How many days of blended joy and grief
Have I from thee, through life's ſhort paſſage known?

Lady moſt noble! who in Virtue's field
Reapeſt unrivall'd honour, all thy care;
To thee muſt Love his arts inſidious yield,
Whoſe calm diſcretion ſees, and ſcorns the ſnare.

The pride of birth, with all that here we hold
Moſt precious, ſparkling gems or maſſy gold,
Abject alike in thy regard appear;
Nay e'en thy charms, the world's fix'd wonder, raiſe
No joy in thee, but as their ſplendors blaze
From Chaſtity's true light, ſerenely clear.

SONNET,

SONNET, FROM PETRARCH:

SE UNA FEDE AMOROSA.

If fondeſt faith, a heart to guile unknown,
Whoſe pleaſing langour the ſoft wiſh betrays,
Deſires that glow with temper'd flames alone;
If weary wand'rings in a murky maze;

If ev'ry thought in ev'ry feature borne,
Or veil'd in words which interrupted move,
As doubtful Fear, or baſhful Hope, have worn
The vi'let's paleneſs, or the bluſh of love;

If more another than myſelf to prize,
If ſtill to weep, to heave inceſſant ſighs,
To feed on paſſion, or in grief to pine,
To glow when diſtant, or when near to freeze,
If all my ſuff'rings take their cauſe from theſe;
Thine is the fault, the puniſhment is mine.

SONNET,

SONNET, FROM PETRARCH:

GLI OCCHI' DI CH'IO.

THOSE eyes, which gave their ſpirit to my praiſe,
Th' angelic form, the features, and the face,
Above themſelves my native pow'rs which raiſe,
And rank me higher than the mortal race:

The curling ringlets of that floating gold,
That heav'nly ſmile, where harmleſs light'ning ſhone,
Where I on earth could Paradiſe behold,
Reduc'd to ſenſeleſs duſt, alas! are flown:

Yet I ſurvive, but ſuch a life diſdain,
Who here depriv'd of that dear light remain,
My bark unmaſted, and my canvas torn;
Here I each accent of my Muſe will cloſe,
Dried is the ſtream; my mind no talent knows,
And my lyre only can in ſorrow mourn.

SONNET,

FROM

TASSO.

THY early youth was like the bashful rose,
Shunning the day's too penetrative light,
Whose verdant leaves its future charms inclose,
Hiding its virgin beauties from the sight;

Or rather didst thou seem (for nought on earth
Can be thy likeness) an æthereal dawn,
Which calls the day-spring into perfect birth,
Gilds ev'ry mountain, and impearls each lawn:

And now, thy years mature their pride maintain,
Nor youth, that boasts the triumph of her reign,
Commands superior, or an equal praise;
Our senses thus the flow'r more grateful greets,
Whose ripen'd bosom breathes ambrosial sweets,
And the morn yields to noon's collected blaze.

SONNET,

FROM

DESPORTES.

To thee, thefe tears I offer from my heart,
  To calm thine anger, unrelenting Fate!
O fpare my love, nor let thy lifted dart
  On Beauty's empire reek thy mortal hate:

If fuch thy will, to fhew thy cruel might,
  O let my bofom with its point be torn,
Pity her charms, our wonder, and delight,
  Nor leave the world in poverty to mourn:

But, if my cries muft fail to reach thine ear,
And thou thy favage boaft art bent to rear
  O'er all that's faithful, and o'er all that's fair:
Still let her beauty grace our honour'd age,
And thou ftrike boldly, to content thy rage,
  That perfect form which in my heart I bear.

SONNET,

SONNET, FROM PETROCCHI.

I ASK'D of Time, "To whom was rear'd the maſs,
"Whoſe ruins now thou crumbleſt with the ſoil?"
He anſwer'd not, but fiercer ſhook his glaſs,
And flew with ſwifter wing to wider ſpoil:

I aſk'd of Fame, "O thou! whoſe breath ſupplies
"Life to high works of wonder, Whoſe remains——"
Abaſh'd to earth ſhe bent her mournful eyes,
Like one who ſighing ſilently complains:

Loſt in amaze, I turn'd my ſteps aſide,
When o'er each heap I ſaw Oblivion ſtride
With haughty mein, denoting fix'd deſign;
"Thou then (I cry'd) canſt tell, ah! deign declare:"
Stern ſhe reply'd, and thunder ſhook the air,
"Whoſe once it was, I reck not,—now, 'tis mine."

SONNET,

To HENRY the IVth of FRANCE.

FROM BERTAUD.

Such fame exalted never didſt thou gain,
When o'er the field the blood of thouſands flow'd,
Or when the Muſes, in their boldeſt ſtrain,
Their crown of glory on thy deeds beſtow'd;

As thou ſhalt gain long life, in ev'ry heart
Where faith and love ſhall glow with righteous praiſe,
Shewing thou warreſt on Religion's part,
The cauſe of Heav'n by victory to raiſe:

Purſue, great prince! the tenour of thy fate,
Cruſh all oppoſers to thy tranquil ſtate,
While diſcord ſinks beneath thy thund'ring car;
Purſue, and let thy glories ſtill increaſe;
Make thou Him triumph in the ſmiles of peace,
Who made thee triumph o'er the frowns of war.

SONNET,

FROM

GIROLAMO PRETI.

SUN! of that ſun the ſource, whoſe lucid ſtream
On each revolving ſtar its ray beſtows;
O Thou, to bear whoſe penetrating beam
Their wings, as veils, the ſeraphim oppoſe;

Diſpel theſe clouds, diſperſe that icy cold,
Which blind my ſight, which turn my heart to ſtone;
For ſince theſe earthly charms mine eyes behold,
Cool to thy flames, I burn in their's alone:

Theſe ſighs, which now proceed from foul deſire,
O let thy grace, with purifying fire,
Melt into tears of penitence and pray'r;
Thus from the briny main thoſe vapours riſe,
Which, charg'd with tempeſt, darken all the ſkies,
Then fall in fertile ſhow'rs, and cleanſe the air.

SONNET,

SONNET, FROM BOSSUET,

IN HIS LATIN PREFACE TO THE CANTICLES.

AVAUNT, ye race whom truth and reaſon ſpurn,
Low tribes! who none but poiſon'd pleaſures know;
Attend, chaſte ſpirits! ye, whoſe boſoms burn
With brighter flames, from purer love which glow;

Ye too attend, interpreters divine!
Ye, who on themes ſublime your pow'rs employ;
Whoſe thoughts the meaner ſenſe of man refine,
Nor check the rapture of angelic joy:

Thus

Procul hinc illi, qui terrena ſapiunt, animales, ſpiritum non habentes: adſint caſti caſtæque, qui ſanctum amorem ſpirent, deoque, qui eſt charitas, adhæreſcant: accedant boni ſanctique interpretes, qui non ſe immergant carnalibus, ſed qui amorum humanorum ſenſus et voluptates, ut periti muſici chordas, levi digito

Thus minſtrels, maſters of harmonic lore,
With temper'd touch the choral chords explore,
Nor preſs preſumptuous on the warbled lay;
Thus with a foot which leaves unmark'd the ground,
The roes of Hermon o'er the vallies bound,
Then 'mid the mountain woods, in ſecret ſtray.

---

digito pulſent, tantùm ut amoris divini ſuaviſſimum ſonum eliciant; qui, ut hoc quoque ex Canticis ſumamus, caprearum cervorumque more, vix pede terram attingant, mox tranſiliant ſenſus humanos, atque ad excelſa ſe efferant.

BOSSUET, Præf. in Cantic. t. I. p. 509. Edit. Paris, 1772. qto.

SONNET,

SONNET,

FROM THE ITALIAN.

NYSA, 'tis true, my peace of mind is flown,
No more can I conceal my deep diſtreſs;
O thou, on whom my bliſs depends alone,
I fear thy truth, and thus my fears confeſs:

But fears, perhaps, are falſe;—yet tell me why,
Why is Amintas ever at thy ſide?
Why bent on him is ſtill that anxious eye,
And what thoſe whiſpers thou wouldſt wiſh to hide?

Still I may err; and theſe, the ſigns of love,
Though ſuch they ſeem, may ſtill fallacious prove,—
Yet ſuch the mutual tokens once we knew;
Fain would I truſt thee;—but this tortur'd heart
If thou canſt ſee, and pityleſs depart——
Alas, I am betray'd! my fears are true!—

TRANS-

TRANSLATION.

SONNET.

THOU virgin rose! whose op'ning leaves so fair
The dawn has nourish'd with her balmy dews;
While softest whispers of the morning air
Call'd forth the blushes of thy vermeil hues.
That cautious hand, which cropp'd thy youthful pride,
Transplants thy honors, where from death secure,
Stripp'd of each thorn offensive to thy side,
Thy nobler part alone shall bloom mature.
Thus, thou, a flow'r, exempt from change of skies,
By storms, and torrents unassail'd, shalt rise,
And scorn the winter colds, and summer heats:
A guard more faithful now thy growth shall tend,
By whom thou may'st in tranquil union blend
Eternal beauties, with eternal sweets.

ORIGINAL.

METASTASIO.

Leggiadra rosa, le cui pure foglie
L'alba educò con le soavi brine,
E a cui le molli aurette mattutine
Fero a vermiglio colorar le spoglie,

Quella provvida man, che al suol ti toglie,
Vuol trasportarti ad immortal confine,
Ove spogliata delle ingiuste spine,
Sol la parte miglior di te germoglie.

Così fior diverrai, che non soggiace
All acqua, al gelo, al vento, ed allo scherno
D'una stagion volubile, e fugace;
E a più fido cultor posta in governo
Unir potrai nella tranquilla pace
Ad eterna bellezza odore eterno.

TRANS-

TRANSLATION.

SONNET.

Not thee, O Hymen! fabled god, I hail,
Nor aſk thy fancied torch, and garland vain;
Nor her, whom Greece with legendary tale
Has feign'd the produce of the foaming main:

But thee alone, celeſtial, ſacred Love!
To guard the royal couch, I ſuppliant call;
Thee, by whoſe laws the conſtellations move,
And order governs this terreſtrial ball.

Thrice happy pair! with ev'ry grace endow'd;
Still in your race let Italy be proud,
And each new hero ſwell her former fame:
Thus ſhall we both in noble ſtrife contend,
Whilſt we on you, for ev'ry hope depend,
And you ſurpaſs the boldeſt hope we frame.

ORIGINAL.

METASTASIO.

Non delle nozze il favoloſo Nume
Col finto ſerto, o la ſognata face
Non lei, che figlia delle falſe ſpume
Finſe la Grecia garrula, e mendace,

Ma te d'intorno alle reali piume
Te ſolo invoco, o ſanto Amor verace;
Te, per cui prendon gli aſtri ordine, e lume
E ſtan le ſphere, e gli elementi in pace.

E voi ſpoſi felici a prò di noi
Rendete ormai del glorioſo ſeme
Superba Italia per novelli Eroi.
Contenderem con bella gara inſieme;
Noi riponendo ogni ſperanza in voi;
Voi ſuperando ognor la noſtra ſpeme.

SONNET,

FROM

CARLO MAGGI.

THROUGH each effect to one great cauſe of all
The mind well taught its contemplation bends;
And him alone the truly wiſe I call,
Who to the Worker from the work aſcends:

To teach his choſen all things HE controuls,
Whoſe word fix'd Fate, and changing Chance obeys;
Father of light! upon their righteous ſouls
He pours the ſplendor of his hallow'd rays:

The clouds He brightens of the heart unwiſe,
Where, then he gives his radiant form to riſe,
As the ſun's preſence the Parhelia prove;
From Him proceeds, to Him returns each ray,
And while his fear to Wiſdom opes the way,
Her laſt beſt Knowledge is to know his love.

SONNET,

FROM

CARLO MAGGI.

HOPE, faireſt bloſſom, antedated flow'r
Of that eternal bliſs which ſhall be giv'n;
Offspring of Faith! whence Charity its pow'r
Derives, commanded by indulgent Heav'n!

Low as I am, by thy exalted worth
I ſtill reſign not its parental care,
By thy ſuggeſtion, though confin'd to earth,
I feel its pardon, while its grace I ſhare:

Preſt by the dangers of the world I groan,
Yet while thy voice is heard in Pity's tone,
No fears aſſail me, but what love deſtroys;
And O beneath th' uplifted arm of Death,
So let thy tranſports ſooth my parting breath,
That fleeting Hope may change to endleſs joys.

TRANS-

TRANSLATION.

SONNET.

ETERNAL Sun! whoſe beauty and whoſe ray,
Dark with exceſs of ſplendor, blind my ſight,
How of thyſelf thou art enamour'd, ſay,
And how three perſons in one orb unite!

Thyſelf thou viewest, and with mutual flame,
Thy image and thyſelf breathe one deſire,
Nor is thy image leſs than thou, the ſame,
Nor leſs the ardour which ye both inſpire:

Of three thus one is form'd; thyſelf the ſource,
The ſtream engender'd, and the blended courſe
Of holieſt union, which alike you prove;
One equal blaze diſtinct in three you ſhow,
And ſtill as colours paint the heav'nly bow,
Art each, the Lover, the Belov'd, and Love.

ORIGINAL.

FRANCESCO DI LEMENE.

Eterno ſol! che luminoſo e vago,
Sei troppo foſco all' intelletto mio,
Di' come ſei di te medeſmo pago,
E trè perſone una gran mente unìo?

In te ſpecchi te ſteſſo, e d'arder vago,
De l'imago che formi, è il tuo deſio,
Ma non men di te ſteſſo, è dio l'imago,
Ne men l'ardore onde tu l'ami, è Dio:

Così ſei fatto trino egual, ti miri
E quello imago, e quel beato ardore,
Che generi mirando; amando ſpiri;
In trè lumi diſtinto è il tuo ſplendore,
Come diſtinta in trè colori è un' iri,
E ſei tu ſolo amante, amato, amore.

TRANS-

TRANSLATION.

SONNET.

LEARN thou, my ſoul, by due degrees t' aſcend
From mortal beauty to th' immortal fair,
Love to thy flight his fav'ring wings ſhall lend,
And Cynthia's beam her guiding light prepare:

Paſs thro' three periods;—firſt from matter riſe,
From frail allurement to Truth's laſting charm,
Whoſe form unbodied to the mind ſupplies
Its heav'nly radiance, holy hearts to warm:

If mounting ſtill, thy wings unwearied ſoar,
Where Time, his ſcythe reſigning, reigns no more,
Then know thou treadeſt where archangels trod;
Thence to the One ſupreme purſue thy courſe,
And piercing onward through the bounded ſource
Of matter, time, and number,—gaze on God.

ORIGINAL.

GIOV. GUST. FELICE ORSI.

Impara di salire anima mia,
Alsommo ben, da una beltà mortale,
Amore a tuoi pensieri appresta l'ale,
E di Cintia co i rai segna la via;

Per trè gradi trascorri—alzati in pria
Da la materia, e in separar d'al frale
Il puro esser del bello, apprendi quale
L'incorporea beltà dell' alma sia:

Se più t'alzi, e lei miri in sicurtade,
Fuor del corpo e del tempo, alhor comprendi,
L'immutabile angelica beltade;
Quindi a l'unico bello infine ascendi,
Che s'oltre la materia, oltre l'etade,
Oltre il numero, arrivi,—Iddio già intendi.

TRANS-

TRANSLATION.

SONNET.

TRANSCENDANT Sun! who from thyſelf alone
  Deriveſt ſplendor from thy cauſe profound;
Whoſe ſingle virtue, in three forms is ſhown,
  Where ſenſe and reaſon ſink in wonder drown'd.

Thou in thy Son conceal'd, thy Son in Thee,
  Both in the Spirit, glow with ſecret fire,
Sole Deity ſupreme, diffus'd in Three,
  Where One, without diviſion, reigns entire:

Immenſe eternal Father! Son immenſe,
  Coæval, boundleſs, ever-flowing love!
"Whoſe ſtreams its waters to the Lamb diſpenſe,
  "Fann'd by the plumes of Heav'n's deſcending dove!"
But, leſs I know Thee, as I think the more,
And more thy truth, as leſs I know, adore.

ORIGINAL.

GIOV. BATTISTA ZAPPI.

Lucido Sol, che non derivi altronde
Che da te ſteſſo ampia cagion primiera
L'unica cui virtute in trè s'infonde
Per ſi maraviglioſa alta maniera;

Tu nel tuo figlio, il figlio in te ſaſconde,
Egli, e tu nello ſpirto,—O ſola e vera
Gran deità, che il ſuo poter diffonde
Ma in trè diffuſa in ciaſcun regna intera:

Eterno immenſo Padre, eterno immenſo
Figlio, immenſo ed eterno Amor! ch'ardendo,
Nel ſeno d'ambiduo, ſei Dio con loro;
A'voi m'inabzo, in voi m'affiſſo, e penſo,
Ma quanto più a'voi penſo, io men v'intendo,
E quanto men v'intendo, io più v'adoro.

TRANSLATION.

SONNET ON A SONNET.

My haughty fair a ſonnet bids me make,
I never was in ſuch a fright before;
Why—fourteen lines, they ſay, theſe ſonnets take!
However, one by one, I've ek'd out four:

Theſe rhymes, ſaid I, I never ſhall complete,
And found the ſecond ſtanza half was done!
If now the triplets had but all their feet,
Theſe two firſt ſtanzas pretty well might run.

On the firſt triplet thus I enter bold,
And as it ſeems my ſpeed I ſtill may hold,
Since this foundation is ſo fairly laid:
Now for the ſecond; and ſo well diſpos'd
My Muſe appears, that thirteen lines are clos'd;
Now count the whole fourteen,—the ſonnet's made.

This ſonnet is to be found tranſlated in DODSLEY'S COLLECTION, but it is not ſo exact as it might be to the original.

ORIGINAL.

LOPE DE VEGA.

Un ſoneto me manda hacer Violante;
Que en mi vida me he viſto en tal aprieto?
Catorce verſos dicen que es ſoneto;
Burla burlando van los tres delante.

Yo pensè, que no hallàra conſonante,
Y eſtoy à la mitad de otro quarteto;
Mas ſi me veo en il primer terceto,
No hay coſa en los quartetos que me eſpante.

Por il primer terceto voy entrando,
Y aun parece que entri con pie derecho,
Pues fin con eſte verſo le voy dando;
Ya eſtoy en il ſegundo, y aun ſoſpecho
Que voy los trece verſos acabando:
Contad ſi ſon catorce, y eſtà hecho.

THE

SONG OF PLEASURE,

FROM THE CHOICE OF HERCULES BY METASTASIO.

Ye thoughtleſs ſouls, betray'd to ſtrife,
Who plough the faithleſs ſea of life;
Your port behold, behold the neſt,
Where, ſafe in undiſturbed reſt,
Perpetual pleaſures reign:

Here each purſues, without reſtraint;
The bliſs his fondeſt wiſh can paint;
While, plung'd in Lethe's peaceful ſtream,
The mind is free from ev'ry theme
Of ſorrow, or of pain.

Let no deſire of empty praiſe
Your ſight beguile with dazzling rays;
Nor loſe in honour's vain career,
The prime of youth's delightful year,
While yet its pow'rs remain:

Life

Life is a flow'r, whoſe brighteſt hue
Appears beneath the morning dew;
In gaudy pride its buds ariſe,
But ſoon the fading bloſſom dies,
And all regrets are vain.

THE SONG OF VIRTUE,

FROM THE SAME.

Ye gen'rous ſouls, whoſe ſteps purſue
Bliſs unpolluted, conſtant, true;
Amid this train, by Virtue grac'd,
Has Happineſs ſincerely plac'd
Her everlaſting ſeat;

Thoſe joys refin'd, we feel, which flow
Unſullied with another's woe;
Which ſtill unchang'd the mind engage,
And all the unavailing rage
Of time and chance defeat.

Remorſe

Remorſe here ſhakes no threat'ning dart,
No hoſtile fear aſſails the heart;
No doubtful bluſhes here inflame
Our cheeks, no ſelf-accuſing ſhame
Defiles our pure retreat:

Flow'rs may adorn the flatt'ring way,
Where folly leads the wiſh aſtray;
But flow'rs conceal the faithleſs ſnare,
And fall'n, we ſtrive with fruitleſs care,
To free our captive feet.

A TRIUMPHAL SONG,

FROM THE BETULIA LIBERATA OF METASTASIO.

CHORUS.

PRAISE to the mighty God, whose hand
Hath forc'd his foes to bite the ground,
Hath fought for this afflicted land,
With triumph hath the contest crown'd.

JUDITH.

Th' Assyrian came, a countless host;
The Persian files their aid supply'd;
They meet, they march; the plains are lost;
They halt, they drink; the streams are dry'd.
Their shafts obscure the mid-day sun;
And Israel appall'd with fear,
Thought as the chief came tow'ring on,
Their final day of doom was near.

CHORUS;—REPEATED.

JUDITH.

JUDITH.

Fire, ſword and ruin, chains and death,
In thund'ring voice his threats beſpeak;
And blaſted by the cruel breath
Paleneſs beſpreads Bethulia's cheek:
  But lo! at once his daring pride
Is cruſh'd by unexpected fate;
The tempeſt roars, the clouds ſubſide;
So diſappears his baffled hate.

CHORUS;—REPEATED.

JUDITH.

Diſpers'd, abandon'd, and forlorn,
Their flight the fell barbarians ſpeed;
On terror's wing Aſſyria's borne,
And wild diſmay appals the Mede.
  Nor were they giants, us'd t' aſſail
The ſtars, who deal the fatal blow;
A woman's arm defenceleſs, frail,
Alone hath laid the tyrant low.

CHORUS,—REPEATED;—CONCLUDES.

DEGREES

DEGREES OF CONTEMPLATION:

FROM

NORRIS OF BEMERTON, AND BISHOP TAYLOR'S GREAT EXEMPLAR.

WITHIN thy inmoſt ſoul thy pow'rs withdraw,
There think on truth, and its eternal law;
Let ſound by ſilent ſpirit be ſuppreſt,
Nor outward ſenſe diſturb thy inward reſt:
In heav'nly union let thy ſoul rejoice,
And liſten only to God's ſtill ſmall voice;
Let ſacred ſlumbers cloſe thy drooping eyes,
Then wake to joy, and raptur'd ecſtacies:
Behold the ſubſtance of the ſainted bleſt,
Thoſe floating forms in robes of glory dreſt;
The ſeraph glowing in the flame he loves,
The cherub moving as the ſpirit moves*:
Pauſe on the glory of the ONE ſupreme,
While darkneſs yet obſcures the ſov'reign beam;

* EZECHIEL.

Till the full rays be manifeſt diſplay'd,
And thou behold him without veil or ſhade;
Then ſhalt thou ſee the ſplendor of his throne*,
And know thy God as thou thyſelf art known†;
By knowledge ſhall thy bliſs perpetual prove,
Hope yield to faith, and faith be crown'd by love.

FROM

GRAY.

O TU SÈVERI.

Left in the Monaſtery at the Grande Chartreuſe:—
Vid. MASON's Gray. 4to. p. 117.

O THOU! whoſe guardian pow'r amid theſe wilds
Severe is hallow'd; by whatever name
Beſt pleas'd thou hear'ſt, (for ſure, no wanton train,
Oread, or Dryad, haunt theſe native ſtreams,
Theſe antique foreſts; where, 'mid ſleepy rocks
Impervious tow'ring, cheerleſs ſummits, craggs
Abrupt, hoarſe torrents, and a night of ſhade,
Deeper we feel the preſence of a God,

* ISAIAH. † PAUL.

Than

Than if inſhrin'd in citron dome, he ſhone
The golden wonder of ſome Phidian hand :)
Hail Thou ! and if I right invoke thee, grant
A way-worn youth thy placid reſt to find !
But, if theſe envied ſeats, theſe holy laws
Of rigid ſilence, Fortune to my wiſh
Deny relentleſs, and with rapid force
Reſorb me ſtruggling 'mid her boiſt'rous waves ;
At leaſt, O Father ! in ſome lonely ſpot,
Some unmoleſted hours of hoary age
Grant me to paſs, and ſhelter me, ſecure
From worldly tumults, and the cares of men !

Blank verſe, on this, as on other occaſions, has been judged more proper for a tranſlation of lyrics, either Latin or Greek ; as its meaſure, with the variety of pauſes, is more conſonant to the originals, where no rhime was ever uſed.

IDEAL WORLD:

FROM

THE DIALOGUES OF ROUSSEAU, PART. I.

ASSIST me, ſpirit of my guide, Rouſſeau!
While I in verſe thy proſe more brilliant ſhow;
Thy World Idëal, deck'd with ev'ry grace
Of thought and language, while I ſtrive to trace.

* * * * * * * *

In outward ſhape alike, yet not the ſame,
And wider ſtill oppos'd in inward frame,
Th' Idëal World, and its tranſcendant race,
As here, their origin from Nature trace;
But more diſtinct its laws, in clearer light
Each ſcene of beauty ſtrikes the wond'ring ſight;
With grace more ſoothing, with pow'r more intenſe,
And brighter hues, each object greets the ſenſe:
So fair its nature, that an ardent love,
By contemplation rais'd, their boſoms prove;

And

And while they fear in each accordant part
To cauſe diſturbance, in their raptur'd heart
They feel the gen'rous wiſh, the warm deſire;
In all, with mind harmonious to conſpire:
Hence the ſoft ſenſibility, which lives
In ev'ry boſom, true delight which gives;
Charms to the tribes of common earth unknown,
Where animating fires have never ſhone:—
The paſſions there, as here, to action move,
But more direct, more efficacious prove;
Or leſs compounded, and ſtill more refin'd,
Aſſume a purpoſe of ſuperior kind:—
By nature all emotions tend to good,
And lead to right, if rightly underſtood,
Preſerve our being, and advance our bliſs;—
But if perverted, their true object miſs:
A thouſand obſtacles impede their courſe,
Or turn the current from its native ſource;
To crooked paths our ſteps bewilder'd bend,
Where man forgets his nature, and his end:

Erro-

Erroneous judgment, prejudice and pride,
Thus join, our better aims to turn aſide;
Hence the weak mind its firſt deſign forſakes,
From ſome light ſhock a new direction takes,
Like balls of billiards, in advent'rous play
Which, from the cuſhion driv'n, obliquely ſtray:
Not ſo the pond'rous maſs from cannon ſent,
Which forces onward in its firſt intent,
Pierces at once the bulwark of the place,
Or ſinks, repell'd, inactive at the baſe.

Theſe happy beings Nature thus maintains,
Augments their pleaſure and relieves their pains,
Whoſe genuine paſſions conſtant joy produce,
Nor by ſelf-love are warp'd to foul abuſe;
Self-love unſocial, ſolitary, baſe,
Where thought of others holds no friendly place,
Which bent on miſchief, knows no brighter joy,
But harms itſelf, its rival to deſtroy.

When thus mankind to ev'ry virtue loſt;
By ev'ry ſtorm of ſelf, or others toſt,

By

By vice affail'd, corrupted, led aftray,
No more to truth or worth can find their way;
What can the wife do more, than calm retire
From clouds impell'd by blafts of mad defire?
Or keep his ftation where his lot is thrown,
Nor rifk by change new follies of his own?
The haplefs race with pity he furveys;
His placid bofom no refentment fways,
Nor feeks their malice to return with wrong,
But firm refifts the tumult of the throng:
Thus 'mid the din of elemental war,
When Nature's germins in convulfion jar;
When thunders roll, and livid lightnings fly,
And burft the concave of this nether fky;
When ocean heaves from its profoundeft bed,
And uptorn iflands rear their rifted head;
When giant waves, like Titans fam'd of old,
Who fcal'd the Heav'ns, on trembling fhores are roll'd,
Calm at his fummit, Teneriffe remains,
Defies the ftorm in middle realms that reigns,

Darts

Darts into regions of impervious ſpace,
Nor hears the billows roaring at his baſe.

In this Idëal World, our race purſue,
By diff'rent paths, the ſame exalted view;
With force collected, they attentive reſt,
Till with ſucceſs their firm attempt be bleſt;
That ſtate celeſtial, to whoſe joy no chance
With adverſe ſtroke can make them *not* advance,
While firm remembrance in their boſom lives,
And new ſupply of reſolution gives:
Hence lower objects ſink beneath their care,
Whoſe glowing hearts admit no chill deſpair;
To one fix'd point their ſteady paſſions tend,
No means they alter, and they change no end.

In deeds as diff'rent, as in words the ſame,
In man two motives urge their rival claim;
Unjuſt ſelf-love, and love of ſelf allow'd;
This, gen'rous, noble,—that, ignoble, proud;

Due

Due love of ſelf its harmleſs wiſh would fill,
Self-love its good creates on other's ill;
That ſees direct its proper bliſs alone,
This ſtill compares another's with its own;
Diſpleas'd within, abroad it roams in vain,
And counts its loſſes from another's gain:
Hence there true honour, noble truth we trace,
Here mean deceit, and well-deſerv'd diſgrace.

Obſerve two diff'rent youths:—in one, with pride,
Hate, rancour, rage, and jealouſy abide;
The other glowing with Love's gen'rous flame;
Their wiſhes equal, and their hopes the ſame:
In one his hatred may ſurvive his love,
Though loſt, or ſcorn'd, the joy he wiſh'd to prove;
On th' other's happy brow no frown appears,
He hates no rival, who no rival fears:
Not that more virtue here perhaps is known,
But love of virtue is more truly ſhown;

Nature herſelf ſtill good, to good deſigns,
And virtuous deeds, her happy ſons inclines;
But the world's intercourſe the will pollutes,
And what might angels be, converts to brutes;
Till rooted habits baſe obedience yield,
And man with coward flight deſerts the field.
Crimes may, alas! in this our world appear,
Since virtue may, with onſet ſo ſevere,
Be preſt by paſſions in th' unequal fight,
That man may falter in his own deſpite;
Commit the evil, and the deed deteſt,
While fell remorſe with torture tears his breaſt;
But ſtill to cool delib'rate ill a foe,
He feels no envy, deals no ſecret blow,
Treaſon and fraud exert no pois'nous art,
His hand is guilty, guiltleſs is his heart;
On faults of others he compaſſion takes,
And ſtill adores the virtue he forſakes.

No vain appearance, no external ſhow,
Theſe happy ſpirits boaſt, or wiſh to know;

Whate'er

Whate'er the rank by fortune they poſſeſs,
They raiſe not higher, nay would make it leſs;
They ſeek not honour, but content, to find,
As more ſecure, more ſuited to their mind;
Opinion loſes over them its pow'r,
And fickle faſhion, changing with the hour;
True to true pleaſure, wealth they ſet at nought;
Who know true pleaſure never can be bought;
And though the rich may deal their gifts around;
In theſe the good, and not in them, is found:
Wealth leſs amaſs'd, flows in more equal ſtream,
Nor can the gift the guilty gain redeem:
But dearer far their liberty they prize,
Than all which may from rank or fortune riſe;
To them dependance, with the rich man's cares,
The load of pomp which ceremony bears,
The fear to loſe, the trouble to employ,
Would mar poſſeſſion, and their bliſs deſtroy.

By Nature thus, by reaſon, only bound,
They unſuſpecting tread life's little round;

Each

Each day they paſs delighting to procure
What may their own, or other's bliſs enſure;
And while of men the judgment they diſdain,
Demoliſh Error's maſk, and break her chain.

Nor can ſuch beings, like the reſt of men,
Or form their thoughts, or trace them with their pen;
Traces to thoſe of ſoul congenial known,
Who feel the truth, and its impreſſion own:
Thus mingling rays of many-colour'd light
Mix in one maſs, and ſhine a perfect white;
From kindred founts thus flow the ſtreams allied,
And blend their murmurs as they ſocial glide;
Thus Arethuſa, with attractive charms,
Receives Alphëus with enfolding arms,
Waits in the verdure of Sicilia's plain,
Or meets her love beneath th' Iönian main:
Hence the magnetic touch, with fix'd controul,
Their thoughts aſſociates to the guiding pole;

Baffles

Baffles light efforts of all vain pretence,
And from the heart alone appeals to ſenſe.

No books of lengthen'd labour they indite,
Few would the folio's be would angels write;
But when the object riſes to their view,
The path themſelves have pointed they purſue;
Some bright diſcov'ry for the uſe of man,
Somet ruth important, ſome extenſive plan;
Some glowing picture, ſome aſpiring fane,
Some airy tow'r which ſcorns the lowly plain;
Some brilliant phantom they by fancy ſee,
Not what man is, but what man ought to be;
Such as of old before the patriarch's eyes
Were given in ſacred ſlumber to ariſe,
When choirs of ſeraphs, link'd in ardent love,
He ſaw deſcending from their realms above;
In circling bands awhile he ſaw them fly,
He heard celeſtial warblings pierce the ſky,
Till re-aſcending from all human ſight,
Their melting forms were loſt in floods of light.

Theſe

Theſe are the motives which their pens engage,
To amend the preſent, warn ſome future age;
To ſuch, no period of appointed years,
The time moſt proper for the work, appears;
But then, when glitt'ring with benignant rays,
The riſing dawn of thought its light diſplays,
In hues more radiant than the blooming flow'rs,
From roſy fingers which Aurora ſhow'rs,
When *ſhe* proclaims the Sun's reviving ray,
And *they* announce the beam of Reaſon's day:
They ſeize the pen, aſcend the Muſe's throne,
And write with ardour hardly deem'd their own,
Themſelves unconſcious of the flame divine,
Which glows in each unlabour'd poliſh'd line.
And if no great occaſion ſhould afford
A cauſe to manifeſt this ſecret hoard,
Their thoughts, their works, may never ſpring to light,
Abſorb'd in more than dark oblivion's night;
Like gems and gold, in ſome unſought for mine,
Doom'd ne'er, withdrawn from central depths, to ſhine.

O Na-

O Nature! Providence! O Pow'r ſupreme!
Whence flow the treaſures of the poor man's dream;
The firm reſource to which the wretched fly,
When wrong and inſult their keen ſcourge apply;
He to whoſe heart thy holy laws are known,
Who makes their helps his truſt, and thoſe alone;
Whoſe mind within enjoys a tranquil reign,
Whoſe outward form feels no attack of pain;
Thanks to thy bleſſing, a defenceleſs prey
Can never fall to haughty human ſway;
In man's deſpite, and all by man deſign'd,
Thy bleſt aſylum he is ſure to find;
By cruel hands through preſent life oppreſt,
He finds a future hope illume his breaſt;
Imagination preſent good ſupplies,
And fancy gives what real truth denies.
Far more:—He only taſtes of real bliſs,
Since earthly gifts, which ſtill their purpoſe miſs,
Fly from the graſp illuſive, falſe and vain,
Of him, who deems they will ſecure remain;

But

But no controul tyrannic can ſuppreſs
What friendly fancy gives them to poſſeſs;
Gain without loſs, entire, without alarm,
Where men and fortune loſe the pow'r to harm.

But here, bright ſpirit! who by woes oppreſt,
Haſt gain'd at laſt thy ſtate of bliſs, or reſt,
Haſt join'd thy better Julia, and her friend,
In realms ideal, thou thyſelf haſt penn'd;
Here let me cloſe this tributary ſtrain,
With wiſh as ardent, as my pow'r is vain,
To crown thy genius with its juſt applauſe,
And ſtill defend the truth, thy fav'rite cauſe.

SONNET,

SONNET, FROM ROUSSEAU:

JULIE, LETT. 50.

CHASTE pow'r of Love! whoſe ſteady fires refine
The meaner droſs of man's corrupted frame;
Each wand'ring wiſh in one fix'd hope combine,
Stamp'd with thy dread inviolable name:

To thy commands let Senſe the reins reſign,
Or veil its tranſports with thy decent ſhame;
Whoſe joys conceal'd with heighten'd luſtre ſhine,
As midnight fires with doubled ſplendor flame:

To thoſe, whoſe paſſions undetermin'd ſtray,
Intent alone on Pleaſure's worthleſs prey,
Each man is lovely, and each woman fair;
True Love from all, one, only one ſelects,
That idol high above all thought erects,
And ſinks all others far beneath its care.

FROM THE SAME.

Ye days of pleaſure, days of glory! days
Too exquiſite for mortal lot, too bright
To paſs ſo ſudden! an ecſtatic trance
Abſorb'd your whole duration, in one point
Collected all, one univerſal now:—
I knew no paſt, no future, but at once
Enjoy'd the tranſports of unnumber'd ages.
Ah me! like lightning have you diſappear'd;
My eternity of bliſs hath only fill'd
One inſtant of my being; time reſumes
Its ſlowneſs, clogg'd by moments of deſpair;
And ſtale diſguſt marks out, by tedious years,
The melancholy remnant of my days.

Theſe extracts (and many more remain) are taken from that ſuperior, but unhappy work, which muſt be cenſured by all thoſe (and how numerous the tribe!) who have either no hearts to feel its tranſports, or diſtreſſes; or thoſe who with equal, though with different failings, have done ſo little to regain the virtues which they have loſt.

To

——————— To ſuch,
So bright an object of eſteem retriev'd,
Muſt caſt ſuch dazzling rays, as to confound
Their half-form'd merits, or their faults confirm'd,
And wound their conſcience, or alarm their pride:
Who then will praiſe? Thoſe who have worth ſufficient,
To need no trophies from another's ſpoil;
Who can ſecure behold the diſtant danger,
Yet feel for thoſe leſs happy than themſelves;
Who ſcorn Ulyſſes, and his doubting caution,
When cords confin'd him ſtruggling to the maſt;
But with attentive ear, and juſt applauſe,
Can hear the Siren's voice, yet ſhun the ſhore.

ERRATA.

Page 8, *for* soæial, *read* social.
47, ver. 1, Latin—*for* salutis, *read* solutis; *and for* sepentibus, *read* serpentibus.
55, ver. 7, Latin—*for* lætæ, *read* læta.
69, Title—*the word* corpora *should begin another line.*
194, ver. 7, French—*for* se, *read* je.

There may be a few more errata, whose correction is left to the sagacity of the reader.

POSTSCRIPT.

Many Tranſlations, with ſome Proſe Eſſays, are now omitted for want of time and ſpace, but may hereafter appear.

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NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

ON SOME OF THE

ORIGINAL POEMS

IN THE FIRST VOL.

NOTES

AND

OBSERVATIONS.

On the Tabula Eugubina.

IN 1444, at a town in Italy, anciently called Iguvium, in modern Italian, Eugubio, ſituated in Umbria, at the foot of the Apennines, towards the Weſt, ſome braſs plates were found in a ruined wall, and faſtened to it by cramps of iron, as repreſented in one of the vignettes of the 'Etruſcan Antiquities,' by S. W. Hamilton, in his firſt volume. On theſe plates are inſcriptions, in the moſt antient Pelaſgic characters. Theſe plates had frequently exerciſed the ſagacity of the learned, in Italy: their inquiries Gori purſued in his 'Muſeum Etruſcum,' printed at Florence, in two volumes, folio; and, by joining his learning to the former inquiries, he determined the characters; and

and ſuppoſing the language to be the Æolic Greek, brought into Italy by the Pelaſgi, he attempted an explanation of each word; and found the whole to be a hymn in time of the greateſt diſtreſs, ariſing from a peſtilence and famine. This event he confirms by a paſſage in Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, who quotes from a more ancient hiſtorian, called Myrſilus, the Leſbian, that more than one century before the ſiege of Troy, ſuch a calamity did happen in that part of Italy. On theſe grounds, Gori calls the inſcription, on the Tabula Eugubina, the Carmen Orthion. The characters are read from right to left, according to the more ancient oriental form, before the Bouſtrophedon was admitted; which alternate method ended in the Weſtern languages, with an entire change of writing from the left to the right.—The original has no ſtops, or punctuation; and, as well from the rapid expreſſions of diſtreſs, changing from invocation to deſcription, and vice verſa, as from the imperfect ſtate of language in thoſe very early periods, very few, if any, connectives are admitted in the broken ſentences. This particular form, Gori has ſtrictly obſerved in his Latin verſion, which is placed, verbatim, under the original words; and the Engliſh paraphraſe, has obſerved the ſame, as far as was

conſiſtent

conſiſtent with any degree of perſpicuity. It may be juſt remarked, that the opening of the Œdipus Tyrannus of Sophocles, with the firſt choric ode, together with the firſt chapter of the prophet Joel, bear much reſemblance to the circumſtances and ſituation of the Carmen Orthium, here tranſlated into Latin proſe, and into Engliſh verſe; on the form of which laſt, theſe previous remarks are offered by the writer of the paraphraſe.

Poetry without muſic, in ancient ages, would have been as abſurd as, in the modern, is muſic without poetry. The rhythm of the verſe, and the time of the notes to which it was ſung, were once connected with, and dependant on each other; or were, indeed, the ſame. How this union, by the ancients, was produced, we are now uncertain; and, in modern muſic with words, its uſe is loſt. The greater diviſions, therefore, of this hymn, in Engliſh, are not intended to have any reference to the ſtrophe and antiſtrophe of the ancients, but only to guide the muſical compoſer (if ever the hymn ſhould appear in its due form), in the choice of airs and recitative, as well the ſimple, as the more adorned ſpecies, called accompanied, as they may ſeem to require the different application. Whether the ancient muſic was ſuperior to the

modern,

modern, muſt remain uudecided; but, of the ſuperiority of ancient verſification, as to rhythm, there can be no doubt, from the variety of meaſures and of feet which, for different purpoſes, were employed. This is evident in the meaſures and feet, which are known, and whoſe effect may be perceived: in the apparent irregularity, indeed, of many of the lyric or choric meaſures, there is nearly as much difficulty of conception, to modern ears, as in the muſic.

In modern verſe, the iambic, and its inverſion, the trochee, are all the feet which we can apply, at leaſt, in ſerious works; for the anapæſt, of which we have ſome notion, with its inverſion, the dactyl, is beſt ſuited to the lighter ſpecies of poetry; all, therefore, which modern poets can do, and eſpecially in the lyric, is to produce what variety they are able, by the following methods: the mixture of the iambic and trochaic feet, by employing different lengths of the verſe, as to the number of either feet, and by an interchange or blending of the final ſounds, now called rhyme; but never, I think, uſing leſs than two feet or four ſyllables, and ſcarce ever more than five feet or ten ſyllables; for the Alexandrine, as it is called, ſeems rather two verſes of three feet each, than any

diſtinct

diſtinct ſpecies: theſe methods, in the paraphraſe of the hymn, have been applied. To the muſical compoſer, the longer lines will, perhaps, ſuggeſt the recitative of both kinds, and the more ſhort, or unequal lines, will belong to the airs or choruſſes; but, in general, in our days, poets know ſo little of muſic, and muſicians of poetry, that it is a vain attempt to produce any intercourſe between them, ſo as to promote the union of ſound and ſenſe, which muſt be the perfection of the two arts combined. The meaſures, therefore, of the hymn, in Engliſh, I leave to the ears and taſte of the learned and candid reader.—The following, is the verbal tranſlation by Gori; in which the lines after the words ſhow only, where the lines of the original inſcription end, and return to the right ſide of the plate:——

Eſtote filii percuſſi ſimul——Incendite nunc Urnas impoſitas odoramentorum——Remedium fugam extremi (i. e. Mali) diffuſi.——Dilatate Viri adſtantes guttur——Frater Fratribus oſtentato Ignem——Merſus diviſus (Ignis) eſt——Pueri dilatate guttur valide——Pueræ adſtantes ſacris clamate gutture——Matres omnes ter cantu ululate——Clamate Viræ (virgines adultæ)——Fratrum (omnia) inauſpicata——Ululate Filiæ

dispersa clamantes Arva eversa——desolatum Far nimiâ Uredine——sacrum clamate (carmen)—— Speciosi proventus desiderati in Arvis——Speciosa camporum vastata sunt——Fætus speciosi aucto duplo malo submersi——Clamate gutturibus eversi——Clamate exustione Optima subversa—— Proventus subversi——Arbores feraces subversæ plus tres Annos——Exustione extincti proventus tres Annos——Extinctæ Arbores feraces fumantes——Extinctæ fugatæ ululate——tempore ab illo fugerunt fructus annui pingues—— persiccata Dona——fugit Far——Ægræ sunt Res eversæ sacræ——tua necessaria summe Jovis Pater——Calamitatem averte Dexter——tua dona——Per Fratres Sacerdotes Patres jure adesto —Alumnos per Iuventutem—produc tua necessaria Alimenta——Ululate Clamate——Tua necessaria summe Pastor——publice depulsor produc tuam——necessariam nardum——Eheu dispersum est Officium nostrum——Vide per Fratres Sacerdotes Patres——jure adesto——totam per juventutem alumnam sacram——Vivifica armentorum fœtus——desolatos arvorum fœtus clamate——Adspira matura——fœtus consolida ——Pauperes tuos penuria laborentis intuere—— solidam profer frumenti copiam——Sirium subtrahe

trahe a fœtibus———Epulas offerimus trementes ——omnes tuos pauperes intuere———Averte averte Luem——Paſtor publice.

On the Ophi-cyclo-ptero-morphic Symbol.

TO ſome readers, theſe few ſhort notes of explanation may perhaps be acceptable:—

Verſe 3.—vid. 1 Pet. i. 12.

Verſe 7.—vid. Acts, vii. 22.

Verſe 12.—This line is from the Platonic philoſophy, which teaches, that there is *one* in many, and *many* in one. This is illuſtrated by a ſeal, and the impreſſions taken from it; where the ſeal is one, and the impreſſions are many.

Verſe 14.—The gradations are 5, from Faith, Light, or Spirit, to brute matter.

Verſe 17.—vid. Acts, xvii. 28.

Verſe 21.—God is called, in Plato, *Form* of Forms; as diſtinct from, and pre-eminent above matter; here it is *Father* of Forms.

Verſe 29.—vid. Prov. viii. 22, &c.

Verſe 30.—The Chriſt is the image the Father; as by a figure, ſhapes are reflected from a mirror; but vid. Heb. i. 3.

Verſe 41.—In moſt of the ſymbols, the wings are divided into three ranks;—one plain ſpace, for ſpiritual beings; one, with one ſet of lines acroſs the ſpace, for rational beings; and, one with two lines croſſing each other, repreſenting inferior animals, and mere matter.

Verſe 51.—A knowledge of geography renders explanation, in theſe lines, needleſs.

Verſe 61.—In theſe two lines the difference of letters, as characters, and of hieroglyphics, as ſymbols, is marked.

Verſe 67.—vid. Hom. Odyſſ. B. 24, at the beginning, with Clark's notes; and the paſſage, from Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus.

Verſe 79.—The hieralph, is the letter *A* placed ſideways, for *ſacred* purpoſes.

Verſe 90.—In this, and the following lines, the evil principle, or the origin of evil, is marked under the various names and types of various times and nations.

Verſe 97.—The butterfly, papilio or pſyche, is generally uſed as an emblem of the immortality of the ſoul, as a figure, from the different forms and ſtates of that animal.

Verſe 103.—Thoth, in Egypt; Hermes, in Greece; and, Mercury, in Etruria, or Italy, are

names

names or titles of ſome great and very ancient inſtructors of mankind. The firſt, by later Grecian writers, is called Triſmegiſtus;—the ſymbol is borne in the hand of many Egyptian idols.

Verſe 108.—This hieroglyphic is called the cone of light, and that of darkneſs; to repreſent the aſſiſtance of the ſupreme, to correct the corruption of man upon earth; and the attempts of Corruption to reſiſt the aid from above; till, what is expreſt in lines 109 and 110.

Verſe 118.—The three terms here employed, have the ſame meaning and intention as the three mentioned in verſe 6.

Verſe 120.—vid. 1 Cor. xv. 28.

Verſe 122.—Jehovah, is a compound expreſſion of Time, in its three forms of paſt, preſent, and future; according to the rudiments of the Hebrew grammar; it has been ealled tetragrammaton, from the four characters יהוה which are inſcribed at the top of moſt altar pieces in the Chriſtian churches;—and, Shiloh is Hebrew for *ſent*.

On

On the Sonnet.

THE Sonnet has been generally conſidered as the production of the moſt early Provençal poets, called Troubadours, in the middle or at the beginning of the 13th century, and in the ſouth of France, on the confines of Italy, when the Cruſades had brought ſome refinement of literature from the Eaſt into Europe; and here, after many rude attempts, as is the caſe with all new inventions, Petrarcha, in the middle of the 14th century, carried that ſpecies of writing to its higheſt perfection; in which he was followed by Bembo, Arioſto, Taſſo, and many others of later date; and, which is ſtill a favorite mode of compoſition in Italy, on all ſubjects of a public or a private nature. They have been chiefly written in Italian, which became diſtinct from the Latin, by admitting, from the Celtic and Teutonic dialects, many northern words; and, by changing, principally, the inflexions of the Latin verbs into terminations more open and flowing: as *ſono* for *ſunt*, *amano* for

for *amant*; and is ſtill ſuperior to the French, where the naſal endings in N, and the mute E, either with or without the added letters unpronounced, render the verſes of that language ſo much leſs melodious than the poetic form of many others; and ſo much more difficult to be read, ſo as to give any effect to the verſe, and to obſerve the laws by which it is compoſed: ſo peculiar, indeed, is the Italian tongue for its ſoftneſs of ſound, that moſt words, and in poetry nearly all, end with a vowel or a liquid; hence it is ſo adapted to muſic beyond any language, whoſe true pronunciation is known. The Latin language was always preſerved for the church, and for works, chiefly, of ſacred learning; but the blended dialect was called la Lingua volgare, in ſo much, that volgorizzare was a term ſynonymous for tranſlation from the old Latin into the modern Italian.

In the ſonnet, rhyme was always uſed, in diſtinction from the ancient rythm, and is, moſt probably, a modern invention of Europe; though ſome authors ſay, that the ſimilarity of the ſound of words, at the ends of lines, was not unknown to the Orientals, perhaps, at a more early period. In all nations, more modern, rhyme ſeems to be-

a ſupplement to the various feet and meaſures uſed by the Greeks, and from them by the Romans; who owe all their learning and improvements to the Etruſcans, and their elegance and refinement to their Grecian intercourſe: and, in my opinion, poor and weak is the ſubſtitute for ſuch diſtinguiſhed ornaments of poetry, as were the richneſs and ſweetneſs of the ancient verſification; beſides, that it ſubjects the freedom of expreſſion to an irkſome chain, of which the greateſt merit conſiſts in its being the lighteſt borne and when it leaſt diſcovers the ſhackles which it impoſes. The Italian language is, indeed, very fertile in rhymes; and, therefore, the reſtraint gives leſs trouble to the writer, and by the reader is leſs perceived. Theſe rhymes have been differently arranged by different poets, and by the ſame poets, in different parts of their works, as to the two firſt quatrains, as they are called; but theſe quatrains, hardly ever admitted more rhymes than two, and in the two triplets, of three verſes repeated, a change was admitted in each; but, moſt often, the third verſe of the firſt, and the third of the laſt were in ſtrict rhymes. The number of verſes, then, in a ſonnet are always fourteen; for which peculiar number, a reaſon for a long time, in vain,

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was ſought, till one was ſuggeſted by a ſonnet of Taſſo, tranſlated at p. 286. In this ſonnet, the ſubject was propoſed in the firſt four lines, purſued in the next four, and, an alluſion to the main ſubject was made in the ſix, which concluded the compoſition. In many of the original Engliſh ſonnets, written after this ſort of diſcovery, that form of arranging the ſubject and the alluſion, or ſimile, has been adopted, and, perhaps, with this improvement, that the ſubject *propoſed* in the firſt four lines ſhall be *purſued* in the ſecond four, either by extenſion or contraſt, in a kind of paralleliſm, the great diſcovery of Lowth in his Hebrew poeſy; and in the two triplets or ſix laſt lines of the alluſion, the parts of the ſimile in the firſt three ſhall refer to the four of the firſt quatrain, and in the laſt three, to the four of the ſecond, vid. Original Sonnets, p. 141. This method may ſeem to add to the difficulty of this ſpecies of compoſition; but in very ſhort works, a difficulty conquered is an added merit; and the method certainly conduces to that preciſion of the expreſſion, which has always been allowed as a merit in the ſonnet; and this merit is much procured by the proper uſe of antitheſis, a figure of ſentences, ſo often condemned, but ſo conſtantly applied by

the writers in all languages. And, for this reason: association of ideas attends most of our perceptions; as light may be called the absence of darkness, and darkness is the privation of light; and either of the one naturally induces the thought of the other, and by the contrast give a mutual strength. It is true that the antithesis should be more in the thought, and less in the words; in which last, when it is sought with labour, or does not, in the terms, exactly agree with the relative subjects, it is ever faulty; but, the abuse of truth and of propriety is no valid argument against the true and well-applied use of any form of writing.* The true antithesis and the simile, which is a species of it, is founded on the strictest principles of science, in the doctrine of proportion; and, the simile and comparison is so mentioned by Aristotle, in his Poetics: where the four terms of the sky, and field, the stars, and the flowers, are adduced as the essential requisites of a metaphor; that is, the sky has stars, and the fields have flowers: and, therefore, by metaphor, the terms may be transferred, so that stars may be called flowers of the sky, and flowers may be called the stars of the field. In the symbols of proportion they are thus

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* And this may be, also, applied to alliteration.

expreſt:—Stars : ſky :: flowers : field. I do not expect that in modern times of avowed and preſumptuous ignorance, or in thoſe of concealed and ungrateful knowledge, this reference to Ariſtotle will have great weight; but, I am certain that the ſtrictneſs of a ſcientific method may, with great utility, be applied to ſubjects of criticiſm as well as thoſe of morality; and produce that accurate diſtinction of ideas in which true knowledge and comprehenſion, or underſtanding, conſiſt, and without which, all diſquiſitions are confuſed, obſcure, imperfect, and ineffectual. But to return to the ſonnet:—the laws of this compoſition are remarkably ſevere, inſomuch, that Boileau ſaid, a perfect ſonnet was worth an epic poem. The ſeverity of theſe laws conſiſt, firſt, in the unity of the thought, or the ſubject, to which the writer, of a legitimate ſonnet, muſt, without the leaſt variation, adhere. Next, no important word, as a noun or a verb, muſt be frequently, if ever, repeated; then the connection of the parts, in the whole, muſt be cloſely dependent on each other, by links always exiſting, though not always apparent; and, the breaks muſt be filled up by the moſt obvious and natural ellipſis. Laſtly, the gradation of the climax, the thought, and diction, from the firſt line to the laſt, is to be obſerved. The ſonnets of

Petrarcha, notwithſtanding all the beauty of the diction, are deficient in this gradation; as the eight firſt lines are often ſuperior to the ſix laſt, and but ſeldom the laſt line is the moſt full of thought. A ſonnet may be conſidered as a ſerious epigram, and in all epigrams, as well in the ſimple manner of the Greek, as the ſatyrical or pointed form of moſt in Martial, the laſt verſe comprehends and confirms all the preceding; the defect, in this particular, is objected to Petrarcha, and was one cauſe of adopting the new method of the ſubject and the correſponding ſimile. The ſonnets of Milton, both Italian and Engliſh, ſo evidently drawn up in the manner of Petrarcha, have the ſame ſuggeſted imperfections; as alſo many of thoſe of Mrs. Charlotte Smith, the ſimple pathetic of which may, perhaps, be preferred to the elevated diction of Petrarcha, or the propoſed innovation in the form of the ſonnet. The madrigal may be conſidered as the ſhorter ſonnet, not confined to any certain number of lines or to the larger meaſure of the Italian heroic repeated. Its thought is ſtill more ſimple than that of the ſonnet, and the point or cloſe is more ſtrictly obſerved. I have, ſometimes, thought that as the Italian ſerenata is, evidently, from *ſereno*, the evening, the

the madrigale may be from the Spanish *madrugare*, which means to rise early in the morning; and, therefore, that the madrigale is the morning song, as the serenata is that of the evening; but, on this I less insist, as my knowledge of the Spanish language is very imperfect. There is a whimsical sonnet, written by Lopez de Vega, on the difficulty of that composition; it is replete with true ridicule, as it attacks only the form and not the substance of such a kind of writing; to which substance it neither does, nor can, offer any injury, or make its true worth less esteemed. This burlesque has been rendered in one of the volumes of Dodsley's Collection, vol. ii. p. 321. The translation is not quite so perfect as it might be, and an attempt has been made to keep still closer to the original; for in all translations it is the principle, and has been the intention, of the writer of these short essays, to adhere, most strictly, to the sense, and where it is possible, to the words and their construction, which are used in the originals: if it is not possible, the attempt has, in general, been laid aside; and with all due deference to the *Nec Verbum Verbo* of Horace, a more extended, or lax translation is rather a paraphrasis than a metaphrasis, or exchange of diction. I insert the original

ginal Spanifh, that the metaphrafis may be more diftinctly perceived. I fhall ftill add an obfervation concerning the rhymes, in which, the tranflations, as well as the originals, are written with a lefs frequent repetition:—the Italian language is fo fertile in its rhymes, that, without any difficulty, they occur to every writer who is the leaft accuftomed to verfe, either written or read. In Englifh, the rhymes in the words are much lefs frequent, and, confequently, the attention muft be turned too much to the inferior parts of the compofition, and thus endanger the accurate concifenefs of the expreffion, and the juft difpofition of parts through the whole, in which the fuperior merits fo much confift. It will therefore be moft often found that in thefe Englifh fonnets, original or tranflated, the rhymes in the two quatrains are changed; the croffed or alternate rhymes alfo of firft and third, fecond and fourth, inftead of each two in unbroken fucceffion, has been conftantly adopted, as being a medium between blank verfe, as it is called, and the more common rhymes of each two verfes. Dryden, in fome of his poems, calls thefe alternate rhymes, in the four lines, the heroic ftanza; the reafon of fuch an appellation is not very evident, and fucceeding poets,

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with Hammond and Gray, in particular, have applied these alternate rhymes to elegy, in which, subjects more serious, or plaintive, have been treated; and, as the sonnet is neither so elevated as the heroic in blank, nor so depressed as the common elegy, the mixture of the alternate, in the quatrains, and the more free disposition in the triplets, has been most generally used. The great difference, however, between blank verse and rhyme, which consists in making the lesser parts of the sentence either run into different lines, or be inclosed in the compass of one or two, has been most often observed in favor of rhyme; which, though the writer of this essay be a decided friend to blank or free measure, in longer and more serious works, yet in these shorter and more restricted compositions he has thought, as more agreeable to common taste and practice, so also more adapted to the structure of the sonnet; of which, either translated or original, he has composed so considerable a number in that most studied manner and form. Milton, indeed, from his superior talents in free measures, and from his strict imitation of the older Italian writers of sonnet, has blended the free structure of blank verse and the confinement of rhyme; by which, he has left no

certainty

certainty of difference in the forms of either; has loſt the beſt effect of rhyme, and checked the flow of the verſe, more free, by an uſeleſs appearance of reſtraint. But to return to Petrarcha, and to conclude, indeed, this critique on the ſonnet and its moſt diſtinguiſhed writer; the numerical critics have, I doubt not, with conſiderable toil, obſerved, that the numbers, in an arithmetical ſenſe, of the words uſed by Petrarcha, are very ſmall. I really have forgotten the reſult of their enumeration; but, at once, aſking the pardon of ſuch exact and enlightened calculators, and to make ſome amends for the defect of my memory in ſuch an important point, I will venture to ſuggeſt a character of Petrarcha, as to the general ſameneſs of his ſubjects and the particular variety of which, in the ſmall number of his words, he has invented the application:

"Small is the ſtream, which to his Muſe ſupplies
Its ſtream, but on its banks ſuch flow'rs he culls
As deck his thoughts with beauties numberleſs;
Creating for himſelf, in either mood,
As Hope or Fear, each in his boſom reign'd,
A world of tranſport, or a world of woe."——

A ſhort Explanation of the Sum and Purpoſe of the Ægyptian Hieroglyphics: tranſlated from the Pamphilian Obeliſk; by Athan. Kircher, p. 256.—et p. 396.

WHEN the Egyptian prieſts had learned, by the doctrine delivered in ſucceſſion by the ancient patriarchs, that *divinity* was infuſed through all things, their chief and ſole employment was to diſcover the effects of ſuch divinity, as lay concealed in each and all the degrees and orders of natural beings; and to exhibit them, when diſcovered, with propriety, by ſymbols apt, and taken from the nature of the things. Hence, they applied their minds to inveſtigate the powers and properties of all animals: as, moreover, they thought, *Genii* were appointed by God to preſide over every order, they endeavoured to know, by the deepeſt reſearches, under the protection of which *Genius*, each ſubſtance, in the claſſes of natural beings, was placed; by which knowledge, they held a firm perſuaſion that, by adapted ſymbols, ſacrifices, hymns, rites, and ceremonies, and by holineſs of life, they could render each genius pro-

pitious to their prayers; and that, when his favor was obtained, they ſhould, by his influence, acquire all kinds of happineſs; they thought, alſo, that, by ſuch aſſiſtance, all evils would be averted, and were confident that, thus, after a happy courſe in this life, they ſhould ſecure a bliſsful ſtate in that which was to come. And this is the ſubſtance, and ſum, and the purpoſe, and end, of all the hieroglyphic learning, concealed under the ſecret myſteries of all the ſymbols, and all the other ceremonies, and rites. A. K.—vid. alſo Obeliſci Pamphil. p. 396.

Theſe ſymbols were placed on the Obeliſks, the ſacred utenſils, ſuch as the table of Iſis or the mummies, and on the gates and walls of all the temples, as ſtill remaining in the magnificent temples of Luxore, or ancient Thebes, in the upper Egypt, and in other ruins on each ſide of the Nile; of which, the beſt information may beſound in the travels of Savary; and Norden muſt be applied to for the beſt deſcription by plates.

It has, in my private opinion, been fully ſhown by Kircher, that ideas, ſacred, moral, and political, are expreſt by the ſymbols in hieroglyphics, and not, as ſome have thought, hiſtoric facts, records of time, or leſs important calculations.

tions. The manner of enouncing thefe hieroglyphics is not by words to each character, but by what Kircher calls ideal reading; where each type is to be, collectively, unfolded, and the founds are to be omitted and the fenfe retained. The manner of doing it is, generally, in a perpendicular direction; as appears by the ideal reading which he has given of the ranks of hieroglyphics, from which, at p. 65, vol. i. the ode is compofed; and affumes the form of Strophe, Antiftrophe, and Epode, confiftent with fuch divifion. The paraphrafe, in the ode, is formed on the *Lectio Idealis* of the hieroglyphics; as given in Kircher's Œdipus Ægyptiacus, vol. iii. p. 414: where the three columns on the Nardian mummy are explained; and the fenfe of the fucceffive fymbols are thus extended into words:

1ſt Column.

Let the beneficent gate of Ofiris be opened to the deceafed. May he be conveyed to his appointed place, in the barge, by the three intelligences of the powerful Section. May life be granted to him, by him, who, with motion imperceptible, pervadeth all things. Let Apis be prefent, with the intelligences of the fun; in whofe vehicles may he be drawn to the fource of the celeftial

Crater, and by the watchful guidance of the providential Deity, may he find the center of contemplation, and live happily among the choirs of heavenly ſpirits!

2nd Column.

Let him lead the life above—joined and united by contemplation to the power ſupreme—when he has ſubdued all adverſity, and has been immerſed in the intellectual Crater of Hemphta, let him be inſerted in the chain of beneficent powers; let him reign in the circles of bleſſedneſs free from the deſire of inferior objects; and when he has been ſprinkled with *ſupra mundane dew*, let him, in perpetual vigils, acquire ſtrong wings which never will decay!

3d Column.

Let him, by contemplation, adhere to the ſupreme providence;—by the vehicle of the ſupreme providence let him be reſtored to his own circle. Far be from him the carnal appetite; far, the deſire of things corruptible; let his wings be ſtrengthened by the force of contemplation of the ſuperior world.—If after a long time, by the appointment of Fate, he ſhould be returned to a corruptible ſphere, let him find this his habitation!——

Whoever

Whoever would know more of the ſubject of hieroglyphics, muſt again apply to Kircher, in his recapitulation at the end of the third volume of the Œdipus Ægyptiacus; and whoever would ſearch ſtill deeper into ſuch learning muſt read the work, particularly, in the Table of Iſis in vol. 3; and in the whole work on the Pamphilian Obeliſk, from which the extract was tranſlated.

NOTES AND OBSERVATIONS

ON SOME OF THE

TRANSLATED POEMS

IN THE SECOND VOL.

NOTES

AND

OBSERVATIONS.

On the four proſcribed Poets.

IN the paſſages which are tranſlated from Lucan, Statius, Claudian, and Seneca, to illuſtrate the characters given of them in the original lines, I feel myſelf under the neceſſity of obviating ſome objections, which, from ſcholars of a more advanced age, may be made to the recommending, or even mentioning, ſuch authors as may tend rather to corrupt the taſte, than to improve the judgment, of younger ſtudents, as to the merits of poetry. Of ſuch authors, the principal in Latin are theſe four, who are almoſt proſcribed from the liſt of thoſe received with general approbation, and ranked under the figurative claſs of the brazen or the iron age: but taſte, which is only a metaphorical expreſſion for judgment, depends on an

accurate and enlightened comparison of the different excellencies in different writers; and, as public fame is often no more than a repeated echo, from trust in the opinion of others, so a well-grounded opinion of our own can only be formed on our own reading and experience, which must lead us to justify or to condemn, according as we perceive the merits or defects of a performance to prevail. It has been said, and I believe, with much truth, that the age of genius or of invention is not the age of taste and judgment, and *vice versa*; the conciseness of which sentence is thus to be explained: taste, or criticism, as the last term evidently implies, means to pass judgment or to decide; and in that general sense it was used in early times, when the writers were many, and the judges but few; and these, as formed by the excellence of the compositions then produced, were full as much inclined to commend as to blame; whereas in later times, when the number of judges far exceeded that of the writers, criticism is chiefly employed in marking out the defects, rather than in passing an impartial judgment on the works of others: and this might arise either from the envy which attends exertions superior to our own abilities, or from the satiety and caprice which follows

lows a long ſucceſſion of endeavours to obtain our applauſe: this ſatiety has a peculiar effect on what is properly called art, or the application in practice of principles founded in nature and in truth; and particularly ſo in the compoſition and execution of muſic, where the artiſt, who from neceſſity muſt be attentive to more than applauſe, finds his hearers wearied with what they have long admired, either from themſelves or the deciſion of others, and are in courſe leſs frequent in their attendance on ſuch exhibition, by which abſence the performers or compoſers are compelled to ſtrike into new paths, to awaken their audience; and, having arrived near to perfection in their progreſſive efforts, muſt now deſcend to novelty and ſurpriſe, by which the truth of art is corrupted and deſtroyed. It would not be difficult to produce inſtances of this degradation in more arts than one; but I haſten to return to the ſubject of poetry. It is true alſo, that in early times, authors attended more to ſtrength of thought and boldneſs of diction, than to that accurate diſpoſition of a whole into its component parts, (vide Harris's Philolog. Inq. part ii. chap. 5.) which, by frequent examples of improving writers, became the great aim of their ſucceſſors; and, as from theſe examples, rules

were now formed in a more polished age; so from the observance or neglect of these, judges now formed their final opinion; and often overlooked the more irregular beauties which the first attempts in every art are more apt to aspire to, and to obtain: and what is true with respect to these first efforts, is no less so, when many ages have succeeded, and poets, by endeavouring to surpass their predecessors, or to avoid their steps, have formed to themselves a peculiarity of style in the expression of their thoughts.

The extent of the Latin poetry, exclusive of Plautus and Terence, who were mere imitators of the Greek comedy, each in its kind, and of Ennius, who followed Homer so much, that he said, the soul of Homer was transfused into his body;—is from Lucretius to Claudian; to Lucretius succeeded Virgil, who, avoiding the faults, or rather the Greek method of versification of his master, not by improving on his merits, in the most glowing diction and most flowing verse, reached that summit of fame, to which it has been deemed sacrilege, by critics in general, to suppose, that any other poet has attained.

Lucan comes next in order, of those whom I mean to mention, whose age being only twenty-

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ſeven when he died, may well excuſe the imperfection of his work. A *dictum* of Quinctilian l. x. c. 1. § 6. has had more influence on the reputation of Lucan than can be imagined: who, becauſe the ſubject is taken from real fact and not from fabulous records, according to the critic, is to be numbered rather with the orators, than with the poets. But, if high deſcription, glowing diction, ſtrength of character, with the deepeſt ſentiment, and often, the moſt ornamental compariſons, are component parts of the character of a poet, Lucan, when read, will appear to have poſſeſſed all theſe, in a degree, far ſuperior to oratory; and, however great may be the authority of Quinctilian, to whom I willingly allow all due reſpect, yet I adhere to the rule of Horace, *Nullius addictus jurare in verba.* One caution, however, let me add, that in diſſenting from ſo great a maſter we ſhould be well prepared, by our own reading, to counteract an opinion ſo long received by the diſciples of the Fabian ſchool. But to return;—Seneca was his cotemporary; he adhered more to the early form of tragedy, under Æſchylus, than to the improvement of plan and diction introduced by his two ſucceſſors Sophocles and Euripides.

Under the laſt of the Cæſars, appeared Statius, who, adhering as much to the ſpirit of Homer as Virgil had done to his plans, in each part of his Æneis, to the Odyſſey in the firſt ſix books, and to the Iliad in the ſix laſt; and in all to the ſame turns of thought and expreſſions; gave a looſe to his unbounded fancy, and nervous traits of character, and of ſentiment. Laſtly, in the decline of the empire, appeared Claudian, in whom magnificence and richneſs prevail; and who, like the ſetting ſun, appears of larger dimenſion and a deeper hue than when it ſhines at noon; but through that prejudice, which attends on the ages of taſte, as they are called, the failings of the poets, of the Auguſtan age, have ever been palliated, while the merits of thoſe of ſucceeding times have ever been paſſed over with as unjuſt a neglect: and though it is no more my intention to conceal their failings than it is to depreciate the worth of thoſe more commonly approved, yet judgment may be greatly aſſiſted by diſtinguiſhing the failings of inferior writers, as it is completely formed by attending to the moſt perfect models. Beſides, in this method, we may have the opportunity and advantage of exerciſing our own ſagacity in the diſcovery of what we may approve or condemn, without ſervilely

vilely treading in the ſteps of that croud of commentators or critics who, as it has been mentioned, have only repeated the opinions of others, in words of their own; and aſſumed, to themſelves, the popular merit of thinking the ſame with thoſe who were, already, in ſome degree of repute. But in the recommendation of theſe four poets, whom I propoſe, let all prejudice be laid aſide; and, as good writing is the aggregate of different good qualities, let us apply to theſe authors, not as anxious for their reputation, but as ſtudious of ſelecting, for our own improvement, whatever degree or kind of excellency they may poſſeſs; imitating the true judgment of Zeuxis, who, from divers examples of beauty, compoſed his perfect Venus; and here, I would ſuggeſt the advice to make frequent extracts, in writing, from the authors who come under our notice; and, for this purpoſe, of the four abovementioned authors, I ſhall propoſe ſome paſſages which beſt may guide the opinion of their merits, and thus, perhaps, induce a greater attention to be paid to them than what the laws of contracted taſte or the injuſtice of prejudice have been inclined to allow.

The paſſages in Lucan, are his Grove, l. iii. v. 399;—the Death of Vulteius, l. iv. v. 474;—the Brutus, l. vii. v. 586;—the Cato, l. ix. v. 556.

In

In Seneca, the Prologue to Medea;—the Anapæſts in the Agam, v. 670.

In Statius, the Prophets, l. iii. v. 524;—the Jocaſta, l. vii. v. 470;—the Lion, l. xi. v. 470;—the Œdipus, l. i. v. 44.

In Claudian, the Mother and Daughter, in the Nuptials of Honorius and Maria, v. 241;—the Stilicho, l. i. v. 137;—the whole of the Conſulſhip of Mallius.

Many of theſe paſſages have been tranſlated, as examples to the characters; and, as it was the deſign to give peculiar ſpecimens of the ſpirit of the writers, ſelected paſſages have been preferred to longer extracts, or to the whole work of any one author.

The method of tranſlating a poet, in his entire ſtate, may conduce to a lucrative purpoſe, and conſult the convenience of thoſe who are not maſters of the originals; and by the length of the undertaking (not to mention paſſages leſs excellent or leſs underſtood, all which muſt be rendered,) may admit of many excuſes in the execution; but a true knowledge of the real worth of an author can be gained only by ſuch ſelected parts where the tranſlator has the time, if he has the ability, to give the peculiar ſpirit of each poet, on

which

which his intrinſic character and excellence depends. If the whole ſeries of events be required, let the hiſtory be read, in ſome continued proſe tranſlation, by thoſe who cannot command the verſe; and though they gain leſs inſtruction, as to facts, yet they are better informed, by this ſhorter method, of that poetical merit, with which, it is ſuppoſed, that they wiſh to be acquainted. I leave to others to decide on the merits of thoſe tranſlations which are entire; and recommend, only a caution, not to be dazzled by the ſplendor of diſtinguiſhed names.

Beſides theſe paſſages, taken from the authors themſelves, a moſt curious and excellent imitation of the turn of thoughts and mode of expreſſion, in each, may be read in the proluſions of Famianus Strada, l. ii. prol. 6; as alſo the examples of ſtyles, one of Livy, and one of Tacitus, together with the gradations of ſtyle in phraſe and ornament, on the ſame ſubject of the Cyprian Heroine in hiſtory, oratory, and poetry. The work of Strada, on almoſt every ſubject of literature, except his prejudice againſt Tacitus, is replete with rules and obſervations, from which the greateſt improvements may be drawn; ſince, as to the manner of different writers, he has collected, into

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to a ſmall ſpace, thoſe beauties and peculiarities which, in courſe, are only ſcattered through their works.

There is, moreover, a treatiſe on criticiſm under that article, in the French Encyclopedia, written by Marmontel, which deſerves, as well as to matter as manner, the ſtricteſt attention; as, alſo, the diſſertation on taſte, prefixed by Mr. Burke to his work on the Sublime and Beautiful. This preface is moſt exact in its definitions, and cloſe in the chain of arguments, which are produced, and looks up proudly to the accuracy and extent of Harris, in ſome of his works; while it gives to me, at leaſt, the undeniable criterion of taſte, a ſubject ſo various and ſo perplexed by the generality of writers.

Dr. Hurd, in his treatiſe on poetical imitation, and, particularly, in the ſecond part, on the marks by which it may appear that imitation has been employed, has followed the ſame accuracy of inveſtigation of thoſe fleeting objects; and the work of Diderot, ſur les Sourds et les Muets, with the ſingular addition to the title, à l'Uſage de ceux qui entendent et qui parlent, and that of Batteux ſur les beaux Arts, are entitled to the ſtricteſt notice: nor let it be objected that ſo much ſtreſs is

laid

laid on the French critics; ſince truth and inſtruction belong to no peculiar nation; and, it may, perhaps, be found, that whatever the Engliſh have done in all times, on all ſubjects of original compoſition, criticiſm and the rules of art have been cultivated both in proſe and verſe, by the French, with peculiar perſpicuity and ſucceſs.

On the Limits of Tranſlation.

SO much has been already written on the ſubject of tranſlations, that any new or conſiderable lights can hardly be thrown on what has been ſo well illuſtrated by precept as well as by example: in the French authors, indeed, the abbé de Lille, in his preface to the Georgics of Virgil, as by him tranſlated;—the treatiſe of d'Alembert in his Melanges, t. iii.—and, the inſtructions of d'Agueſſeau, in his Mercuriales, deſerve particular attention; and ſuch authors it is rather my intention to point out to the reading of others, than to obtrude, as my own obſervations, what I have gained from their peruſal. There is, however, one ſubject, belonging to tranſlation, which has not yet

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been particularly examined, and that is the limit, within which the thoughts and expreſſions of original compoſitions, (and I mean, chiefly, thoſe in verſe) may be rendered ſo as, not by prolixity and addition, to impair, or by conciſeneſs and omiſſion to obſcure, what in the originals has attained the due medium between oppoſite defects. It may be juſtly obſerved, and I think I am indebted to d'Alembert for the knowledge though not for the application, that thoſe authors, either in proſe or verſe, whoſe leading quality and merit is in the thoughts, are more happily tranſlated than thoſe whoſe efforts have been exerted on the expreſſion, or what is ſometimes called the ſtyle of their works:—thus, in Greek, Demoſthenes appears better in tranſlation than Lyſias or Iſocrates; Æſchylus than Euripides; in Latin, Virgil than Ovid; Livy and Cicero than Salluſt, or Tacitus, or the younger Pliny; in Italian, Taſſo has met with more ſucceſs than Arioſto, and in that language above all than Metaſtaſio; in French, Corneille than Racine; but I will not longer purſue this apparent digreſſion, and defer the limits of tranſlation, on which I intended to ſuggeſt my opinion; and that on the following principles:—it has been, by all grammarians,

agreed, that verſe depends on regulated metre, metre on the number of feet, as they are called, feet on ſyllables, which, according to ancient ſyſtems, are long or ſhort in time, or, according to ideas more modern, are more or leſs governed by accent, tone, or ſtreſs: the long ſyllables, to uſe the ancient mode of ſpeech, are ſaid to contain two times, and the ſhort only one time; whether this proportion of two to one be accurately juſt is not important; certainly, the times, tone, or ſtreſs, is unequal. Of theſe feet, the Latin and Greek metres, in the epic, contain ſix; compoſed with ſome reſtriction, yet with variety, as to their places of dactyls and ſpondees, which are feet of equal duration: 2+2 or 2+1+1.—(I beg to be excuſed the uſe of theſe ſcientific ſymbols, in ſpeaking on ſubjects of literary criticiſm; eſpecially, as I intend to adopt that form of notation, as I proceed on my purpoſe.) It appears, now, that the ſix feet, in the ancient epic, contain twenty-four times. In the Engliſh heroic, whether it be blank verſe or rhyme, the number of feet employed is five; and theſe, in general, compoſed of what is called iambic, or the ſhort ſyllable preceding the longer. Each of theſe feet then contains three times, and the five feet are equal to fifteen;

now

now then let us inſtitute this proportion, and in more ſubjects, than this of criticiſm, the accurate mode of the Geometers may be applied; and, if done with due caution, will always produce that perſpicuity of ideas ſo peculiar to ſcience.

A Latin hexameter is, to an Engliſh verſe, as 24 is to 15; or thus:

L : E :: 24 : 15 :: 8 : 5. therefore, 5 Latin=8 Engliſh, or in common terms, eight Engliſh lines may be allowed to be tranſlated from five of Latin:—hence, whenever a paſſage in Latin verſe is to be rendered into Engliſh, we may ſay, As five is to eight, ſo is any given number of Latin lines, to be tranſlated, to a fourth proportional obtained by multiplying the ſecond and third term each by the other, and dividing by the firſt; thus, if the given number of Latin lines be ten, the number of Engliſh lines may be ſixteen, for

$$5 : 8 :: 10 : \frac{10 \times 8}{5} \text{ or } 16.$$

If the given number produce a fraction in the proceſs, that fraction will expreſs how many parts of Engliſh metre may be employed beyond the whole verſes, as thus:—

$$5 : 8 :: 12 : \frac{8 \times 12}{5} \text{ or } 19\tfrac{1}{5}; \text{ or}$$

nineteen whole verſes, with $\frac{1}{5}$ or one foot of the next;

next; and this will be found moſt applicable to tranſlations into blank verſe, where the metre is not reſtricted by the end of the line. Hence it appears, how much more fitted for tranſlations, from the Greek and Latin, is blank verſe than rhyme: and it would be, perhaps, an invidious taſk to point out how much the very beſt writers, in rhyme, have been embarraſſed by that ſpecies of metre, in their tranſlations from longer works; when two lines of rhyme were not ſufficient to expreſs the ſenſe of the original, and four lines were too much; ſo as, in one caſe, the defect has been by omiſſion, and, in the other, by redundance: and this is, perhaps, the reaſon of the triplet, or three rhymes, being introduced, as alſo, ſometimes, of the Alexandrine, or verſe, in Engliſh, of ſix feet.

The limits then, which are propoſed, in tranſlations into Engliſh, from Greek and Latin hexameters, are, that eight Engliſh lines be allowed for five in either of thoſe languages; and this limit, but moſt often within it, will be found in thoſe tranſlations from the originals, whoſe characters are exhibited by deſcription and alluſion in the verſes correſponding to each author. In Latin and Greek iambics, called trimetri, the leaſt number,

ber, in a pure iambic, is 18, the greateſt is 21; the ſum, therefore, is 39, and the medium is $19\frac{1}{2}$; the leaſt Engliſh is 15, and the greateſt, with two ſpondees admitted, if there are any ſuch in our language, is 17—the ſum is 32, and the medium 16; the number then, of Greek and Latin or Engliſh iambics, is nearly the ſame. I will, for a moment, purſue this theory of limits to the meaſures, particularly, in Latin, called lyric, as principally the Alcaic, the Sapphic, and others; here the whole ſtanza or ſyſtem muſt be conſidered as one maſs, and not each line: as for example, the four lines of the Alcaic will be found to conſiſt of 64 times. Such a ſtanza of Engliſh lyrics is to be found, whoſe component lines ſhall, as near as poſſible, complete that number. I am aware, that the laſt ſyllable of every verſe, in Latin, is *ſuppoſed* to be *long*; and, that the Engliſh ſtanza or lyric is almoſt compelled to be in rhyme, however diſpoſed, or whatever number of feet, in each line, be employed; for the Engliſh lyric cannot be diſtinguiſhed from the epic, except by the different number of *ſimilar* feet which is uſed:—the Sapphic and other meaſures may be reduced to the ſame ſtandard. The Sapphic, contains 5 times. I ſhall now conclude this ſhort eſſay on the limits

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of tranſlation, by obſerving, that, with reſpect to the French and Italian epic (for I know little of the Spaniſh, though, I believe, it agrees with the Italian), the difference between the original and the Engliſh is but ſmall.

French heroic and tragic is ſtrictly hexameter, if the feet be ſuppoſed iambic: and the Italian conſiſts of five feet and a half, that is the falling ſyllable ſo peculiar to that language. The limits then, of the Engliſh verſe and thoſe of the French and Italian are nearly the ſame; and the ſame number of lines may be employed in each.

It is not now the time to ſpeak on the different diviſions of French verſes into ſix iambics, with their cæſura, or into four anapæſts, as Marmontel, in his excellent Poetique, has ſuggeſted, with the cæſura in the half of the line; nor of the variations, perhaps the licences, which the Italians allow in the ſtructure of their metres: licences which our great Milton has taken, from his intimate knowledge of the Italian and Greek metres; and by which, many of his moſt difficult lines may be explained. I ſhall, therefore, conclude with theſe two remarks: that the difficulty of the Italian verſe ariſes from the eliſions of the vowels following each other, which the ductility of their

language

language allows, and is beſt and moſt practiſed by Petrarcha and Arioſto; and from the knowledge and due application of the mute E in the French, on which the truth of their verſification depends: and, that Voltaire, in my opinion, is the beſt verſificator, in his language; avoiding the languor of Racine, the rigor of Corneille, and, perhaps, the monotony of Boileau: but, on this opinion I do not inſiſt, as thoſe natives only, who are duly acquainted with the principles of their own verſification, ought to decide on theſe points of interior criticiſm. I have ſaid that I do not mean to repeat what every ſcholar knows without my teaching; and wiſh, in the Horatian phraſe, that I *fungar vice Cotis*; not deſiring of others what I, with Horace, aſſert for myſelf: *Nullius addictus jurare in Verba.*—

Appendix on Rowe's Lucan.

TO Rowe, as a poet, whoſe ſenſe was ſolid, and whoſe ear, as to ſound, was formed for richeſt melody, all attention is given, all due praiſe is allowed; but here, he is to be conſidered as a tranſlator,

tranſlator, not of the exuberant Claudian, of the pointed Seneca, of the daring Statius, but of the full ſententious Lucan, whoſe ſubject is ſuperior to all fable, whoſe truth is beyond the ornament of art, and whoſe abilities, in deſpite of Quinctilian, were as much ſuperior to thoſe of an orator, as thoſe of Tully were inferior to a poet. If Rowe had written, from himſelf, a Pharſalia, it is not to be denied that many, nay moſt of his added lines or thoughts, might be worthy of Lucan; but, his preſent work is a tranſlation of what has already been well performed, and certainly required no additions; many of which, I aſſert, to be the effect of the rhyme in which, unhappily, he wrote; when the manly ſpirit of his original required all that freedom and ſtrength which, I maintain, blank or rather free verſe only can ſupply. When I have firſt allowed this commendation to Rowe, as a poet, I hope it will not be thought either arrogant or invidious to point out his faults, faults rather thoſe of his time, than of his own genius or judgment; for till near his time, Milton, in his free verſe, was little ſtudied; Shakeſpear, in his beſt parts, certainly free from rhyme, was but little known; while Dryden, whoſe rhyme, as metre, is of the firſt excellence,

and Pope, whoſe facility and accuracy, in moral epigrams or in pointed ſatyr, were the favorite writers moſt read and beſt underſtood; to theſe, the preceding Spenſer added great weight by his ſtanza, too confined, and by multiplying the chains of Italian poeſy, in Arioſto and Taſſo who were his models. Jonſon, indeed, knew and practiſed the true meaſures of *free* verſe, for I ſhall baniſh the ignominious term of *blank*, given by thoſe who thought there was no poetry without rhyme; and, therefore, conſidered its omiſſion as a defect, a diſappointment, or a blank, inſtead of the prize, which ſuch judges thought the return of the ſame ſound at the cloſe of each two lines alone could claim. It has been already ſaid, in the Eſſay on the limits of tranſlation, that a Latin verſe, heroic or hexameter, is, to an Engliſh heroic or pentameter, as 8 to 5; therefore, 8 Engliſh lines may be employed to render 5 Latin: but ſee the Eſſay, where the principles cannot be denied by any ſcholar competent to the ſubject. Now the lines in Lucan, of his famous ſpeech of Cato, are 23, which might admit nearly 37 in Engliſh: Rowe has employed 56, with an exceſs of 20; and this is done by making the tranſlation, not a metaphraſis or rendering Latin thoughts into Engliſh words.

words, but a paraphrasis or explanation of what was already clear, a dilatation of what already possessed its due extent. It would be an easy task to point out all the places, in this extract, where Rowe has used repetition and redundance; but, in an author whom I otherwise esteem, it is to me a task as unpleasing to remark defects as it is unwelcome, to most readers, to select the beauties. I shall, therefore, do neither, but leave both offices to true critics, who are as willing to praise as the false-ones are to censure what they cannot correct or equal:—one particular I will notice, and that more to deprecate rhyme, which, to such an author as Lucan, is, in my judgment, highly improper. The fault on which I fix, is the use of the triplet or triple rhyme; most often used, in this species of writing, by those who would not take the trouble of condensing the sense into two lines, which might often be done to good effect; and, who yet had judgment sufficient left not to increase, by a fourth line, what already was too much in the three. For the same reason, I am no friend to Alexandrines, which reduce the freedom even of our English rhymes to the wearisome hemistics of the French verse. Much more may be said for the falling syllable of our genuine free

verſe; which is borrowed from the Italian, a language far ſuperior to the French, in the rhythm of verſification. As I have avoided pointing out either the particulars, defects, or excellencies, of Rowe's tranſlation, I ſhall, for a very obvious reaſon, not enter the tranſlation lately made of the ſpeech of Cato, and ſome other paſſages into the liſts of competition; but ſhall only ſay, that where the limits of tranſlation, as I have, at leaſt, for myſelf laid them down, might have allowed me very nearly 37 lines for the 23 of the original, I have employed only 30; and that, while I have certainly not exceeded the limits of ſound or times, I have not been deficient in giving the ſenſe and genuine thought, as may appear to thoſe, who are not competent judges of the Latin, by the exact and literal tranſlation of Lucan, when it is given in the moſt unmeaſured proſe; in which, not an epithet is omitted, changed, or added; and the turn of the phraſe preſerved as much as the two different languages will admit.

END OF THE SECOND VOL.